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# THE PORT FOLIO.

VOL. XIX.

FROM JANUARY TO ~~JULY~~<sup>June</sup>,

1825.

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EDITED BY  
*J. E. HALL.*

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VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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1825.



# THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COOPER.

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## VAUX'S ADDDRESS.

I COME into the presence of the society under discouraging circumstances.

The practical knowledge of farming, and rural affairs, displayed in the productions of some of my predecessors, the deep research and various learning which embody and adorn the discourses of others, and the distinguished skill and ability of all who have addressed you on similar occasions, forbid the indulgence of a hope that it will now be in my power to submit to the husbandman facts, or to suggest to the theorist speculations of much novelty or importance. Without shrinking however from the task you have assigned me, I shall esteem myself fortunate, if, as an humble labourer in the same field from which this ancient association has reaped abundant harvests, alike honourable to itself, and useful to the community, I should be enabled to glean a single sheaf worthy of its friendly notice and acceptance.

When we reflect that the art which this institution labours to cherish and improve, is coeval with the formation of human society, it is remarkable, that it should not have arrived at a higher degree of perfection. The unhappy progenitor of our race, for whose unfaithfulness the ground was cursed, and thenceforth yielded the most noxious plants, could have had but little disposition, and perhaps less resolution, to attempt the cultivation of the soil, which every where bore testimony to the recent displeasure of the Deity. It is probable that Adam, and most of his immediate descendants, subsisted on the spontaneous productions of the vallies, the

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animals of the forest, and the inhabitants of the water and of the air—though Cain, we know, tilled the earth, and it is afterwards recorded that Noah applied himself to husbandry, and the planting of a vineyard.

The Egyptians made some progress in agriculture, and the ancient people of Italy were, it is believed, better husbandmen than the present. According to the authority of Virgil and other cotemporary writers, rural economy was well understood and practised by the Romans during the Augustan age. To that celebrated people Britain was indebted for much knowledge concerning the cultivation of the earth. The plough, and most of the grains now raised upon her fruitful soil, were introduced at the period of their invasion. After these martial instructors had retired from Britain, many causes operated to check the progress of improvement in husbandry; and from the Norman conquest, which brought in the feudal system, to the time of the 8th Henry, this noble art, so far from deriving aid from the lights of science, was allowed to languish, and to fall into contempt, during a succession of centuries.

It is a prejudice, irreconcilable with the general intelligence, which characterizes our countrymen, that agriculture can be availingly promoted by those only "*whose talk is of oxen, and who are employed in their labours.*" The attention of Europe was awakened towards this essential department of human industry, by an English judge, who not only prescribed modes for bettering the condition of the land, but contrived implements of husbandry, inquired into the causes, and recommended a judicious treatment, of the diseases of domestic animals. He also gave plans for the improvement of farm-buildings, and the embellishment of the long neglected estates of the kingdom. Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, to whom England owes so much for the revival of agriculture and rural taste, published two works on country affairs, about the year 1534. These volumes serve, among other testimony, to prove, that what might then have been regarded as idle theory, obnoxious to the ridicule of the ignorant, has since been universally adopted, from the seemingly insignificant conception of banding wheels with iron, and the simple contrivance for harnessing a team of horses, to the more extensive operations of reclaiming and cropping land, subjects which previously had not been suggested, much less gravely and ably recommended *in a book.* From the moral

and economical advice which he imparted, I cannot forbear selecting a few lessons, as worthy of respect and obedience now, though almost three hundred years have elapsed since they were first promulgated for the instruction of the farmer.

"I would advise him," says Fitzherbert, "to rise by time in the morning, and go about his closes, pastures, fields, and specially by the hedges, and when he seeth any thing that would be amended, to write it in his tables, and if he cannot write, let him nick the defects upon a stick. As if he find any beasts, sheep, or swine, in his pastures that be not his own, and peradventure though they be his own, he would not have them to go there. Let him look," adds our author, "if any water stands on his pastures, upon his grass, whereby he may take double hurt, both the loss of his grass, and rotting of his sheep and calves. And see if any gate be broken down, or findeth or seeth any thing amiss that should be amended. Also take heed, both early and late, at all times, what manner of people resort and come to thy house, and the cause of their coming, and specially if they bring with them pitchers, bottles, or wallets, for if thy servants be not true, they may do thee great hurt, and themselves little advantage, wherefore they would be well looked upon."

Agriculture was subsequently indebted to learned men such as Blythe, and Platten, who experimented and wrote during the reign of Cromwell, and after the restoration, to Sir Richard Weston, and the ingenious Tull, who were followed by Lord Kames and others of deserved celebrity.

Leaving, however, remote times and countries, with which are associated names worthy of respectful remembrance, as the benefactors of husbandry and of mankind, I would solicit your attention towards our native land, while, with a natural and justifiable attachment, I briefly pursue this interesting subject in relation to *our own Pennsylvania*.

A century and a half has not yet elapsed since our virtuous and adventurous ancestors came hither to subdue the wilderness, and provide, from a virgin soil, the means of subsistence. In that period, the fields which they cultivated have passed from a wild, or strictly natural state, to one of greater melioration and productiveness, consequent upon tillage, until at length they have been reduced to a comparatively impoverished condition. The first settled districts were so completely worn, as within the last forty years to require various artificial means for their restoration; nor could they

otherwise have supplied the wants of a rapidly increasing population, spreading over our territory, collecting in the metropolis, and in other towns which have since risen into notice, to profit by a foreign demand growing out of the desolating wars in which Europe was long and unhappily involved.

The modes of cultivation, which were of necessity originally adopted, had been unwisely pursued by the successors of the hardy conquerors of the forest long after that necessity had ceased to exist, until at length the once fruitful fields of the parents yielded but a mere competence for their children, and afforded but a pittance for the generation that followed. These results were inevitable from the system of mismanagement which annually grew crops, of the same kind, on the same inclosures, and that too without providing any nourishment for the earth, which was thus continually and generously giving off its strength. Owing to these causes, and others incident to the war of the revolution, agriculture was greatly depressed between the period of the recognition of independence, and the restoration of peace in 1783. Husbandry, in the New-England colonies, had always been unequal to the demand for bread-stuffs at home, and as the population increased, a certain portion, with characteristic enterprise, sought employment in adjoining regions on the west, whilst another part, by more perilous achievements, drew resources from the sea. The inhabitants of the southern section of the country, burdened with a wretched and enslaved race of labourers, were in a destitute condition, and the territories, beyond the great chain of mountains which traverse the whole line of our dominion, had not yet yielded to the footsteps of civilization, nor felt the powerful influences which have since extended the empire of social man to the shores of the Pacific ocean.

The first emigrants to Pennsylvania most generally were from the agricultural districts of England, and brought much information of the actual state of cultivation in the country from which oppression had driven them. In addition to this favouring circumstance, it was one of the wise provisions of the illustrious founder of the province, to appropriate to each settler so small a portion of land as to interest him in its immediate improvement, a measure which, he no doubt foresaw, would not only prevent a spirit of speculation and restlessness, but contribute to the formation of the best dispo-

sitions and habits among those who shared with him the perils and the benefits of his benevolent enterprize.

Pennsylvania at all times took the lead of the other provinces, in the amount and variety of her productions, the exportation of which, in 1751, was astonishingly great, as will appear by the following statement, derived from an authentic source, and worthy, I think, of preservation for future reference. Eighty-six thousand bushels of wheat—one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, nine hundred and sixty barrels of flour—Ninety thousand, seven hundred and forty-three bushels of Indian corn—Five hundred and ninety-nine hogsheads, eight hundred and twelve tierces, twenty-eight thousand, three hundred and thirty-eight barrels, seven thousand, five hundred and eighty-eight quarter casks, and two hundred and forty-nine tons of bread—Nine hundred and twenty-five barrels of beef—Three thousand, four hundred and thirty-one barrels of pork—Nine thousand, eight hundred and sixty-five hogsheads, four hundred and fifty-four half-hogsheads, thirty-nine tierces, and two hundred and twenty-one barrels of flax-seed—Four millions, eight hundred and twelve thousand, nine hundred and forty-three staves—Four thousand, four hundred and ninety-one bars—one hundred and eighty-nine tons of bar, and two hundred and five tons of pig iron—Three hundred and five chests, thirty-two half chests, and fifteen quarter chests, of skins and furs—and one hundred and twelve barrels, six boxes, two tierces, and five hogsheads of ginseng, were, in that year, shipped at Philadelphia, for neighbouring and foreign markets. The value of this produce, in money, cannot be easily known; but taking wheat at 3s. 10d. corn at 3s. flax-seed at 2s. 6d. per bushel—beef at 50s. and pork at 75s. per barrel, which are the ascertained prices current, and venturing upon a calculation in regard to the other articles, the whole will not fall far short of one million of dollars; at a period, when, on the authority of Proud, the estimated population of the whole province could not have exceeded sixteen thousand families, or reckoning each family to consist of six, not amounting to one hundred thousand souls.\* These facts

\* It will be seen by the following statement of the value of Imports and Exports, and of the quantity of American and foreign tonnage entered into and departing from the districts of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, during the year ending on the 30th of September, 1824, that with a population ten times greater than that of the period in question, the domestic exports of Philadelphia, drawn

are adduced, to exhibit the natural productiveness of the soil, and the success with which it was managed for seventy years from the arrival of the first settlers; and likewise to prove, that owing to a lamentable negligence of the adoption of means for sustaining the land under cultivation, when two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the cleared grounds were arable, wheat, its staple product, could not have yielded, on an average, more than six bushels per acre. This deterioration gradually took place from 1760 to 1783. The prejudicial effects of the mode of managing the land, by the immediate descendants of the early occupants, continue to be felt by those who adopt the same practice in the fertile sections of this state which have been more recently settled; and if the adventurous people who enter the wilderness, pursue, for fifteen or twenty years, the plan of draining the land of its nourishment, by successions of crops on the same fields, they will ultimately discover that their farms cannot maintain them.

for the most part from the same district of country, and including manufactures, were, in the last year, little more than three times as valuable. This interesting document, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Samuel Breck, Esq. one of the representatives in congress from this district, furnishes evidence also of the increasing commerce of Philadelphia. From the fourth or fifth, she has risen to be the second city of the United States as it regards exports, and is not far below the same rank on the scale of imports.

	IMPORTS IN			EXPORTS.		
	American Vessels.	Foreign Vessels.	Total.	Domestic	Foreign	Total.
Boston	12,695,325	130,885	12,826,210	2,204,313	4,820,079	7,024,392
N. York	34,200,627	1,768,888	34,969,515	12,410,401	9,368,480	21,778,881
Philada.	11,205,278	660,253	11,865,531	3,182,694	6,182,199	9,364,893
Baltimore	4,360,837	182,538	4,543,375	2,555,417	1,313,276	3,868,693
Charleston	1,461,519	703,021	2,164,540	7,833,708	200,369	8,034,077
Savannah	409,463	133,802	543,265	4,585,885	3,980	4,589,865
N. Orleans	3,110,261	1,429,508	4,539,769	6,442,946	1,485,864	7,928,810

## TONNAGE.

	AMERICAN			FOREIGN
	ENT'D.	CLEARED	ENT'D.	CLEAR'D
Boston	118,780	92,312	5,192	4,667
New York	222,366	213,920	18,139	16,322
Philadelphia	76,617	76,631	4,938	5,635
Baltimore	57,159	72,922	4,981	6,017
Charleston	39,770	61,092	17,548	18,878
Savannah	17,219	32,951	11,583	11,716
New Orleans	63,305	54,139	24,261	21,996

Many soils, which at first produced from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre, have ceased to yield a third part of that quantity. Warned by experience, let them hereafter avoid a course so improvident. *Purchasers*, who do not intend themselves to settle in new countries, may disregard these considerations; but proprietors, who live remote from their estates, and who give what are termed improving leases, should guard against so formidable an evil.

It is perhaps justifiable to conclude, from the evidence we possess, that Pennsylvania, in her colonial character, furnished good examples of husbandry, and that the products of her industry were not only ample for her own supply, but that the surplus found a ready market abroad, and among her less favoured neighbours. This reputation was not uniformly maintained, nor did she resume her efforts, and rise again on the scale of agricultural importance, until she assumed the character of one of the members of the American Republic. In every sense, another era then commenced in our history, nor was its least important feature exhibited on the surface of the country.

The use of lime and gypsum, as fertilizers of the ground, the introduction of clover, and the rotation of crops, constitute the happy causes which gave the first grand impulse to the agricultural prosperity of modern Pennsylvania.

Nothing, perhaps, requires more perseverance than the effort to overcome the injudicious habits of men in connexion with the chief secular pursuit of their lives. This remark has heretofore applied with peculiar force to the husbandmen of Pennsylvania, and the individual who here entered the lists in this fearful conflict with prejudice, must be allowed to have possessed no inconsiderable share of moral courage, united with comprehensive patriotism and benevolence.

The merit of introducing gypsum to the notice of the farmers of the United States, belongs, with various other important suggestions, to my venerable friend, who has so long, so disinterestedly, and so ably presided over this institution; —a gentleman whose distinguished services need not my voice to enlarge the plenteous reward of gratitude and respect which crown the evening of his useful day. He well knows that I would not offend him by adulation; but as an inducement to every mind desirous to put forth its energies in the good work in which he has ever taken the deepest interest, I feel bound to exhibit the surprising results which well di-

rected and untiring efforts may accomplish. Like the early patron of husbandry and rural affairs in England, our Fitzherbert found leisure amidst the duties of a profession which gave him eminence at the bar, and subsequently distinction on the bench, to make and to give to the public his judicious experiments in agriculture.

In the year 1770, he first became acquainted with gypsum. A small quantity of which was then sent from Germany to a merchant of this city, with some information of its value as a manure, then but recently and accidentally discovered. It was said concerning it, that a labourer who had been employed in mixing stucco mortar, passed and repassed from his work to his cottage, across a sterile field. The succeeding season his path threw up a luxuriant crop of grass, which he attributed to the plaster that fell from his clothes, and was thus induced to make an experiment near his dwelling, with the remainder of the article in his possession. The effects astonished every beholder, and the cottager received a reward from his landlord for divulging the secret. Our president, aware of these facts, began his experiments with a single bushel of gypsum, obtained from a maker of stucco ornaments in Philadelphia, and afterwards pursued and extended them in proportion to his means. Not long after about twenty tons of this valuable material came as ballast in a ship from London to this port, without the least knowledge of its worth by the captain who brought it, which stock formed the foundation of the vast improvements to our husbandry, subsequently resulting from its general use. Having altogether satisfied himself of the fertilizing effects of plaster of Paris, Judge Peters disseminated the knowledge he had acquired through many parts of Pennsylvania, and the then neighbouring provinces; but his success in persuading his countrymen to credit his assertions, and in inducing others to make trial of the sulphate of lime, was at first limited and very discouraging. He nevertheless continued his labours, and by publishing and otherwise enforcing the facts he possessed on this subject, had the happiness to witness the triumph of his doctrines, over the combined forces of ignorance, prejudice, and ridicule. What have been the consequences flowing from the use of this fertilizing principle, and how much it has contributed to the solid wealth of Pennsylvania, and of many other states in this union, is far beyond the reach of computation. The history of human concerns will furnish few such instances as

the one we are now contemplating. That an individual should begin a system intended to revive an exhausted soil, by the application of a manure which at the time was not known to exist on this continent, the theatre of his experiments; that he should succeed in establishing the principle for which he contended; that he should afterwards set on foot the inquiry, where this wonderful agent could be found, so as to place it within the reach of the American Farmer, at a price which he could afford to give for it; that gypsum should be discovered in exhaustless quantities in this hemisphere, that thousands of tons of it should be annually brought, and spread over hundreds of thousands of acres in Pennsylvania, restoring the land, and bringing forth abundance, are the astonishing results, and the high reward which this constant friend to the interests and prosperity of our husbandmen has lived to know and to enjoy. Whilst our president was thus earnestly engaged in bestowing incalculable benefits on our state and country, he was by no means unmindful of other interesting and important improvements in rural economy. His ancient patrimonial estates in the vicinity of Philadelphia, then under his immediate direction, furnished practical evidence of the sincerity and utility of his doctrines concerning agriculture. It was upon these farms that the first examples were shown of the use of lime and gypsum, of the value of several new grasses, of trench and fall ploughing, of deep culture, &c. and there also were cultivated upon a large scale, many of the roots since generally and profitably adopted. Upon his inclosures were to be seen some of the finest breeds of horses, cattle, and sheep, then known in the state. I have heard him say with what mortification he beheld, during the revolutionary war, eleven out of fourteen superior blooded colts shot down for their hides, by a party of British marauders, after in vain attempting to rescue them from such wanton destruction.

His household, too, was a pattern for the imitation of farmers in the manufacture of linen and woollen fabrics, far beyond the demand for domestic purposes; displaying an attention to a branch of business, now too much neglected by the generality of our rural fellow citizens, at an expense, I fear, of habits of simplicity, which were proverbial in former days.

About the time that gypsum was first brought, a small quantity of red clover seed also reached Pennsylvania, and

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was sown in gardens, and on pasture lots in the neighbourhood of this city. In the year 1773, a practical farmer\*, then beginning to improve his estate at Flatland Ford, in the county of Montgomery, unable to procure, on this side of the Atlantic, a sufficient quantity of this seed for his purpose, obtained from England a cask of it, which, owing to some injury sustained on the voyage, was found unfit for use. This disappointment was the more to be lamented, because his projected experiment would have been the first in that vicinity, perhaps in the state, with clover upon a large scale. This failure, moreover, prevented an increase and distribution of the seed until after the war then existing between the American colonies and the mother country. The same gentleman who thus early desired to cultivate that artificial grass, in the spring of 1785, sowed eighty pounds of clover seed on thirty-five acres of green wheat, an account of the success of which he sent to this society in 1787. In the same communication he submits the following views for the improvement of farming. "Breaking up land is perfectly understood by all our farmers, I may say to an extreme degree, which ought to be counteracted by obtaining the art of laying down land with artificial grass seed, otherwise the arable land in the old counties of Pennsylvania will in a very few years become of little value. Laying down lands properly being an object of importance on the great scale of agriculture, it is incumbent upon you to impress the necessity there is, that this art should not only be understood, but practised, by all farmers, rich or poor, let their soil be clay, loam, or any mixture whatever. The earth, like the animal body, is capable of supporting a certain degree of labour, and like it, requires proportionable nutriment, rest, and cleanliness, but withhold from the land those necessary reliefs, and like a starved, over-worked, and neglected slave, it will be worn out, and instead of making profit to the owner and benefit to the state, it will impoverish the one, and disgrace the other." He then proceeds to recommend that the legislature should allow a bounty on clover seed, and adds, "I leave the society to press this measure, for it is deserving of its notice, and the full countenance of every legislator: I will boldly assert it will prove of more benefit to agriculture and stock in the present state of our country, than any thing that can be done. Reduce the price of clover

\* James Vaux.

seed, and instead of bare fields, daily washing away, you will see them covered with grass and cattle."\* Sentiments, such as these, were no doubt regarded as visionary and extravagant by the great majority of farmers at that time on the active stage of life, yet this practical instructor has lived to witness the accuracy of his opinions, and the fulfilment of his prediction, to an extent far beyond what he may have anticipated.

Next in importance to the improvement of the land by judicious modes of cropping, and the application of restoratives suited to the various qualities of the soil, are roads, bridges, canals, and the rendering of streams navigable. The husbandman will toil in vain, if the products of his labour cannot reach a market by a moderate expenditure of time and money. The necessity of facilitating the intercourse between the interior, remote parts, and the sea board of Pennsylvania, was early perceived by many of her enlightened citizens, who, in the prosecution of their designs, had to contend with difficulties similar to those which impeded the exertions to renovate her husbandry. Some improvements had been made during the provincial age of Pennsylvania, by the removal of obstructions to the descending navigation of rivers, but the first turnpike constructed on this side of the Atlantic, is that which was completed between Philadelphia and Lancaster in 1794. Since that period, more than a thousand miles of artificial road have been made of stone in various parts of the commonwealth. Bridges of great magnitude and beauty have also been thrown across our principal rivers, at an expense of more than a million and a half of dollars, whilst the utility and cost of those of an inferior grade, in nearly all the counties of the state, cannot be readily estimated. It is now almost half a century since the noble design was formed of uniting the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, by means of the waters of the Schuylkill and Swatara. The failure of so grand a scheme, with great pecuniary loss to those who engaged in it, vitally affected the interests of our agriculture, but the lock navigation rapidly progressing to completion on the same route, penetrating as it will to a remote interior point, hitherto inaccessible by such modes of communication, promises to all our different interests results of the greatest magnitude. The difference between transports,

\* Ten thousand bushels of clover seed have, within a few months past, been exported from Philadelphia to Europe, chiefly to England.

tion upon a good turnpike and upon a common road, is familiar to every one; but the difference is immense between even the best turnpike and a canal. A single horse will draw, with ease, twenty-five tons, two miles and a half per hour upon the latter, but to move an equal weight upon the former, at the same rate, would require forty horses; what a vast saving must here be made in animals and in provender, and a large part of this, too, for the benefit of the husbandman, because his stock may be less, and his saleable produce greater, and he may be enabled to carry many new articles to market, by all the difference of consumption. Canals will also promote the use of oxen instead of horses, to the acknowledged profit of the farmer.

The introduction of coal will constitute a new era in Pennsylvania. It will enable the farmers of a large district to convert grounds occupied by wood to the production of valuable crops, and lime and other manures will be transported by canals, to points which they could never otherwise have reached. Canals will likewise greatly contribute to promote the policy of the state, in the subdivision of property; and by giving additional means for sustaining a large population upon a small surface, must create new towns, new manufactories, and new markets. Had not the canal of New York eclipsed almost all similar undertakings, a distinguished place might be claimed for Pennsylvania, as a patron of inland navigation. The works on the Schuylkill, now completed, extend one hundred and eleven miles. Forty miles of the Union canal are nearly finished, and when the latter reaches its termination, the aggregate will not be much short of two hundred miles. To encourage and promote in future the formation of canals, wherever the geological features of the territory invite, or will admit of such improvement, is at once the duty and the interest of all who seek the permanent welfare of our agriculture. In addition to the early aids afforded to the husbandry of the state, I ought not to omit the important fact, that the selection and introduction of valuable domestic animals was not disregarded, even when the minds of the early benefactors of agriculture were directed to the primary duty of increasing the products of the land. Some excellent breeds of sheep, and swine, were brought from abroad, many years ago, and great pains were taken to spread them among our farmers. But the great importance of this subject has been but recently urged with effect upon their notice. Our useful

fellow citizen and associate John Hare Powel, whose indefatigable labours deserve the highest commendation, has, at much expense, imported some individuals of the best families of cattle and sheep known in Europe. His judicious and liberal design is to prove, that all the beasts which administer to our necessities, or conduce to our comforts, ought to be chosen and bred in reference to their respective qualities. The horse, for the various employments to which that noble and generous animal is so admirably fitted. The ox, whether for labour, or for the shambles. Sheep, whether most profitable for the fleece, or carcase. The cow, as adapted to the dairy, or otherwise more advantageous, as circumstances and interest may dictate. To this laudable pursuit, combined with rural affairs generally, he has succeeded in awakening the attention of a body of respectable and intelligent cultivators of their own farms, in various counties of the state, who, constituting "*The Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania,*" will no doubt contribute largely to the general good.

The first volume of the memoirs of that society, containing the observations and experience of practical farmers and breeders of stock, will, I trust, be widely disseminated for the instruction and gratification of their brethren throughout our country. And although, in some respects, the association may be regarded as a rival of this institution, I am confident the members of the parent establishment, whom I now address, will never cease to contemplate, with unaffected pleasure, the prosperity and usefulness of all its descendants, however numerous they may become throughout the land. Associations of this kind have performed no small part in bringing agriculture to its present improved state, and they deserve to be classed among the most efficient means of future advancement to that dignified occupation. To these beneficent ends this society has been devoted for forty years, in the course of which it has sought information, and maintained an intercourse with similar institutions, and with individuals engaged in the promotion of improvements in the agriculture of Europe, whence it has derived not only books of great utility, but implements of husbandry of various kinds, as well as grains, grass, and other seeds, and roots, which have been here cultivated with profit. Nor is this all: the information thus obtained from abroad, and the experience of practical husbandmen at home, placed at its disposal, have been extensively and freely distributed, with acknowledged

benefit. These means, various and efficient as they may seem, would have been in a great degree inoperative, but for the salubrious climate of Pennsylvania, which, co-operating with industrious habits, has formed a hardy race, whose physical and moral faculties, generously exercised, have increased the agricultural riches of the state. Corroborative of this idea it is believed that the parallelogram bounded

North-West, by the Blue-ridge,

North-East, by the Delaware,

South-East, by the Delaware, and the canal which is about to connect it with the Susquehanna, and

South-West, by the Susquehanna, contains a greater proportion of arable land of superior quality, and a greater population on a square mile, than any equal extent in the Atlantic States; whilst it cannot be doubted, that the same region enjoys advantages in mineral products, streams, &c. which few other sections of our country can boast.

Such, gentlemen, is a rapid survey of some of the natural advantages which belong to the favoured place of our nativity, and also of the means that have been employed to promote and expand the interests of our husbandry. That these efforts were beneficial no one can question, who will make a comparison of the past with the present condition of the soil, or who shall investigate, with a philosophic eye, the interesting combination of causes which have produced all the moral and intellectual results that have been adverted to. Much, however, must still be done in order to ascertain the diversified resources of the farmer, and to apply them to the increase of his skill, of his profit, of his comforts, and withal of the embellishment of his possessions. Hitherto the main object has been to renovate our husbandry upon a large scale, by means of general principles, which have been to a considerable extent successfully applied. But it may be well to invite every cultivator of the earth to inquire minutely into the character of the soil he tills, and its local advantages, so that these may be turned to the best account. The scite and construction of dwelling-houses, and of other buildings on a farm, are subjects of more importance than appear to have been generally admitted. A careful disposition of the adjoining grounds might add to their utility, and materially improve their appearance. The planting of hedges, and the construction of walls, would afford ornamental, permanent, and, in the end, the cheapest inclosures. Springs and streams of water,

as an auxiliary to vegetation, are seldom resorted to, though this might be done at a small expense, and by a simple process. The proper management of *stock*, is a subject of great importance, more neglected, I believe, than any other department of rural affairs. The cultivation of roots, and the feeding of these with other nutritious ingredients, in warm messes during the winter, would allow of a useful change of diet, as essential to the health of beasts as of men; whilst care should be taken for the same ends, to keep the animals and their apartments as clean as possible. Such practices would soon establish their value by the increased profits of the dairy. The soiling of cattle, to prevent waste of pasture and manure, in the season of grass, has been tried and approved by some persons, and is worthy of further experiment.

The selection and proper care of fruit trees, although a subject now more regarded than formerly, should claim a more general notice of the cultivators of the soil. The judicious management of bees, whose products are among the luxuries of our tables, and at the same time valuable in foreign commerce, deserves attention, particularly in the neighbourhood of this metropolis, where, within my brief remembrance, the quantity of honey and bees-wax brought to market is greatly diminished, and more than threefold increased in price. Although the lamentable effects of *ardent spirits* have been frequently and most feelingly delineated, I cannot refrain from enforcing on the understanding and the heart of every farmer, the magnitude of this evil. I would invoke his patriotism, and with it every tender and generous sentiment, to aid in the extirpation of this mighty scourge. Wives abandoned and disconsolate—widows destitute—estates wasted—orphans helpless—parents bowed down with grief over the once fair promise of their sons—in a word, the most intense domestic calamities, every where utter warning, and demand reformation. A substitute for this poisonous article may be had in cider, but more beneficially in sound malt liquor, the process for making which is simple, and the apparatus by no means expensive. As an inducement for farmers and others, who employ labourers, to substitute some wholesome beverage, would it not be wise to offer honorary premiums? The neglect of gardens in many parts of the country is obvious. They seldom contain the variety of escutents that might be cultivated without additional expense or labour, and be found valuable in point of economy, and pro-

motive of health. I could enumerate other objects connected with the business of farming, less important, but not beneath the notice of the independent yeomen of Pennsylvania. It is time, however, to close this part of my discourse, as I propose to claim your indulgence a few moments longer, whilst I cursorily offer one other view of this extensive subject. The moralist has often taxed his ingenuity to prove, that virtue finds no congenial clime but in the country; and the poet, when happiness becomes his theme, fixing his eye, at once, upon the cottage, sings, in seducing numbers, the *exclusive* joys of those who labour "*in the fields for health unbought,*" who tread green pastures, and at harvest-home, along the margin of some flowery stream, repose their careless limbs amid the shade of spreading trees, or with enraptured ears listen to murmuring rills and warbling birds, or sometimes to the

" \_\_\_\_\_ tender tale,  
" Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the evening gale."

These captivating but airy creations of the fancy, the mirage of the morning of life, may naturally for a moment mislead our sober reason, but the meridian beams of experience must finally dissipate them. The existence of such illusions is the more to be deprecated, because, by ascribing to mere locality all that ennobles our nature and constitutes our best estate, they arrest the development of those principles, and the exercise of those habits, which are every where necessary to the attainment of moral excellence. Where temptations are most numerous and powerful, there will resistance to evil call for the greatest exertions; and happiness, the constant attendant of virtue, must always depend on the degree of delicacy and refinement which intellectual culture, and the exercise of the generous sympathies of the heart, are sure to produce. Purity of mind does not grow like the herb of the field, nor bloom as the shrub of the garden, in obedience to the laws of insensible matter. Innocence is ever most adorned and lovely when, walking in her strength amidst the multitude, she keeps herself unspotted from the world. To the mind opened by liberal studies, and rectified by christian discipline, a country life affords abundant food for reflection and improvement, but, without these preparations, cannot conduce to virtue, more than the busy scenes of a metropolis, with its larger relative proportions of folly and of wickedness.

It must be admitted, that the seclusion of the country forbids the contemplation of human character in several of its interesting varieties, and excludes many of those objects of sympathy and beneficence which, in a compact population, every day teach striking lessons of the frailty of our nature, and urge us to the fulfilment of the highest duties belonging to our fleeting and accountable probation. Were it necessary to enter more fully into the relative moral condition of the country and the town, it might be shown that the latter would not suffer by a rigid comparison with the former. It is sufficient to say, that in the course of an investigation, incidentally involving the subject, which took place before a committee of the British parliament a few years ago, it was ascertained that the agricultural districts of England are not so free from publicly recognized crime, as those more densely peopled.

My present purpose, however, is to invite your more particular attention to the importance of moral, literary, and scientific instruction, as calculated to promote the best interests, and real happiness of our fellow men, whether dwelling in town or country.

As a state, we are lamentably supine, considering the ability we possess, in measures for diffusing useful knowledge among all classes of our citizens. In Philadelphia, it is true, and in its vicinity, some efforts have been made to educate the mass of the population, and the system pursued has been so efficient and economical, as to recommend itself wherever, in Pennsylvania, it may be practicable to collect children into schools in sufficient numbers to give effect to Lancaster's admirable plan of education. But ultimate results, of more importance than mere elementary instruction, ought to be steadily kept in view. Daily observation confirms the truth of lord Bacon's sentiment, that "*knowledge is power.*" It is the knowledge of *principles* which enables our mechanics, artizans, and manufacturers to perfect, as they do, their various products; and all the difference observable between the rude efforts of the ignorant, and the well finished specimens of the instructed, is attributable to that superior skill which, with proper exertions, lies within the reach of all. Will not science, in like manner, augment the efficiency of the husbandman's labours, and secure to him more abundant rewards? It has not, I am aware, been customary to associate the idea of learning with the business of agriculture, and hence this art, the parent of all others, has been retarded in its progress. Chemistry, mine-

ralogy, and botany, unfold many secrets which would prove invaluable to the farmer. It is the province of the first to investigate the nature of soils, to inquire into the causes of their fertility or barrenness, to determine the best composition of manure, and what is most calculated to render each particular kind of soil productive. The knowledge of chemistry enabled Lavoisier to double his crops in a few years, and his experience alone is sufficient to establish its utility. Possessed of this science, the husbandman comprehends the mutual agency and value of all the *material* gifts of the Creator, but without it must wander in the dark, and for himself and his offspring renounce, perhaps criminally, many enjoyments, the common inheritance of his species. What better service then can *this*, or any other similar society render to humanity, than to animate the cultivators of the earth, both by precept and example, to the acquisition of scientific knowledge? The foundation in Pennsylvania, by competent individuals, of institutions like that of Hofwyl, in Switzerland, would confer incalculable benefits upon the state. Our youth might then become accomplished husbandmen, and be at the same time fitted to perform all the relative and social duties of life. The establishment which I have mentioned, is upon a larger scale than could, in the first instance, be reasonably formed here; but the plan, in its practical details, might be adopted with modifications suited to our political character and institutions.

Fellenberg is upon a farm of ample dimensions, where he furnishes to those under his care a complete education.—Commencing with the ordinary elements, he inspires, in the course of his instruction, mild and benevolent affections—enforces the importance of time, and the value of industry, and always addresses his lessons to the more noble principles of our nature. The business of the pupil is varied, and judiciously adapted to develop and invigorate his physical energies, as well as mental powers. He is taught by a regular apprenticeship not only how to use, but how to *make* implements of husbandry. He passes through a regular course of studies; the Greek, Latin, German, and French languages and literature; history, sacred and civil; mathematics, chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history, in all its branches. Connected with the plan, is the gratuitous instruction of indigent male children of the vicinity. His establishment is represented to be so profitable, that capital in-

vested in it has been more than doubled in twenty-two years, after deducting the expense of educating and maintaining forty poor boys, who are taught all the mechanical trades in company with their opulent companions. The reputation and success of Fellenberg draw to him pupils from England, Scotland, Germany, and Russia, and his system has received the approbation of competent judges of merit, in other parts of Europe. Two or more institutions of this kind, properly situated in Pennsylvania, would be extremely beneficial. Young men would go forth in every way qualified to teach and to illustrate by their example, this truth, that sound religious and moral principles, united with liberal scientific knowledge, carry to the greatest height individual prosperity and public benefit, in every neighbourhood where their influence is exerted. We might look to such nurseries for able advocates of public measures, fraught with inestimable blessings to our great commonwealth; and who can predict the extent of moral grandeur which, from such an application of intellectual force, may distinguish succeeding generations.

I am thoroughly aware of the many highly cultivated minds to be found among the farmers of Pennsylvania, but who will not rejoice to witness large additions to the honourable list?

Cherishing an ardent affection for my native state, I feel anxious that, by the employment of every judicious means, she may reach the high point which her position and natural resources entitle her to hold in this family of republics. She has certain materials for greatness, which few, if any, of her sisters can command. Her early annals may fearlessly challenge a parallel with all other histories of human affairs, and her actual condition is elevated and prosperous. By deeds of peace, of justice, and of mercy, her infancy was distinguished. Her aboriginal soil owes no debt to heaven for having drunk the blood of innocence. From her virtuous founders no recompense was due for compacts violated, or wrongs inflicted on the friendly natives. Consecrated as the asylum of the persecuted, during her primitive age, bigotry and intolerance held no dominion within her borders. Religion, and liberty, and law, here fixed their sanctuary. Let us, then, be justly proud of our illustrious origin, and in every valley, and on every hill, may virtue, intelligence, and plenty, establish our title to such a lineage, and proclaim our gratitude for an inheritance so precious.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO:

## THE ALBUM. No. IV.

BOSWELL has drawn the best *whole length* that ever was exhibited by a biographer, though it must be acknowledged, that in regard to some parts of it, in one or two features, at least, it seems rather a flattering resemblance. Not unfrequently does the hand of friendship appear to direct the pencil; yet, still it is JOHNSON that we behold: and never can it be said of this portrait, as often has been remarked of others, even when painted by the best artists, that "it is something like the Doctor, but *very like Mr.—,*" somebody else. Here we have the sage, the philosopher, the moralist, the warm friend, the improving companion, in all his humours, whether grave or mellow; whether pensive in his study, oppressed with "morbid melancholy" in his chamber, or enlivened at the social board; whether musing in the rural scene, wherever friendship invited him;—debating in the Urban portico of Bolt-court, or philosophising in the academic walks of Fleet-street. In these situations, we view him in his mind's undress; not studiously arrayed for public observation; not designed to catch the applause of the admiring world!—all is natural, spontaneous, and unreserved. In his conversations with his friends, his sentiments, and *their's too*, (for all are here preserved,) appear to flow unpremeditated; open and liberal discussion takes its course, unrestrained; and even prejudice and implicit attachments, seem, at times, to enjoy the blessings of freedom. We have said, that, in this picture, the partial hand of friendship seems to have frequently guided the pencil. It does so, occasionally, but not always: for there are instances in which impartiality asserts her rights, and maintains them; in which Boswell's devotion to the object of his idolatry gives way to his regard to truth: in which the violence of Dr. Johnson's temper appears to have occasionally overcome his wisdom;—when judgment has given way to prepossession—and anger has usurped the place of decorum: for, in the warmth of earnest debate, this powerful pleader seldom used the "allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel, rather than to persuade."\*

An anonymous writer, in the *Analectic Magazine*, charac-

\* An expression of Dr. Johnson, when speaking of Warburton, in his life of Pope.

terizes the militia in the following terms: nothing, perhaps, could have been devised more inefficient for every good purpose, and at the same time more impolitic and prejudicial to the public morals and economy, than the militia system, as it exists in Pennsylvania, and probably in several other states.

It falls with the most injurious inequality upon the rich and poor. To the first, the payment of four dollars a year is a trifle, which can interfere only in the slightest possible degree with their comfort. The latter are compelled either to lose the profits of two days' labour; and, which is far worse, are exposed to scenes of idleness and intemperance, or to submit to a deduction from their income of no trivial nature. It would require a volume to enumerate the imperfections of this and most of the systems by which the militia have been regulated. Dryden has described in strong and appropriate language the consequences of a similar plan:

“The country rings around with loud alarms,  
And, raw in fields, the rude militia swarms;  
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense:  
In peace a charge; in war a weak defence;  
Stout once a month, they march a blustering band,  
And ever, but in time of need, at hand;  
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file, they stood prepared  
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.”

Michael Bruce was a youth of a highly interesting character, much loved in the circle of his acquaintance, for the many excellent qualities of his heart, and justly admired for his literary attainments and poetical abilities. During the summer vacations of the college, he composed, in the twenty-first year of his age, the beautiful poems which he left behind him. Of his “Elegy to Spring” we are told by one of his biographers, that the author wrote it “in the immediate view of death.” The following extract will be dwelt upon with melancholy interest by every reader of sensibility.

Now Spring returns: but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known:  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health have flown.

Farewell ye blooming fields ye cheerful plains,  
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,

Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise!

His very elegant and masterly piece on "Lochleven" must be familiar to all, particularly those lines on Lochleven Castle, so often quoted by tourists who have visited that part of Scotland:

No more its arches echo to the noise  
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance  
Of blazing taper thro' its windows beam,  
And quivers on the undulating wave;  
But naked stand the melancholy walls,  
Lashed by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,  
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,  
And piece-meal tumble down the towers to dust,  
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tow'r,  
That time has spared, forth from the window looks,  
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;  
While from above, the owl, musician dire!  
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

The poem closes with these touching lines:

- Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile wilds  
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!  
Far from his friends he strayed, recording thus  
The dear remembrance of his native fields,  
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease  
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts  
Of dark December shook his humble cot.
- 

[The following beautiful stanzas are copied from the Pensacola Floridian. The first is from the pen of R. H. Wilde, Esq. of Georgia; and the second is said to be by a lady of Baltimore. This will make its way to every heart.]

#### STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning's sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die:  
Yet on the rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see:  
But gone shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless, and soon to pass away!  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints, which feet  
Have left on Tempe's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me.

---

**ANSWER.**

The dews of night may fall from heaven,  
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,  
And tears of fond regret be given,  
To mourn the virtues of the dead:  
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,  
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,  
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,  
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,  
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,  
And friends may heave the sigh of grief  
O'er those who sleep within the tomb;  
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,  
And time will bring more smiling hours;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore  
Lament each trace it tears away,  
The lonely heart its grief may pour  
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay:  
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,  
The waves dance bright and gaily on;  
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
And even love forgets to mourn.

*Resignation.***RESIGNATION.**

SWEET Robin, why that pensive lay,  
 Soft warbling from the naked spray,  
 Are all thy tuneful mates away,  
 And thou lorn bird forsaken?  
 Thine eye surveys the russet plains,  
 Thou hear'st the turtle's dying strains,  
 Which thrilling through thy tender veins,  
 These woe fraught tones awaken.

They tell of joys forever fled,  
 When round the spring her blossoms shed,  
 Her balmy gales thy pinions spread,  
 And every note was pleasure;  
 When opening with the golden day,  
 In rival songs, thy comrades gay  
 Pour'd music from each trembling spray,  
 And gladness knew no measure.

As thine, my blooming spring is past,  
 While sober autumn's hollow blast  
 Forewarns my soul of winter's waste,  
 And all my prospects languish;  
 While ravish'd from my faithful side,  
 Those friends, by generous warmth allied,  
 Who smooth'd for me life's ruffled tide,  
 Now swell my heart with anguish.

Ne'er shall the radiant eye of morn  
 See health's own blush my cheek adorn,  
 No more with smiles the glad return  
 Of vernal seasons hailing;  
 Yet Patience lends her friendly arm,  
 Domestic joys my bosom warm,  
 And Hope displays her angel charm  
 O'er pain and grief prevailing.

For though to me no second spring  
 Shall fancy's ardent treasures bring,  
 Like thee, I'll raise a bolder wing,  
 To happier regions soaring:  
 The star, whose mild benignant ray  
 O'er Bethlehem shed celestial day,  
 Shall cheer and guide my lonely way,  
 Those sacred heights exploring.

THE  
PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR:  
A COLLECTION OF FUGITIVE PIECES,  
FROM  
THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

*With Biographical and Explanatory Notes.*

By Oliver Oldschool, Esq.

If achievements of glory are not in our power, let us endeavour to lengthen our short portion of existence by those of literary honour; and since it is not granted to us to live long, let us transmit to posterity some memorial that we have at least lived. PLINT.

A few nights ago, as I sat ruminating in my chamber, on divers things "foregone," I opened a volume of Moore's "Poems," in order to divert a train of unpleasant reflections in which I found myself unexpectedly engaged. I had just returned from a ramble in the country, during which I had endured "the churlish chiding of a winter's wind," with resolute perseverance. Seated once more at my own fire-side, and surrounded by my books, my hearth swept, and my lamp freshly trimmed, it was my intention to commit to paper, for the amusement of those who peruse my monthly lucubrations, some of the meditations which had arisen in the course of my walk. But I soon found that I was not in the writing mood. "To what purpose," said I, addressing myself, as I caught a glance at my care-worn brow, in the mirror which adorns the mantelpiece, "to what purpose do you continue this 'never-ending—still beginning' business of scribbling? What has become of all your competitors and companions in this unprofitable employment? While you have grown gray over your inkstand, they have betaken themselves to employments in which they have acquired distinction and wealth. They have raised their tree, and fulfilled those other duties which are said to be incumbent upon every good citizen. You, on the contrary, have been dozing over dreams, for a larger portion of a century than any sensible man would be willing to throw away, in consequence of some idle notions which you entertain, concerning the advancement of learning, in this, your native land. Depend upon it, Sir Oliver, you are a full century before your time. Your countrymen are not yet prepared for you. You must wait

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until the sun has peeped through a few more of your interminable forests, and the bustle of commerce has awakened your inland seas from the slumber of ages." "But," said I to myself, in reply to this unwelcome expostulation, "do you think I have been idle all this time? If you do, you are greatly mistaken. If I have not been witty myself, I may say with the fat knight, that I have been the cause of something clever in others. Look at the long list of worthies who fleshed their maiden quills in my inkstand. Do you not find them—or at least those whom death has spared,—honourably and usefully employed in the various paths of life: some in the service of the state: some adorning the pulpit, and others shaking the senate? Are not all these men striking illustrations of those lessons on the great subjects of morality and education which I have so long inculcated? Then look at the lucubrations with which these men amused the first years of their manhood, and which proudly proclaim to the world,—*These are the spirits who were nurtured under my patronage.* No, this is not the clime, where "fancy sickens, and where genius dies." These specimens will furnish abundant evidence that we have the materials for fine writers; while their example will show, that the cultivation of polite literature is no impediment in the career of wealth and honour. They will teach the young men of the present age to distinguish between those pleasures which after enjoyment "no repentance draw," and those which enervate the mind and destroy the body."

"Very fine, very fine, indeed, Mr. Oldschool," said I interrupting the venerable old gentleman,—"you are resolved that your reputation shall not suffer in your own hands. I should be rejoiced to see you make out your case, as the lawyers say." "Well, sir, if you are willing to be convinced that I have been the instrument in producing some things, which are not unworthy to be preserved,—recollect what one of the most brilliant poets of his time has written about our "Confederacy." Have the goodness to read what Mr. Moore said, of "the elegant little circle," composed of "*Mr. Dennie* and his friends," which he found in Philadelphia, about twenty years ago:

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Oh, you sacred few !  
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;  
 Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,  
 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave !  
 Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore  
 The exile saw upon the sandy shore,  
 When his lone heart but faintly hop'd to find  
 One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind !

Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal;  
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,  
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,  
Which, 'mid the melancholy heartless waste  
My foot has wandered, oh, you sacred few !  
I found by Delaware's green banks, with you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Believe me ——, while I wing'd the hours  
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers.  
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,  
And rested there as in a dream of home !  
And looks I met, like looks I loved before,  
And voices too, which as they trembled o'er  
The chord of memory, found full many a tone  
Of kindness there in concord with their own !  
Oh ! we had nights of that communion free,  
That flush of heart ——

MOORE'S POEMS.

I read the passage and closed the volume; but the entrance of a bookseller put an end to this dialogue with myself.\* He threw on the table, several volumes under the titles of "Souvenir," "Forget me not," "Christmas Gift," &c. :—miscellaneous collections of literary efforts by various hands.

"These," said the bibliopole, "are all the go, now, in London. You may say what you will about American literature; but give me one of Ackerman's *Souvenirs*, and you are welcome to all our *domestic manufacture*."

This observation gave a spur to certain vague speculations which had been floating in my brain. I had been meditating on a volume which should be a sort of *cairn*,† to the memory of the circle of friends which Mr. Moore has commemorated in his immortal poems. No one of these gifted few, I thought, would be willing to forget those days of ease and nights of hilarity;—mirthful hours when they could hear the "chimes at midnight," and dreamt not of "cares which consume."

\* The condition of the old gentleman, in balancing on the uncertainties of another literary adventure will remind some readers of the following lines, prefixed to *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Some said, John print it: others said, not so.  
Some said, it might do good: others said, no.  
Now I was in a strait, and did not see  
Which was the best thing to be done by me:  
At last I thought, since you are thus divided,  
I print it will, and so the case decided.—*Printer's Dev.*

† Cairn: a rude and irregular pile which is erected in Ireland and Scotland, over a deceased person, by his friends; each one casting a stone upon it.

"When I first nibbed my pen in your city, about the commencement of the present century," said I, laying down my spectacles and gently changing the position of my gouty foot,— "I was a young man and a valetudinarian. I proposed to publish in your city, periodically, a miscellany of polite literature, and invoked the aid of men of wealth, men of science, and men of taste. I was saluted with smiles from the fair of Philadelphia, and plentiful tables were spread before me by the hands of kindness and hospitality. My literary labours were lightened by the co-operation of many friends,—of whom some remain to adorn the society which they have often instructed, and others have disappeared from the circles which they often delighted. It would be a pleasant occupation, though not unmixed with many mournful reflections, to winnow my numerous columns and select from them a few morsceaux, as a specimen of what the Philadelphia press has gleaned from the stores of fancy and contributed to the stock of American literature."

"I can give you," I continued, "gems from the caskets of several artizans, who might have become more skilful in the working of this species of metal, if they had made it their profession. Although my volume may not be popular with the multitude, it will always be welcome to that association which awakened a taste for polite literature in Philadelphia, and whose members, in maturer years, have adorned the annals of our country with brilliant instances of talent and usefulness.

"I fear that in reverting to the many delightful hours which I have passed with this favoured few, I may become tedious;—a crime which, of all others, an editor eschews. To be brief then,—I wish you to publish a small volume, such as I have described; because, as I foresee that my literary career approaches to a termination, I would leave behind me a memorial of my own gratitude and a monument of native genius. My collection I will devote, as Montaigne did his incomparable "Essays,"—"to my kindred and friends, that when they have lost me, as they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently, that their remembrance of me may be more lively and entire."

"This *Souvenir* of the talents of "a sacred few," will comprehend selections from *The Lay Preacher*, by Dennie, the *Reflections in Solitude*, and other poems by the late *Samuel Ewing, Esq.*, extracts from the writings of Brown, Clifton, Shaw, Linn, Smith, (W. M.) together with a variety of pieces which were communicated to the press under anonymous signatures, but which are known, in the literary circles of Philadelphia, to have proceeded from the pens of persons who now hold the foremost places in society. While we abstain from violating that concealment which they thought proper to adopt, none it may be hoped, will be displeased at this effort to preserve such

a memorial of the dawn of periodical literature in the United States. Our canvas would be incomplete, if it did not exhibit some of the lines of Asmodeo, Ithacus, Harley, Mercutio, P. D—, N. B., Ferdinando, J. H. (the *popular* critic of Shakespeare,) P. B. K., Littleton, and several others who amused the public in verse and prose."

The bookseller thought well of this scheme, and we agreed that the undertaking should be commenced without delay. Our work will be published in two volumes. There will be fine and coarse copies, which will be sold to subscribers, the former at \$5, and the latter at \$3. The names of subscribers must be transmitted to the *Post Folio office*, without delay, in order that they may be inserted at the end of the second volume, as a testimony of respect to THE PATRONS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE."

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## THE MERMAID'S PETITION TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

AIR.—“Oh! take me to your arms my love.”

A few years ago, a female foreigner was exhibited in London, *in puris naturalibus*. Among the wits, she was called the HOTTESTOT VENUS; but the Lord Chancellor spoiled their sport, by an interference which was required not less by the dictates of official duty, than a regard for public feeling. Since that decision, one of those *Trinculos*, who administer to the appetite for novelty, which was marked by the first of poets as a trait in the character of his countrymen, endeavoured to levy contributions by the exhibition of a MERMAID. Whether the authority of the law was exercised to put a stop to this hoax, we are uncertain. If the fact did not occur, the author of the following lines must have had such an event in his “mind’s eye;” being, probably, one of those wights, “who study *Shakespeare at the Inns of court.*”

PROTECT me in your Court, my Lord,  
Or whither must I go?  
I'm naked shown in sport, my Lord,  
And made a public show.  
A lonely fish,  
'Tis yet my wish,  
If with you I might prevail;  
To be secur'd,  
From scoffs endur'd,  
And thus preserve my tail.\*

\* It was asserted in most of the daily papers, that this “dried specimen” was the body of a monkey, to which a *fish's tail* had been ingeniously added.

I once skimm'd o'er the ocean,  
 The blythest *Maid* at sea ;  
 Nor had I then a notion  
 Of cares in store for me.  
     My comb and glass,\*  
     No more, alas !  
 Will cheer me in the gale ;  
     My songs no more  
     Shall lull its roar,  
 Then, Oh ! preserve my tail.

Let not law's crafty pleadings  
 Meet your august regard ;  
 Spurn all their vile proceedings,  
 And take me as—*your Ward*.  
     Tho' in law's net  
     I'm naked, yet,  
 My *sex's†* sneers assail  
     Then spare my *shame*,  
     I'll bless your name,  
 And, Oh ! preserve my tail.

**THE KING AT HOME ;  
 OR, MATHEWS AT CARLTON PALACE.**

Under this title, we find the following anecdotes in one of the most recent productions of the British press. As it is not often that we simple republicans are favoured with a peep behind the curtain by which royalty is screened from profane eyes, our readers will thank us for this exhibition. Strange as it may seem, the commentary on the first is gravely given. Our *levees* at Washington have frequently furnished a theme for ridicule to the English tourists; but the broadest of their caricatures never presented such gross indecorum as is here described. What would these scribblers have said, if they had seen the President in the act of mimicking the Dr Caius of the inimitable Blisset, for the amusement of his cabinet? Mathews, we think, from the specimens which he gave before a private circle at *Rubicam's*, in this city, might have selected from his inexhaustible fund of merriment a better return for this royal condescension; but perhaps he catered according to his company.

PREVIOUS to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments by command of His Majesty at Carlton-palace.—A select party of not

\* It is well known by all who have been in the habit of seeing Mermaids, that their combs and glasses are a *sine qua non* whilst singing to the mariners.

† We pretend not to be conversant with the natural history of this genus of "animal creation;" but presume the "specimen" to be of the "softer sex," never having heard of a *male Mermaid*.

more than six or eight persons were present, including the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During the entertainment (with which the King appeared much delighted) Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in the Stranger, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognise; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous,—“He is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine, observed His Majesty; when I was Prince of Wales he often favoured me with his company, I will give you an imitation of John Kemble,” said the good-humoured monarch. “May I request your attention,” said the King to his attendants, peers and lords, who stood near the sofa on which he and the ladies were seated. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose, and prefaced his imitations by observing, “I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose, placed my box on the table before him, saying, ‘Kemble, oblige (obliege) me by taking a pinch of snuff.’” He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—*(Here his Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble)*, I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but in future, do extend your Royal Jaws a little wider, and say Oblige.” The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor’s voice and manners, and had an astonishing effect on the party present. *It is a circumstance equally worthy of the King and the scholar!*

Mathews, at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen: on one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning’s ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble Earl, were closely engaged at some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in the carriage, at the door, (it being very cold weather;) at length her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the Earl’s study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism.—This he had repeated three several times, at intervals, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer; at length, Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied, somewhat petulantly, “Tell your mistress I shall not come; and, fellow, do you in future say ‘tism.”

## ELEGY ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

IN THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

Adieu to the village delights,  
 Since the hamlet, alas ! I must leave ;  
 Adieu to the moonshiny nights,  
 And adieu to the "glories of eve!"

Adieu to the moan of the dove,  
 Adieu to the joys of the plain ;  
 To the nightingales "down in the grove,"  
 And the Jack-asses down in the lane !

Farewell to the puddles of mire,  
 That bedevil'd my dear little feet ;  
 As careless, ah me ! of attire  
 I roamed in my rural retreat.

Farewell to the glen and the dell !  
 Farewell to the mountain and lake !  
 A long and a lasting farewell  
 To gooseberry wine and seed-cake !

The pig-stye's enchanting perfume  
 No more shall my senses inhale ;  
 Orinoco no more through the room,  
 With short-cut make fragrant the gale.

Gin-twist for a time I forsake ;  
 Backgammon, alas ! I forego ;  
 No longer rum-punch I partake,  
 Nor the dumpling's rich luxury know.

Adieu to the herds and the flocks,  
 Roaming free through their sylvan demesnes :  
 Adieu to the woods and the rocks—  
 Adieu to boiled bacon and greens !

Farewell to the lass and the swain—  
 Farewell to the partridge and quail :  
 Thou, Pincher, farewell too ! in vain  
 Dost thou waggle thine innocent tail !

Sweet friends of my youth, too, forthwith  
 I must quit you ! a tender adieu !  
 Adieu to Elizabeth Smith !  
 And to George Theopompus Carew !

O ! think not my sorrows absurd ;  
 Cruel destiny bears me to town—  
 Farewell !—Can I utter the word ?—  
 Farewell to my Grandmamma Brown !!!

*Mémoires de Condorcet sur la Révolution Française, &c.; i. e. Memoirs of Condorcet on the French Revolution, selected from his Correspondence and that of his Friends.* 8vo. 2 Vols. Paris. 1824.

WHEN the correspondence of an eminent man is published after his death in this country, we look for responsibility somewhere; we ask the editor how he came possessed of it, and we require some voucher for its genuineness. They manage these things differently, though not *better*, in France. The volumes before us profess to be composed of extracts, not merely from the private letters and portfolio of Condorcet, but from the letters and portfolios of a great number of literary and political characters who figured in the latter half of the last century. They may be genuine, any or all of them, and probably are so: but there is no ostensible editor; and the preface merely informs us that an old gentleman, who had enjoyed the intimacy of all the great wits of France in the 18th century, having retired from the world a few years ago, has passed his time since in rummaging among the letters, notes, and memorandums, which lay in his drawers. He assures us that he enjoys "a green old age;" that his intellects are as fresh and vigorous as ever they were, although he is tottering on the verge of a hundred years; and that he has yet in his possession a number of unpublished manuscripts, the production of some of the most celebrated writers of the two last ages, which he hopes to present to the public before he makes his transit into another world. This old gentleman must have been a great collector in his day, for it is not pretended that the contents of these volumes were addressed to himself; no, they are squibs and crackers which certain celebrated characters flung at one another, and which he had the dexterity to catch. We see nothing like order in their arrangement, or uniformity in their subject: they are playful and satirical, humorous and grave, critical and quizzical; treating on politics, literature, philosophy, music, intrigue, and every imaginable variety of topics; furnishing odes, anecdotes, and epigrams, from the gravest of the grave, till we are reminded of Sir Christopher Hatton, immortalized by Gray in his "*Long Story*," as he was promoted by Elizabeth for the gracefulness of his person and the excellence of his dancing:

"Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,  
The seals and maces danced before him."

The Marquis de Condorcet carried his zeal for the Revolution a great way: but he is represented as being more animated

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by a hatred of the past than a hope of the future. Under the most mild and gracious exterior, he concealed an ardent character, full of bitterness; yet to his credit it must be said that he was never more animated than in defence of his friends. There was such a contrast between the mildness of his address and the force of his sallies, that he was sometimes called *le mouton enragé*, and sometimes *le volcan couvert de neige*. His injustice towards Necker, whom he treated with the utmost contempt, was occasioned by his devotedness to Turgot. He was, however, very disinterested, and loved mankind, not with that general and vague philanthropy which, like clouds in the dog-days, hover in the air but find no object on earth to attract them; on the contrary, although he never would solicit from those in power any personal advantage, he was a most importunate petitioner in favour of others.

He said of Frederick the Great, at that time an old man, that, "having no longer despotism in his arms, he retained it in his head;" alluding to a project of that monarch for establishing a *holy alliance* of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, to keep the people in subjection. The seed lay some time in the earth: but it has sprung up, like the hydra-tree of death, the Upas, shedding its malignant exhalations over Europe, and blasting it with its poison. In a discourse which Frederick delivered at a public sitting of the Academy of Berlin, he said, "Gentlemen, the project of a perpetual peace is like the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Considered in a philosophical point of view, it is a delicious illusion, which we may love to nourish; and we may say with Cicero, 'If I deceive myself it is voluntary, and I do not wish to be undeceived.' The perspective of such a peace, however, may be seen through a new vista, where it appears less beyond the sphere of moral possibility than in the Abbé de Saint Pierre's plan. Let a certain number of the great powers consolidate their dominion, by possessing themselves of empires and kingdoms of such an extent and consistency as shall form masses of impregnable strength. It will then be no longer in the power of secondary states to undertake any war: a coalition of the masters of the world will impose silence on any who would infringe arrangements once settled; and Europe, especially if the Crescent were driven into Asia, far from being subject to violent convulsions, will scarcely be exposed to the slightest disturbance." It was in the year 1777 that Frederick put forth this scheme, to enforce a "death-like silence and a dread repose;" and soon after the dismemberment of Poland, which was a *coup d'essai* for himself and his royal brother-conspirators of Russia and Austria. Frederick rarely shed any crocodile tears, and had very little hypocrisy about him: if he had not the virtue of philanthropy in his heart, at least

he had not the cant of it always on his lips ; and if he had not been born a king, and with the ambition to be a conqueror, he might have been a good man, and under any circumstances must have been a great one. The Empress Catherine could speak her mind plainly, too, sometimes, but she could also play the Jesuit to admiration. The following is extracted from a letter addressed to Condorcet, wherein the gentle Czarina doth seem to "bear her faculties so meekly" that her virtues "plead like angels." It is dated Czarkosello, May 23, 1789.

Alluding to the politics of France, she says ;

" You have adopted the principles of M. de Choiseul, which Frederick II. ridiculed so much. Every one knows what resulted from the policy of the Duke de Choiseul. His chimerical apprehension as to the greatness of Russia concealed his passions, his hatred, his envy, and his duplicity. He wished to injure me, but only exposed his own weakness, and that of the Turks whom he placed in the fore-ground. He had ever the balance of Europe in his mouth, which has invariably thrown out of their equilibrium all those powers that have placed any reliance on the phrase. It serves, indeed, to throw dust in the eyes of the multitude, and to mask vicious and inconsistent views and projects, when they have usurped the seat of justice, which is the strength of all states, and the bond of human society. I believe,—indeed I am fully persuaded,—that the credit of cabinets is the same as that of individuals ; that he who flings the torch of discord into his neighbour's house, right and left, can inspire no confidence, and deserves no other name than that of a fire-brand. Duplicity is not the path which leads to glory, and those who pursue its windings will inevitably be the victims of their own mistake. Yet there are many people who know only two things in politics : to throw oil on fire, and to fish in troubled waters. It is this which, in all ages, has produced on the theatre of the world those bloody dramas called *Wars*, which princes of a hot and fiery temperament, or led by ministers of that description, feel no repentance for having performed, until their own subjects become the victims." " (Vol. ii. p. 43.)

Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the Academicians of France, were the pipes which Frederick used to circulate his praise : but the main gazometer was at Potzdam ; and Catherine, it would seem, did not disdain the same machinery. Would not any body suppose that she was the most virtuous, moral, unambitious female that ever sat on a throne ; and was Condorcet to trumpet forth her angel-virtues.

We have intimated that these volumes contain a multitude of trifles ; and perhaps some persons may be of opinion, that many of the metaphysical speculations and philosophical speeches of Condorcet, which are also introduced, are only

trifles of a graver cast. Numbers of the anecdotes are very silly, but this must be expected from court-gossip; and, after all, the silliest among them is not altogether destitute of interest when it illustrates any part of the structure of society. Talleyrand, while a very young man, came to be presented to the minister, the Duke de Choiseul. ‘Madame de Grammont enters; and every body draws back with the profoundest respect, not merely to the sister of the minister, but to the most active and influential personage of the ministry. As she was passing before the Abbé de Talleyrand, she thought that she heard somebody exclaim, “Ah!” Presently the party went to supper, and the young Abbé modestly remained standing behind the chairs of the ladies who were sitting. Madame de Grammont, with that lofty tone which would often embarrass not only young and diffident men, but also those who were more conversant with the usages of society, exclaimed, “Monsieur l’Abbé, tell me, I beseech you, why you exclaimed Ah! when I passed by you?” The young man replied, “Madam, you are mistaken; I did not say ah!—I said Oh!” The assurance, with which the Abbé thus retorted, made Madame for the first time in her life feel confused and embarrassed; and the affair was quite sufficient to gain for the young Abbé the reputation of being a great wit at court, and in society.’ Is it possible to conceive any thing sillier than all this; and yet what a picture does it present of that “court” and that “society” in which such wretched *bardinage* could not merely be tolerated, but be admired as an indication of genius, and an effusion of wit! We could give many other specimens of equally frivolous anecdote, but, in double tenderness to ourselves and our readers, we forbear.

Condorcet was hostile to any penal enactments against the emigrants. “What right have you,” said he, “to prevent a man from breathing any air that he likes best; and what do you get by it? The dissatisfied wretch remains a thorn in your side, irritating and provoking you with his reveries and inanities, while he would have delighted the illustrious strangers who might have received him. If you tell me that the emigrants bring war into the bosom of their country, I reply, all the better, inasmuch as hidden enemies are more dangerous than open foes. It is internal enemies who create civil war, while from foreign war nothing will result but triumphs to the nation; and those the more easy, because, when all the discontented are gone away, there will remain in the interior a general enthusiasm and perfect unanimity.” Condorcet, however, refused to save his own life by emigration; and, when he was proscribed, he wandered about the woods during the day to conceal himself from men who would betray him through fear or enmity. In the night, he betook himself to the fields, or sought among lonely farm-houses for some compassionate

individuals to give him shelter. He lurked for many days among caves and quarries, and in his wanderings approached Fontenai-aux-Roses, where he recollects that he had an old friend, Suard. This Suard was a man of letters, intimately connected with Necker, Montmorin, and others of celebrity; he was a *modérat*, of the mildest disposition, and, in the fervor of the Revolution, suffered no political feelings to interfere with his personal friendships. Condorcet knew that, being proscribed, it would be impossible for him to remain four-and-twenty hours in a village so near Paris without being arrested; and all that he asked of his friend was a meal, and a little snuff; which, in the life that he now led, was almost equally essential to his existence. They passed a few hours together, in the last interchange of friendship which it was the lot of Condorcet to enjoy. He was plunged in the deepest distress and despair, and frankly told Suard that he could not make up his mind to leave France, nor to deliver himself up to the men then in power, who he knew would not spare him. The extreme depression of his spirits, however, was on account of his country, not himself. He saw no period to the reign of anarchy, for his opinions led him to believe in the permanence of democracy.—Having relieved his hunger, and enjoyed the melancholy solace of a last interview with his friend, who supplied him with provisions and snuff, he set out on his wanderings anew, like a criminal pursued by fate. He passed the next four-and-twenty hours among some quarries: but on the day following he went into a little public-house at Clamart, where he devoured some eggs with so keen an appetite as to excite the suspicions of his host. At this period, the list was so long of proscribed victims, that it excited no surprise to fall in with one; and compassion was a virtue which would cost a man his life. Condorcet was denounced, arrested, and taken to Bourg-la-Reine, where he was led to prison till orders should be received from a Committee of the Convention. When proscription was hanging over his head, he still occupied his thoughts with the "perfectibility of the human species, and the progress of the human mind in civilization;" and he continued to write on these subjects, while the proscription itself was giving the lie to his doctrines. As soon as he learned that orders were received for his being conveyed to Paris, he took some poisonous pills which he had previously prepared and divided with the Archbishop of Sens, who likewise availed himself of the same provision. Both these men felt it disgraceful to mount the scaffold; and neither of them had the prudence to pass their lives in obscurity and retreat,—the only means of escaping from the tempest of the Revolution.

*Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries.* By James Prior, Esq. 8vo. pp. 600. 16s. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824. Philad. Ab. Small.

From the *Monthly Review* we transcribe the ensuing criticism on one of the most attractive volumes of the present period. Mr. Prior is not an elegant writer; but what he wants in taste is amply supplied by his good sense and his sound principles. The admirers of Mr. Burke will be grateful to him for the new sources of delight and instruction which his volume has opened. The present writer has conducted us to the fireside of this illustrious statesman; and we find him as exemplary in private life as he was glorious in his public career. While his rival was frittering his genius among demagogues and debauchees, Mr. Burke devoted himself to conjugal duties, to severe study, and useful avocations. His speeches are permanent depositaries of intellectual wealth: while they instruct by the profoundest philosophy, they delight us by the richest eloquence; evincing, moreover, the greatest patience of research, variety of knowledge, untiring activity, consistency of principle, manly independence, and devotion to the permanent interests of his country.

It is to be regretted that the promised life of Mr. Burke, which was to have accompanied the edition of his works, has not yet made its appearance. Proceeding from the pen of a friend who had such near and familiar access to him during his life, and to whom the arrangement of his familiar letters and posthumous writings was confided at his death, such a work would at least have had the advantage of undeniable authenticity. As to the biographical sketches of Bisset and M'Cormick, they are not memoirs befitting the name and character of so eminent a man; and hitherto the life of Burke seems to have been little more than a pretence for publishing huge volumes of contemporaneous history, which would have almost equally served for the lives of twenty other persons. It is indeed true that the period, during which he flourished, was one of the most memorable in our annals: for it comprehended the acquisition of one empire in the East,—the loss of another in the West,—and the awful events of the French Revolution. These great transactions, however, ought not to occupy too wide a space in his memoirs, but should be mentioned incidentally, and with no more minuteness than is necessary to prevent confusion, and to preserve unbroken the thread of the narrative.

Any writer may eke out a quarto volume with declamations about the American war, laborious conjectures as to the author of Junius's Letters, and diatribes on the French Revolution: but a book so manufactured, under whatever title it may be published, is the life of nobody. What we want is a book in which credit may be given us for knowing a little of the history of the last forty years; in short, a life of Mr. Burke of which

Mr. Burke himself shall be the principal feature. We do not admit that Mr. Prior has satisfactorily supplied this desideratum, but he has done something towards it, and in a volume of moderate size and pretensions. This in itself is no slight praise; and a writer of the present day, who, treating on an exuberant subject, can practise sufficient self-denial to keep within the humble limits of an octavo, is intitled to our acknowledgments.

If we are not always pleased with the style and spirit of Mr. Prior's book, we are thankful for his corrections of several prevalent mistakes relative to Mr. Burke's first entrance into life. He goes indeed higher, and makes us to a certain degree his associates in childhood and youth; both important periods in the progression of a great mind. In his twelfth year, it seems, (26th May, 1741,) he was sent with his two brothers, Garrett and Richard, to a school of great reputation at Ballitore, in the county of Kildare, then under the superintendence of Mr. Abraham Shackleton, a member of the Society of Friends; and this school was afterwards conducted by his son, Richard Shackleton, the favourite and friend of Burke's riper years, as well as of his boyhood. This gentleman he never failed to visit when he went to Ireland, and he carried on a brisk correspondence with him down to his death, which happened in 1792. From Mr. Shackleton's communications, therefore, much that pertains to Mr. Burke's youthful life and habits might have been learned; and it is from that source that Mr. Prior has derived a few authentic notices of it,—the result of the personal observations of a friend four years older than his illustrious companion, and which, we fear, are now all that remains of that period of his biography.

" His genius, observed Mr. Shackleton, appeared to be promising from the first; he was not very far advanced when he came to school, but soon evinced great aptitude to learn; and on many occasions a soundness and manliness of mind, and ripeness of judgment, beyond his years. He read much while quite a boy, accumulated a great variety of knowledge, and delighted in exercising, and occasionally exhibiting to his companions superior powers of memory, particularly in what is called *capping* Latin verses. An inquisitive and speculative cast of mind was not the least distinguishing of his peculiarities; he devoted much time to the eager perusal of history and poetry; the study of the classics seemed to be more his diversion than his business. He was of an affectionate disposition, rather fond of being alone, less lively and bustling than other boys of the same age, but good-natured, communicative of what he knew, and always willing to teach or to learn.

" In the family of this gentleman are preserved a series of his letters, at least a considerable number of them, commencing at the age of fifteen, down to within two months of his death;

and the earliest said to be distinguished by as strong a love of virtue, affection for his friend, and superior capacity for observation, as the last. To these the writer, from some family-objection, has not been permitted to have access; but the same friend to whom Mr. Shackleton communicated the substance of some of them, as well as the specimens of young Burke's poetical powers which appear in the present volume, has favoured him with some of the circumstances to which they refer.

" Few anecdotes of him, while at school, are preserved. It is recorded, however, that seeing a poor man pulling down his own hut near the village, and hearing that it was done by order of a great gentleman in a gold-laced hat (the parish conservator of the roads), upon the plea of being too near the highway, the young philanthropist, his bosom swelling with indignation, exclaimed, that were he a man, and possessed of authority, the poor should not thus be oppressed. Little things in children often tend to indicate, as well as to form, the mind of the future man; there was no characteristic of his subsequent life more marked, than a hatred of oppression in any form, or from any quarter.

" The steward of the establishment at Ballitore, who sometimes condescended to be director of the school-boy sports, used to repeat this and similar anecdotes with no little pride of his old acquaintance when risen into celebrity. He delighted in hearing of him; he would sit for hours attentive to this his favourite theme; and particularly when the newspapers had any thing of more than usual interest respecting him to communicate, he was quite insensible to all other claims upon his attention. He was a hard-headed, North-of-Ireland Presbyterian, named Gill, upon whom young Shackleton wrote verses, and young Burke chopped his boyish logic; the shrewd, though unlettered remarks in reply to which, gave him in their opinion some claim to the more philosophical appellation of Hobbes. By this name Mr. Burke used to inquire after him while at college; and never afterwards went to Ballitore, where he chiefly continued to reside, without giving him proofs of regard.

" The last visit he made took place in 1786, after the opening of the impeachment of Mr. Hastings. The old steward, who regarded this as another illustration of the humane spirit displayed by the boy, was then verging to eighty, his eyes dim, his limbs feeble, and as it proved tottering into the grave; but the announcement of the name of his youthful associate inspired the worn-out frame of the aged man with momentary vigour. Mr. Burke accosted him with his accustomed kindness, shook him often and cordially by the hand, and introduced his son, who showed equal attention to his father's humble but venerable

friend. This condescension so much affected the old man's feelings, that for some time he was deprived of utterance ; he bowed repeatedly, and at length brought out, that he was proud —very proud to see him ;—adding, “ You have many friends in Ireland, Sir.”—“ I am happy, Mr. Gill, that you are one of them.—You look very well.—Am I much changed since you last saw me ? ” Old William replied, after some attempt at examination, that he was almost too *dark* with age to observe ; when Mr. Burke, with characteristic affability, took a candle and held it up to his own face, to give the aged servant a better view of it ; a scene which the relator of the anecdote says, those who were present cannot easily forget.”\*

In April, 1744, he quitted school with a large stock of miscellaneous learning, and entered Trinity-College, Dublin, as pensioner. Of his academical career, little is known : but Dr. Leland, then Fellow of the College, frequently remarked that he was a young man of superior though unpretending talents, and more intent on acquiring knowledge than displaying it. He was elected scholar of that house in 1746, and the fact implies a considerable proficiency in classical learning. The advantages of the scholarship, which continue five years, are chambers and commons, free,—a small annuity,—and a vote for the University-member. He proceeded A. M. in 1751. Mr. Prior has preserved, as a literary curiosity, a specimen of Verses written by Burke in the year 1746, when he was 16 years of age, and which is certainly no ordinary effort. It is a translation of Virgil's *encomium* of rustic life at the end of the second book of the *Georgics*. We insert a few lines :

“ Oh ! happy swains ! did they know how to prize  
 The many blessings rural life supplies ;  
 Where in safe huts from clattering arms afar,  
 The pomp of cities and the din of war,  
 Indulgent earth, to pay his labouring hand,  
 Pours in his arms the blessings of the land ;  
 Calm through the valleys flows along his life,  
 He knows no danger, as he knows no strife.  
 What though no marble portals, rooms of state,  
 Vomit the cringing torrent from his gate,  
 Though no proud purple hang his stately halls,  
 Nor lives the breathing brass along his walls,  
 Though the sheep clothe him without colours' aid,  
 Nor seeks he foreign luxury from trade,  
 Yet peace and honesty adorn his days  
 With rural riches and a life of ease” [aisle.]—  
 “ Celestial Nine ! my only joy and care,  
 Whose love inflames me, and whose rites I bear,  
 Lead me, oh lead me ! from the vulgar throng,  
 Clothe nature's myst'ries in thy rapturous song ;

\* Poems, by Mary Leadbeater (late Shackleton), 1808.—Cottage Bibliography, 1822, by the same.

What various forms in heav'n's broad belt appear,  
 Whose limits bound the circle of the year,  
 Or spread around in glitt'ring order lie,  
 Or roll in mystic numbers through the sky ?  
 What dims the midnight lustre of the moon ?  
 What cause obstructs the sun's bright rays at noon ?  
 Why haste his fiery steeds so long to lave  
 Their splendid chariot in the wintry wave ?  
 Or why bring on the lazy moon so slow ?  
 What love detains them in the realms below ?"

At Trinity-College, he was a member (according to Mr. Prior) of the celebrated Historical Society, which has had its share in fostering the talents of so many eminent ornaments of the sister-kingdom : but this, we conclude, must have been some association of another kind ; or perhaps the Historical Society in its incipient state, and probably carried on without the express sanction of the University. It was not till 1770 that it received that sanction, and Mr. Burke left College in 1750, in order to keep his terms in the Middle Temple, where his name had been enrolled in 1747. A letter, just after his arrival in London, to his friend and school-fellow Matthew Smith, is one of the most interesting documents that have lately come to light. It contains the first impressions of the English metropolis on a youthful mind,—such a mind, too, as that of Burke,—and naturally susceptible of the strong emotions excited by great and interesting objects. It is somewhat florid, and metaphorical : but these are the venial redundancies of a youthful imagination, not yet disciplined to the restraints of a severer taste. In other respects, it abounds with just reflections ; and the latter paragraph exhibits that deep reverence for the instinctive feelings and prejudices of our nature, which appears in so many different passages of Mr. Burke's writings and speeches.

"A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine: it may be called the sink of vice: but its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of Heaven. The inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undoers* and the *undone*; generally so, I say, for I am persuaded there are many men of honesty, and women of virtue, in every street. An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is very cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve that sacred bond: in short, a real Englishman is one that performs more than he promises: in company he is rather silent, extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved; they consult their glasses to the best advantage; and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to

their persons, and even mind, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly-flowing accents.

“ ‘ As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of that subject. I don’t think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don’t find that genius, the ‘ rath primrose, which forsaken dies,’ is patronized by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding this discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of Time in his flight to the gulf of oblivion. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud ; and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies.’—

“ Soon after my arrival in town I visited Westminster-Abbey: the moment I entered I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the Seventh’s Chapel is a very fine piece of Gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale’s monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine, that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly ;—I don’t think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit ! When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face, as her own. They show besides how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—such is our natural love of immortality : but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs ; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of Time, a single line, a half-worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit ! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton’s *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivy’d abbey. Yet

after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression ‘family-burying-ground,’ has something pleasing in it, at least to me.’”

Mr. Burke, we know not for what reason, was never called to the bar: but it is supposed, and apparently with much probability, that about this time he aspired to the vacant chair of logic, at the University of Glasgow, which had formerly been held by the celebrated Hutchinson, who was also an Irishman. This honour he failed to obtain, private arrangements having been made in the College and the city in favour of another candidate. Mr. Prior adverts to the idle tale of Burke having been educated at St. Omer’s, and we remember when this notion was widely prevalent: but the fact is, as he himself said, “that in the three or four journeys that he made in France, St. Omer’s happened to be the chief place in the northern provinces which he had *never visited*.”

The example of this eminent man demonstrates that the most powerful minds must derive their expansion from uninterrupted assiduity. His application was unwearied. It is said that, at this period of his life, he did not know a game at cards. One of his favourite resorts was the Grecian Coffee-house, where he became acquainted with Murphy, and through him subsequently with Garrick. Several of the early productions of his pen have been forgotten: but his first avowed work was the “*Vindication of Natural Society*,” in 1756, an octavo pamphlet of 106 pages,—and beyond comparison the most dexterous specimen of literary mimicry which has ever appeared. The author had a design, however, beyond a skilful imitation of Lord Bolingbroke’s style: for his aim was to show that the fallacious reasonings which that celebrated writer had directed against the truths of religion, might be employed with equal efficacy against government itself; and, in a word, against all the institutions which even those who doubt of every thing else never permit to be questioned. Perhaps nothing could have been devised, that was more calculated to disperse the charm of the noble Lord’s peculiar mode of reasoning and of composition. All the qualities of his style are concentrated and brought before us in this dissertation, in order that we may be enabled, to feel and discern, with an accuracy of which we are apt to lose sight amid the glare of his eloquence and the speciousness of his sophistry, the total failure of the writer in establishing the points which he pretended to maintain, and the precise causes of that failure; which are, mainly, the vast inadequacy of the induction to the boldness of the proposition; as well as the feebleness of the proudest pretensions in argument, and the most consummate skill in rhetoric, without the aids of truth and of reason to up-

hold them. We partly concur in the following remark of the biographer respecting this publication.

"This tract, which was reprinted in 1765, is perhaps equally remarkable for having anticipated many of the wild notions, under the name of Philosophy, broached a few years ago in the general rage to overturn old opinions as well as old institutions. It was amusing to see what were first introduced to the world as specimens of ingenious absurdity, retailed to the ignorant of our own day as the legitimate inductions of philosophy. For in this piece may be found (advanced of course ironically) something of the same cant about the evils of governments, the misdeeds of statesman, the injustice of aristocratic distinctions, the troubles engendered by religion, the tyranny and uncertainty of laws, the virtues of the poor over the rich, with much more of what the author, when speaking seriously, justly termed abuse of reason. Though gifted with no common degree of foresight, he could have no idea that these phantoms of philosophy, conjured up for his amusement in 1756, should be opposed to him forty years afterwards as substantial realities; that his whole strength should be required to put down his own shadows."

After the publication (1765) of Burke's "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," which was eulogized by Johnson "as a model of true philosophical criticism," and which, in spite of several fundamental defects of theory, propounds many admirable principles of taste in the elegant arts, he was attacked by severe indisposition; the result, it was supposed, of too continued an application to his pursuits. Bath was recommended to him, and there he became an inmate in Dr. Nugent's family, whose daughter he shortly afterward married. This union was the source of long-continued happiness to Mr. Burke and his family. She was his "Idea of a perfect Wife;"—a beautiful composition which he presented to her on one of the anniversaries of their marriage; delicately heading the paper thus, "The Character of \_\_\_\_\_," leaving her to fill up the blank.

Doubts have often been started whether Mr. Burke was the sole or the joint author of an "Account of the European Settlements in America:" but we think that Mr. Prior has satisfactorily evinced that it was the sole production of Edmund, and that his brothers, as the current report had asserted, had little if any share in it. The biographer also corrects another common error respecting the narrowness of Mr. Burke's resources at this period, and shows him to have been from the beginning in possession of independence by the liberal allowance of his father; which was afterward considerably increased at the death of that gentleman, and by the subsequent deaths of two of his brothers. His literary reputation was now universally diffused, and his pen was actively employed; but many of

these productions have escaped the researches of his executors. One of them, which remained in his own possession, was his "Essay towards an Abridgement of English History," which has lately been published among the additional volumes of his collected works. Of this disquisition only eight sheets were printed off, and it was probably discontinued because Mr Hume was then occupied in a similar undertaking. The loss is irreparable; for history was never contemplated in a spirit of truer philosophy. The portion which treats of the Druids, and of the first settlement of the Saxons, contains much antiquarian information, the fruit of the most laborious research. The work unfortunately closes with King John: but the most interesting features of each reign are happily seized and admirably pourtrayed, with a depth of thought and condensation of style hardly to be expected from a person scarcely 26 years old. In 1758, it is well known, he began to contribute the historical and critical parts to Dodsley's Annual Register; and these sketches of contemporaneous history, which he continued for nearly 30 years, have supplied the materials of almost all the historical productions for the last half century. The sum allowed for the contribution by Dodsley was 100*l.*; and several of Mr. Burke's receipts for the payment being now extant in the possession of Mr. Upcott of the London Institution, he indulged Mr. Prior with a perusal of them, and two *fac-similes* of them are here inserted.

At Garrick's table, Burke was first acquainted with the great Johnson, who soon became his warm admirer, and, "albeit unused to the *flaunting* mood," his constant panegyrist. Johnson loved him "for his good talk." His other associates were men whom every age does not produce;—Lord Charlemont, George Lord Littleton, Mr. Fitzherbert, Soame Jenyns, Mr. (afterward Sir Joshua) Reynolds, Adam Smith, Dr. Robertson, and William Burke, who had been united to his cousins Edmund and Richard from his childhood. In 1761 he went to Ireland with Gerard Hamilton,—secretary under Lord Halifax's administration, and celebrated for his *single speech*,—partly as a friend and partly as private secretary.

"The opportunity afforded by this trip, of renewing connexions of this class which had been interrupted by his stay in England, and of seeing all his old friends, was not neglected; he also made a visit of some length to Cork and its vicinity, and more than once to Ballitore. Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton in return, calling at his apartments in Dublin Castle, surprised him on the carpet busily occupied in romping with his two boys, and used to mention the affectionate interest he took in their infantile amusements as a proof of an amiable mind, joined to what the world knew to be a great mind. Even to a late period of life he delighted in children, amusing himself with what he

called "his men in miniature," frequently participating in their juvenile sports, and, while playing with them, perhaps at the same moment instructing their grandfathers, by turning from one to the other to throw out some forcible truth upon human nature, from the scene which their little habits, passions, and contentions afforded. It was no unfrequent thing to see Mr. Burke spinning a top or a tee-totum with the boys who occasionally visited him at Beaconsfield: the following is an instance of the same kind :

"A gentleman well known in the literary and political world, who when young amused himself by taking long walks in the vicinity of London, once directed his steps to Harrow, about the time of the Coalition-ministry, when on a green in front of a small cottage, he spied an assemblage of such men as are rarely seen together; Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, (the owner of the cottage,) Lord John Townshend, Lord William Russell, and four or five others the most eminent of the whig party, diverting themselves after, what was then customary, an early dinner. Mr. Burke's employment was the most conspicuous; it was in rapidly wheeling a boy (the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan) round the sward in a child's hand-chaise, with an alertness and vivacity that indicated an almost equal enjoyment in the sport with his young companion; who in fact was so much pleased with his play-fellow, that he would not let him desist, nor did the orator seem much to desire it, till a summons to horse announced the separation of the party."

While Mr. Burke was in Dublin, Barry, the artist, a friendless and unprotected son of genius, was recommended to him. He had left Cork, his native city, to exhibit a picture at Dublin, of which in a provincial town no fair judgment could be formed. The kindness of Mr. Burke for Barry lasted during a great portion of their respective lives. Through his benevolence, the artist was established in London; and the rough and capricious temper of the person whom he befriended did not discourage him from giving useful admonition, or addressing him in the tone of strong remonstrance, when he thought that it would be useful, and opening to him his heart and his purse on every occasion. His correspondence with Barry is the most interesting part of Mr. Prior's book: for never were affection, benevolence, good sense, and knowledge of mankind, more strikingly displayed than in Mr. Burke's letters. They show, moreover, an immeasurable grasp of mind, which ran with the rapidity of intuition through the whole circle of liberal attainments. On the subject of painting, he discourses with so much taste, propriety, and discrimination, that the most accomplished artist might derive useful lessons from his suggestions. After his entrance into public life, and while he was immersed in political affairs as the most distinguished partisan of the Rockingham-

administration, his humble friend Barry was never forgotten : but, as soon as his own means became enlarged, he recommended him, seconded by the advice of Reynolds, to travel into Italy for improvement, and in conjunction with William Burke undertook to maintain him while abroad.

"The painter set out in October, 1765, and remained abroad above five years. During the whole of this time he earned nothing for himself, and received no supplies from any other person than his two generous friends, who fulfilled their promise amid serious difficulties and claims of their own, in which William, in one of his letters, was obliged to confess, that "cash was not so plentiful as he could wish." A fact of this kind, so rarely imitated by the highest rank, or the greatest wealth, speaks more for the virtues of the heart than a volume of panegyric ; it is, however, only one instance among many of the benevolence of Mr. Burke.

"Barry felt the weight of his obligations. Of Dr. Sleigh, he said, 'He first put me upon Mr. Burke, who has been, under God, all in all to me.' Writing to the Doctor himself, he says, 'To your goodness I owe Mr. Burke and his family, which, in one word, is owing you all that is essential to me.' To Mr. Burke he writes, 'I am your property.' And again, 'You ought surely to be free with a man of your own making, who has found in you father, brother, friend, every thing.' "

When Barry was at Paris, Burke wrote to him a most affectionate letter, suggesting many valuable hints on the subject of his art ; and among other things he says to him, in a letter dated 1768,

" ' We hope to have some of your work when you come home. I am glad of Hamilton's opinion. It cannot fail of being serviceable to you in some way or other. In the mean time I must press it upon you to live on the best terms with the people you are with, even dealers and the like ; for it will not follow, that because men want some virtues, that they want all. Their society will be some relief to you, and their intercourse of some advantage, if it were no more than a dispelling of the unsociable humours contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better either by flying from or quarrelling with them ; and Rome, and the trade of virtù, are not the only places and professions in which many little practices ought to be overlooked in others, though they should be carefully avoided by ourselves.

" ' I remember you wrote to me with a great deal of sense, and much honest indignation, on the subject of some quackish pretences to secrets in the art, such as Magilphs, and the like.

We had much of the same stuff here. It is indeed ridiculous to the last degree to imagine that excellence is to be attained by any mechanical contrivances whatsoever. But still the over-valuing of foolish or interested people ought not to induce us wholly to reject what may be subordinately useful. Every thing is worth a trial; and much of the business of colouring belonging to a sort of natural history, it is rather worth while to make experiments, as many as one can.' "

In another letter, addressed to the artist when he was at Rome, Mr. Burke observes :

" " With regard to your studies, you know, my dear Barry, my opinion. I do not choose to lecture you to death; but to say all I can in a few words, it will not do for a man qualified like you to be a connoisseur and a sketcher.—You must be an artist; and this you cannot be but by drawing with the last degree of noble correctness. Until you can draw beauty with the last degree of truth and precision, you will not consider yourself possessed of that faculty. This power will not hinder you from passing to the great style when you please; if your character should, as I imagine it will, lead you to that style in preference to the other. But no man can draw perfectly, that cannot draw beauty. My dear Barry, I repeat it again and again, leave off sketching. Whatever you do, finish it. Your letters are very kind in remembering us; and surely as to the criticisms of every kind, admirable. Reynolds likes them exceedingly. He conceives extraordinary hopes of you, and recommends, above all things, to you the continual study of the *Capella Sustina*, in which are the greatest works of Michael Angelo. He says he will be mistaken, if that painter does not become your great favourite. Let me entreat that you will overcome that unfortunate delicacy that attends you, and that you will go through a full course of anatomy with the knife in your hand. You will never be able thoroughly to supply the omission of this by any other method.' "

He also advises the painter to contract the circle of his studies, lest he should be carried away by too great a diversity of things; and not to undertake the completion of a whole, before he was quite master of the parts.

" " I confess I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least. Composition (though by some people placed foremost in the list of the ingredients of an art) I do not value near so highly. I know none who attempts, that does not succeed tolerably in that part: but that exquisite masterly drawing, which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing, to this exact knowledge of the parts of

the human body, of anatomy and perspective. For by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labour of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline; because they could be daring without being absurd; whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in *particular* studies, and not in general compositions. Notwithstanding your natural repugnance to handling of carcases, you ought to make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy in real, and, if you can, in frequent dissections. You know that a man who despises, as you do, the minutiae of the art, is bound to be quite perfect in the noblest part of all, or he is nothing. Mediocrity is tolerable in middling things, but not at all in the great. In the course of the studies I speak of, it would not be amiss to paint portraits often and diligently. This I do not say as wishing you to turn your studies to portrait-painting, quite otherwise; but because many things in the human face will certainly escape you without some intermixture of that kind of study.' "

In a letter also written about this time, and containing many valuable suggestions as to Barry's studies, Mr. Burke expresses himself with the utmost generosity with regard to the expenses of his *protégé*.

" ' Neither Will nor I were much pleased with your seeming to feel uneasy at a little necessary increase of expense on your settling yourself. You ought to know us too well not to be sensible that we think right upon these points. We wished you at Rome, that you might cultivate your genius by every advantage which the place affords, and to stop at a little expense might defeat the ends for which the rest were incurred. You know we desired you at parting never to scruple to draw for a few pounds extraordinary, and directions will be given to take your drafts on such occasions.' "

In the year 1769, he gives Barry a most friendly and judicious admonition on the intractability of his temper; and we agree with the biographer that the whole of this remonstrance should be read by every wayward and contentious man, as soon as he rises in the morning and before he retires to rest at night. The prediction of poor Barry's fate at the close of our extract was, alas, too sadly verified: but, had he obeyed the benevolent suggestions and acted on the golden precepts of that letter, he might have arisen to independence and distinction. We have already been liberal of citation, but we cannot omit this valuable document.

" ' As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour,

you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here ; for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one's report for the character of a person whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others ; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions, here, that you have experienced in Italy ; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects upon your interest ; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome ; and the same in Paris as in London : for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts : nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

" ' That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt ; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience ? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combatted, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves ; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them ; but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune ; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.

" ' Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species ; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use,

when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand.

" You will come here ; you will observe what the artists are doing ; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised ; you will defend them ; you will abuse those that have attacked you ; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward ; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels ; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels ; you will be obliged for maintenance to do any thing for any body ; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement ; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined."

We have preferred to expatiate thus largely on the earlier passages of Mr. Burke's life, and have intentionally declined to pursue him into his long political career, which embraces a series of great events and stupendous revolutions, belonging to history rather than to biography. Of the charms of his rhetorical discourses, of the power of his eloquence, of the polished ratiocination which is its great and peculiar characteristic, of his amenity in private intercourse, of his benevolent and virtuous dispositions, a more appropriate estimate may be made ; and we are thankful to Mr. Prior for having collected so ample a fund of domestic and social incidents respecting this celebrated man, to set off in its full and genuine lustre the goodness of his heart. Another illustration is thus added to many that are at present on record, of the connexion between *real* genius and virtue, which seems to have been decreed from the beginning by Him who is the supreme fountain of both. This persuasion we should be willing to cherish were it only an illusion ; but it has taken so firm a grasp of our minds as almost to induce us to consider, with the disciples of the old academic philosophy, that virtue and knowledge are one, and to ask with them, *Ti εν επιστημ. η αρετη;* " What is knowledge, but virtue ?" (*Maximus Tyrius*, Diss. 17.)

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*Quirks of the Law.*—A fellow snatched a diamond ear-ring from a lady ; but it slipping through his fingers, and falling into her lap, he lost his booty. The doubt was, whether it was a taking from her person. How frivolous ! Was there not plainly an assault, with an intention to rob ? But there are many of the like quirks and frivolities in the law.

*The Evidence of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception.* By J. B. Sumner, M. A. Prebendary of Durham, Vicar of Mapledurham, Oxon, and late Fellow of Eton College. London : Hatchard and Rivington, 8vo. pp. ix. and 429.

ANY production of Mr. Sumner's pen we should expect to find replete with intelligence and learning ; but we could never have expected such a happy originality, as he has evinced in the discussion of a subject, which has been minutely investigated from the first origin of Christianity. Society is largely indebted to Mr. Sumner for this application of his talents ; and we hope the debt will be discharged in the manner, which we are persuaded would be most agreeable to him, by numerous testimonies to the salutary effect of his treatise.

Were there no other obstacles to the universal belief of Christianity, than the common difficulty of substantiating its fundamental facts by a competent induction of historical evidence, many books on the subject would be needless. Nay, a single volume, in addition to the evangelical records themselves, might, perhaps, be one too many. But it is too certain, that the prime impediment to being a Christian lies, not in the matter of Christ's religion, but in the minds whose submission it demands. There is a latent scepticism, an insidious infidelity, with which many minds are infected, without being distinctly conscious of the disease. Moreover, with sincere Christians there are temporary fluctuations, moments of morbid or sinful imbecility, when the faith, which has hitherto been erect, totters and stoops, and looks about for some fresh support on which to stay itself. To the attention of persons thus conditioned Mr. Sumner's book lays claim, and may deserve their gratitude. There is nothing in it to displease, but there is much to conciliate and improve. It is exact enough for the practised dialectician ; plain enough for the simple learner ; and sufficiently elegant for the accomplished scholar. And while, by the vein of earnest sincerity which runs through it, it is calculated to impress the hearts of those gay triflers, who have been more serious in every thing than in religion, it will commend itself to devout believers by the piety, which sheds a rich unction on its didactic and historical disquisitions.

The religion, denominated *Christian*, has obtained the suffrage of almost all Europe. Systematically supported by the ruling powers of the several states, it is professed by the mass of their population ; though by some individuals it is attacked, disbelieved by more, and by multitudes disobeyed. That it should in the main have attracted so much interest, and have struck such deep root in the veneration and attachment of the most cultivated quarter of the globe, is certainly in its favour ;

and the friendly influence which it exercises, not less on the welfare of communities, than on the character and happiness of individuals, enhances that favourable indication. Of such credentials, however, other modes of faith, that of Foh, of Burmah, of Mahomet, are not wholly destitute ; and the mere circumstance, that Christianity has succeeded beyond all other systems, in reforming the minds and morals of its proselytes, may be assignable, so far as appears on a superficial view, to causes, which, though they may entitle it to a high precedence among the existing systems of religion, will hardly suffice to stamp upon it an exclusive sanctity.

To determine, on what basis its high pretensions rest, we must investigate its original. And this we shall readily discover ; for it divulges without hesitation all the circumstances connected with its nativity and growth, even those which bear hardest upon its apparent dignity. Its accounts of itself coincide moreover with all collateral and contemporary evidence. Within thirty years after the death of Jesus Christ, its reputed author, we find the religion itself become notorious, by the number of its adherents and the virulence of its adversaries ; and it continued to gain ground so rapidly, notwithstanding continued and bloody opposition, that in less than seventy years from the same epoch, those who had embraced it amounted to "a vast multitude."

Mr. Sumner, assuming as undeniable the existence and general history of Jesus, sets out with showing, that the Christian system was shaped quite otherwise than human wit and prudence would have counselled. Had Jesus Christ merely aspired to the reputation of being the successful author of a new religion, he would have industriously squared his doctrines with the sentiments of some powerful party, of which he would thereby have merited the countenance and support. This he would have done, had he aimed at any personal advantage, or relied on any human assistance. But instead of so doing, sagacious as he was by the acknowledgment of his bitterest enemies, he sent forth a religion, which was sure to provoke the hostility of every sect and party in Judea. It would be hated by the Pharisees, because it set its face against their pride, cupidity, and sanctimonious hypocrisy, and asserted, that no righteousness could avail before the judgment-seat of heaven, without greatly exceeding theirs. It could find no favour with the Sadducees ; for it impugned their cardinal dogmas, condemned their epicurean voluptuousness, and reiterated the startling news of a future retribution, in ears which were studiously closed against it by sensuality and irreligion. The Essenes would take offence at its social temper and requisitions ; and it was sure to exasperate the Herodians by its disdain of secular greatness. Neither can it be pretended, that the collision of

Christianity with the headmost prejudices of the Jewish nation was accidental or unforeseen. The whole scope and genius of the new religion were directly and avowedly opposed to the tenets of the Hebrew doctors, against whom, as blind and dangerous leaders, Jesus levelled all the weight of his prophetic character and energetic discourses.

There were also several popular notions, which were so interwoven with the religious and national feelings of the Jews, that to touch them was, in the vigorous metaphor of their own Scriptures, "to touch the apple of the eye." In all countries there are certain prejudices, indigenous or long naturalized, to which are owing the specific differences of national character. It was against opinions and sentiments thus profoundly imbedded in the Jewish bosom, and maintained with a bigoted tenacity, beyond what modern times can easily exemplify, that Jesus Christ lifted up his voice. The Jews expected a king who should surpass Solomon in riches and splendour, and should make the highest earthly throne his footstool : and they are told that Messiah's "kingdom is not of this world." Had Jesus been a fraudulent pretender, he would have played another part. He would have flattered the ambitious expectations of the populace, and endeavoured to make good his way to power. Again, the Jews entertained a superstitious veneration for the Mosaic economy, which they thought destined to continue while the sun and the moon endure. But Jesus attacks this favourite conceit also, and declares that the dispensation of Messiah demands the previous abrogation of the Levitical ritual. To the Jews, moreover, the most revolting of all doctrines was that, which broke down the partition between them and the Gentiles ; and held up the idea of multitudes gathered from the east and from the west, to constitute one fold under one shepherd ; to participate in ecclesiastical privileges ; to coalesce into one spiritual household ; and to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. Yet this amalgamation of all tribes and peoples with the seed of Israel, is continually asserted by Jesus Christ to be the divine purpose, and represented as the peculiar glory of the final dispensation. Lastly, the Jews regarded their temple with a reverence not far short of idolatrous : but Jesus, instead of being infected with this prejudice, or ingratiating himself with his countrymen by sanctioning it, proclaims that in a little while not one stone of the sacred fabric shall be left upon another.

There are some absurdities which are too extravagant for refutation ; and one of these is the supposition that the path which (we have just seen) Jesus took, would have been taken by any impostor. Hardly less absurd is it to imagine, that an illiterate plebeian Jew, *not taught and commissioned of God*, can have risen superior to all the prepossessions of his birth and

education, and have ventured, single-handed, to force the strong intrenchments of national customs, to annul traditions which, by long descent, and the attachment of the people, had acquired the authority of divine laws, to invade the venerable reign of the Levitical hierarchy, and to abolish a form of polity, which Jehovah had ratified with thunderings and earthquakes, and preternatural voices. For it should not be overlooked, that many of the customs and opinions so dear to the Jews, although incompatible with that generous and expansive dispensation which Jesus introduced, and never designed to be perpetual, were yet not unreasonable in themselves, nor destitute of the highest sanctions. To see nothing therefore, beyond the endowments and daring of an ordinary reformer, in the lofty intelligence and calm intrepidity with which Jesus soared above the views of his age and nation, is to see with eyes that can never have been conversant with the science of human nature and with the history of mankind.

Our author proceeds to argue that the religion of Jesus must have been divine, because it sets out upon a view of the state of mankind, which is not less original than true. The uninspired mind would never have devised a religion, of which the first principle abases man to the dust, declaring him a depraved and guilty creature. Neither, as Mr. Sumner well remarks, did the doctrine of Jesus grow under his hands, and gradually assume a definite shape, as his mind expanded, and as his ideas were amplified and corrected by larger observation and more accurate reflection. The preamble of the Christian system is this; that the world is in a lost and perishing condition, from which it is to be saved by the sacrifice of God's own Son upon the cross, who has become incarnate and taken upon him the condition of a servant, for that express purpose. Such is the plain, invariable statement of Jesus Christ; such the scope of his parables from the outset of his ministry. Not a tittle of the gospel scheme is an after-thought, but the whole is included in the earliest outline sketched by Christ himself, of the purport of his mission.

We confess ourselves at a loss to imagine, how a system so contrary to all the prepossessions and predilections of the human heart, could have made its way without assistance from on high. The success of the Koran, even if it had refused the secular sword for an auxiliary, would not have been a parallel case: for its fundamental principle is the Unity of God, a principle, to which common sense at once subscribes, and which has the seal of many venerable testimonies.

The doctrine of satisfaction by vicarious suffering, though it had a place in the Jewish scriptures, was far from being developed, as it now shines out in the open page of the gospel. By the great body of the Jews, however their own prophets may

have occasionally warned them against that delusion, the blood of bulls and goats was supposed to have a real piacular value, and not a mere emblematical significance; and the Gentiles regarded the oblation of victims on the altar, rather in the light of "expensive purchase than of vicarious suffering." Yet Jesus Christ lays, as the ground-work of his system, a doctrine, which if not authentic, it would have been the extreme of folly to advance. Remote as he was from any tinge of enthusiasm, and remarkable in his ordinary conversation and deportment for a total absence of eccentricity, he nevertheless makes one revolting novelty the basis of his system: that basis is his own death, the sacrifice of the just for the unjust, the outpouring of an innocent life for the forfeited lives of transgressors, as an expiatory offering to almighty justice. Nor yet was this sacrifice dignified and hallowed by the sublime and affecting ceremonies of religion. It carried on its front the brand of a judicial curse, and such features of dishonour and ignominy, as were likely to scandalize both Jew and Gentile.

After showing, that the Christian scheme is in a high degree original, and that its novelties are such as could never have issued from mere human invention under the influence of enthusiasm, or fraud, Mr. Sumner proceeds to point out such natural marks of relationship between this scheme and the Mosaic œconomy, as prove them both to have emanated from the same mind, the Christian being a sequel and completion of the Mosaic. It responds to its types, it fulfils its prophecies, it completes its preliminary constitutions: and, this being shown, it follows, that Christianity is pillared on the whole strength of the evidences for the divine original of Judaism, in addition to its own proper and direct credentials.

The principal features of the religion of Jesus are shown by Mr. Sumner to be antitypical counterparts to several striking points in the Hebrew ritual and history; to the sacrifice of Isaac; to the elevation of the brazen serpent and its mysterious effects; to the paschal feast; to the emancipation of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage; to the appointment and office of the high-priest; and to the rites of purification and of consecration by the blood of sacrificial victims.

Now, unless we concede a supernatural direction, how shall we account for the punctilious agreement of the Christian scheme with these peculiarities in the Jewish antiquities? The facts of Hebrew history, and the ceremonials of Hebrew worship are not a little extraordinary; and still more out of the common way are those facts and doctrines of the Christian system, with which the former symbolize. And shall we impute to blind chance this astonishing correspondence? If that position be abandoned, shall we take refuge in one not more tenable, by imputing the analogy to artful management? As-

suredly it was beyond the reach of any artifice, and bespeaks the agency of that power, which alone can reach from generation to generation.

The same reasoning holds good with respect to the prophecies of the Old Testament, so remarkably accomplished in the history of Jesus. It was not within the compass of human contrivance, however dexterous, to make an individual the centre, in which should be collected whatever was necessary to be done or suffered, in order to the fulfilment of those complex and singular predictions. Moreover, how happened there to be such predictions in the sacred code of the Israelites? How came it to pass that a volume, written by many pens and far apart, should be sprinkled with oracular notices of future events so strange and improbable, and of a religious scheme so alien from common apprehension, that to interpret the notices was as hopeless, before the gospel dawned, as it became easy and certain, when that dawn had brightened into perfect day? That they should have been counterfeits, struck off at random by fanatical zealots, and have subsequently attained to the dignity of genuine prophecies by the skilful adaptation of them, numerous and seemingly incongruous as they were, to the fortunes of Jesus of Nazareth, must stagger any credulity short of antichristian. Had this been the case, moreover, as Mr. Sumner very sensibly argues, the historians of the gospel would have ostentatiously marked the coincidences, especially in minute matters, instead of now and then cursorily glancing at a few of the most obvious and striking. In short, this accordance of the facts of the New Testament with the symbolical representations and prophetic declarations of the Old Testament, is inexplicable on any principle, but that which allows the divine legation of Jesus.

We are now to observe the extraordinary phraseology, in which the writers of the New Testament convey the sentiments of their great master to mankind. It is indeed a model of grave simplicity: yet many of the words, employed to express certain capital truths, are necessarily diverted from their original import. Words, of which the sense is generic and variable, are limited and fixed by some particular collocation or adjunct to certain definite ideas, which have their origin in the religion those sacred writers inculcate. Thus the word *salvation* conveys, in common usage, a lax and indefinite notion of deliverance from any supposable evil, and a restitution to a state of safety: but, when dropt from the pen of the evangelists, it signifies deliverance, according to the gracious constitution of the gospel, from the mischiefs and penalties of sin, and restitution to the holiness of our original nature. Mr. Sumner shows the same to hold good of the word *gospel* (*εὐαγγέλιον*), which is used to express in the generic sense, *good news*, but was

appropriated by the historians of Christ and his kingdom, to the incomparably consolatory message of reconciliation to God through the blood of the cross. A similar innovation appears to have been made with respect to the word *righteousness*, which, from meaning *justice*, has come to denote the justification of a sinner before God. The word *χάρις*, *grace*, has undergone a similar change, being consecrated in the phraseology of the New Testament to that transcendent manifestation of divine favour, of which Jesus Christ is the organ. In like manner *flesh* (*σάρξ*) with its derivatives, in the apostolical writings implies our inborn corruption, the ascendancy of animal appetite over reason and conscience; and the use of it strongly savours of minds, imbued with that doctrine of spiritual regeneration, to which the world was strange before the preaching of Jesus. Some other instances are adduced by Mr. Sumner, and the list might have been increased, had he proposed to do more than furnish examples in support and illustration of his positions. The general inference is, that since words, long appropriated to certain ideas, are not usually warped from their primitive signification, except by the force of some new circumstances engendering new ideas, therefore the first ministers of Jesus Christ's religion must have acted under such a necessity. They imposed new senses on several words, which had hitherto been current under quite other meanings, because their minds teemed with new doctrines, for the due exposition of which the language, in which they wrote, must be recast. It must take a new form, to be a fit vehicle of the mighty revelation it is wanted to convey. And this it becomes at once, being transformed, as it were, in a moment, by the magic pen of the unlettered apostles. Those words, which are pressed into the service of the gospel, and transfigured into competent symbols of its mysteries, bear the same sense invariably from one end of the New Testament to the other. They lose no part of the meaning, with which they were first charged; and they collect no additional meaning; a plain proof, that the writers, or that spirit, by whose inspiration they claim to have written, thoroughly understood the whole design from the beginning, and never saw occasion to alter it. Assuredly this originality of language, resulting from originality of doctrine; this infant ripeness of the Christian religion, by which it is so advantageously distinguished from ordinary systems which reach a comparative perfection by continual obliterations and retouchings, bears strong testimony to its supernatural descent.

Another argument for the divine authority of the Christian religion is educed from the surprising foreknowledge displayed by its author, of the manner in which it would be received. There are three considerable circumstances, which entitle this unerring prescience to our admiration, and argue, that it went

far beyond the reach of felicitous conjecture. In the first place, Jesus Christ stands, in this respect, alone and pre-eminent among his countrymen. The Jewish writers are by no means remarkable for nice discrimination of character, or for acute inferences from experience as to the probable conduct of men under given circumstances. The apocryphal writers, and some celebrated Rabbies, have let fall much shrewd remark on the common business of life, and have struck out many pertinent axioms for human conduct: but their attempts have been few at resolving moral character into its elements, at developing its hidden formation, and at discussing its manifold varieties under new combinations and in specific positions. We have reason therefore to be astonished, when a Jew, who had enjoyed no foreign advantages, and had received a very scanty domestic education, stands before us, adorned with a knowledge in the metaphysic of moral philosophy, exceeding what could be hoped for from the closest application. He is a perfect adept in the most difficult of all imaginable sciences, that of forecasting, to the end of the longest series, the results of the most complicated moral machinery at work on the largest scale: and for this rare endowment he is nowise indebted to long, various, and intimate communication with mankind. It is from the workshop of a provincial mechanic, that he issues, a consummate master of divine and human wisdom.

Moreover, what greatly enhances the sagacity displayed in forewarning his disciples of the manner, in which his doctrine would be received, is the fact, already considered, that this doctrine was quite original. Consequently he had no assistance from analogical induction in auguring, that his religion would prove a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Gentiles foolishness, and that to espouse it would be a sure road to calumny, persecution, and death. But the crowning merit of this fore-knowledge is, that it discerned events, which were contrary to all probable anticipations. Could any one have expected beforehand that men would be persecuted by their brethren "for righteousness' sake," and would be ejected from society, as pestilent disturbers, in proportion as they were conspicuous for meekness, temperance, sobriety, piety, charity? Would human sagacity have calculated, that Christianity, of whose very essence it is to propagate benevolence and good will, should give rise, notwithstanding, to fell dissensions, and arm the nearest relatives one against the other? Yet this did actually take place, and was literally foretold by Christ.

Nor was he less admirably exact in predicting the manner in which his spiritual dominion should be ultimately established. He likens the progress of his religion to the fermentation produced in a measure of meal by a particle of leaven; so gradual and stealthy, and from such small beginnings, yet so thorough, so

effectual, so assimilating. Neither does he hazard only a general assertion that his religion will not subdue the world without great opposition, but he points out, with unparalleled wisdom, the particular obstacles it will encounter in the several descriptions of character, of which the world is composed. This is ably illustrated by Mr. Sumner in an exposition of the parable of the sower; not that this parable stands alone, the lucky hit of a bolt launched at a venture. Every where Jesus Christ speaks the same language, as having the same picture constantly and distinctly in view. All the future ages of his church with its wonderful vicissitudes, its fiery trials and its splendid triumphs, lie unfolded, like a mighty scroll, before his capacious glance. He sees how his church will be infested with hypocrites, with mere nominal believers, and with those who would turn godliness to a mercenary account; and he forewarns his apostles to be prepared for this discrepancy between practice and profession, in such parables as "the tares and the wheat," "the guest without a wedding-garment," and "the net which enclosed fishes of all varieties and values." It is difficult to say, which is the most admirable, that Christ should foresee these occurrences, or that, foreseeing, he should dare to foretel them, or that the prophecy itself should not have prevented its accomplishment. For what would have been the natural consequence of the representation Jesus made of the sufferings which awaited the constant profession of his name? What but the extinction of his religion, by the utter discouragement of his disciples? At all events it was to be confidently expected, that a religion, ushered in with such forbidding presage, would dissolve as soon as the master of the spell was no more: or, if it survived his decease for a time, we should hardly look for any to profess an attachment to it, but the few, who, for whatever reasons, were singularly sincere in their attachment. But Jesus prognosticates the very contrary to these high probabilities. His religion, he declares, will triumph, though its enemies will be numerous and active, its supporters few, and feeble, and timorous: and in spite of the severity, with which it frowns upon "all that is in the world," it will yet obtain the countenance of multitudes, who are utterly averse to its spirit. If foreknowledge, such as this, be within the compass of human wisdom and calculation, we are at a loss to imagine what limit can be assigned to the powers of a created intellect.

Some notice might perhaps have been taken, in this part of Mr. Sumner's argument, of that independence of the control of circumstances, which marked the ministerial career of Jesus Christ. It is usual with the projector of any considerable change, to which strong resistance may be expected, to be on the watch for circumstances, that may favour his enterprise. Successful impostors, whether political or religious, whether Cromwells or

Mahomets, have usually compassed their ends by address, in suiting their manœuvres to particular conjunctures, and in taking advantage of unexpected contingencies. But nothing of this appears in the conduct of Jesus. He is not seen feeling his way, with the diffident circumspection of one conscious either of dishonesty, or of weakness. He never shifts his ground, nor varies his posture, in compliance with pressing difficulties, or with sudden opportunities. When the inhabitants of Caper-naum, struck with admiration of his miracles, beseech him to remain among them, instead of catching at the hope of forming a party in that city, which might abet his scheme of personal aggrandisement, or provide him an asylum in case of disaster, he represses their eagerness with the unambitious reply—"I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also; for therefore am I sent." Tracing him through all his career, we never find any movement that argues a mind on the alert to gather help from fortunate chances. He pursues his steady way, like a being superior to accidents, and who knows himself to be endowed with powers, which make the miscarriage of his enterprise impossible.

*To be continued.*

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### AN OLD MAID'S GOSSIP. No. IV.

*The Indian Boy.*

All other thoughts and feelings  
The heart may know again, but first love never!

One charming afternoon in the beginning of September, 1821, as the steam-boat Ontario was about quitting the dock of the little *forest port* on the Gennessee, called Carthage, and after the last conveyance had arrived with the way passengers from Rochester, and the most dilatory traveller had seen his baggage safely stowed away, and the startled echoes of the wooded glen had ceased responding to the Bowman's bugle-call—a lad was seen running down the long steep bank that overhangs the quay, making, at the same time, various signals to detain the vessel at her mooring until he could reach the spot. His ribboned hat, and flowing blanket, bespoke him an aboriginal son of the wilderness; and the captain, supposing him to have been sent forward by some tardy passengers to detain the boat for them, very good-humouredly ordered the men to hold on; but when the boy by signs intimated a design of entering the vessel himself, the captain shook his head and turned away to give the

necessary orders for dropping down the stream. The poor little Indian seemed in an agony at this repulse, and implored, with so many wild gestures of eloquent intreaty, to be received on board, that at length an Englishman of prepossessing appearance, who had entered the boat at the commencement of her voyage from the Niagara, stepped forward and interceded with the captain for the youth's admittance; to which he replied by many representations of the disorderly intemperance of that debased and degenerate people; but the Englishman, who seemed willing to amuse himself with every chance occurrence, was so earnest to have the boy on board, that, to gratify him, the captain at length assented, and the little fellow ran lightly along the plank that connected the boat with the shore.

As if grateful for the good-natured Englishman's interference in his favour, the boy attached himself to him; moving with timid step, as his patron, intent on the scenery which their passage down the river presented, strolled about the deck to catch the finest views; or standing bashfully near, as he leaned over the railing at the side.

When he had satisfied his taste for the beauties of woodland and water, the Englishman turned to his little *protegee* as an object from which he might extract amusement for the passing hour. The boy, who, to all appearance, had not seen more than fifteen years, was attired in his national costume as it is now worn with an approximation toward the European mode of dress; he wore a loose jacket and trowsers of dark blue cloth, and a blanket of the same hue and texture, which was flung gracefully around him, so as partially to exhibit a richly decorated wampum belt; his feet were covered with moccasons, embroidered with porcupines' quills and hair of the moose-deer dyed of various colours; and around his hat he wore a broad band of blue ribbon, in which was stuck a small bunch of feathers of a variety of gaudy hues. Nor was this mixture of two distinct races of people confined to his dress alone; for although his skin was as red and swarthy as any of his savage ancestors, his blue eyes and delicate limbs evinced that he might claim kindred also with the sons of another land. It is difficult to decide why this admixture strikes us so disagreeably; it seems as if a union, according to our worthy Secretary's scheme, may never be effected on terms consonant with current opinions; for the sense of degradation strikes us forcibly, when we contemplate either the lineaments of the European, or the complexion of the aboriginal. The young Englishman, however, not being accustomed to reflect much on those questions of political economy versus universal prejudice, after slightly remarking this discrepancy between the boy's features and colouring, attempted to open a conversation with him; but the little fellow, although evidently gratified with his protector's

notice, shook his head in silence, with a gesture intimating his ignorance of the language. After diverting himself for some time with the animated countenance and graceful movements of the boy, he turned away, and employed himself in pacing the deck until the vessel cleared the river, and entered the broad waters of Lake Ontario.

The sun had now shrouded himself in the west, behind a gorgeous pile of clouds all irradiated with crimson and gold; and the breeze dying away, a dead calm stole over the bosom of the waters. Two or three ladies, with whom, from the sociable habits of our country, the Englishman had formed an acquaintance during his sojourn at the hotels of Niagara, now appeared from their cabin;—they were assisted by the gentlemen of their party to the upper deck, where seats were provided for them. Our Englishman, naturally gallant, and already highly pleased with his fair fellow-voyagers, immediately hastened to join their groupe.

After due attention to the circumstances of their voyage—the broad, clear, deep sea they were navigating—the narrow, blue strip of land fast receding from their gaze—the utter loneliness of their march through the silent waters—and all that these will suggest to the eye of taste and mind of sensibility, it seemed at length as if the mere common-place expressions of language in conversation were entirely beneath the tone of feeling awakened by this scene, and music was insensibly resorted to, as if it were the natural expression of the high-wrought emotions of the hour.

It was first suggested by the apparently vocal meditation of an interesting girl, whose mild pallid features displayed no inconsiderable share of beauty, as she leaned over the railing with an air of sweet abstraction, murmuring in a suppressed voice of melody some lines from a little song of Moore's. Other songs of more elaborate execution then followed; our foreigner possessed a fine deep voice which harmonized well in a duet, and they sang together: his flute was then produced, and he accompanied the fair vocalist in some sweet love strains. "If music be the food of love!" who doubts it? when the voice or touch of harmony ever recurs to the one sole theme of minstrel lay or bardic thought! The gallant Englishman had been by no means chary of his tender glances as he breathed the soft low accompaniment, while the interesting stranger warbled with artless melody the sweet air of "Robin Adair." Perhaps the young lady did not altogether relish these eye-beams, for she now excused herself from another song, and pleaded her privilege of demanding a solo from the partner of her harmonious lays; this was of course instantly acceded to; and

"Come o'er the sea  
"Maiden! with me,"

was commenced with all that eloquence of eye, voice, and gesture, which means just nothing at all, though it seems to mean a great deal ; when, in the midst of a thrilling cadenza accompanied by a glance more love-like than any which preceded it, the song was interrupted by a sudden jerk of the Indian Boy who had followed his protector to the upper deck, and was lounging listlessly near with a scowling brow, which seemed to say that music has *not* charms to soothe the savage breast, and at the same instant the "gallant gay Lothario" saw his flute lightly skirring over the undulating surface of the water. " You little mischievous rascal ! how dare you serve me so ?" exclaimed the provoked Englishman, at the same time starting toward him as if about to inflict summary punishment for the offence ; but there was something so unresisting in the attitude of the Boy, and such a sad beseeching expression in his deep blue eye, that his protector's wrath was nearly disarmed,—a summons to supper at that instant completely insured the urchin's escape, and the passengers descended to the cabin, leaving the little Indian in possession of the upper deck.

The night breeze was now abroad, ruffling the dark waters of the lake, and whispering around with a low mysterious melody ; and the stars, gleaming brightly in the depths of ether, looked down with ten thousand glorious eyes upon those solitary voyagers. Our Englishman, who had returned to the deck, continued long after the other passengers had retired to rest, to pace to and fro in silent contemplation, himself, the sole occupant of the deck, save the little Indian Boy, who was seated on the floor with his head resting on the chair which his friend had occupied before supper, apparently buried in profound slumber ;—but the convulsive heavings of his dark drapery at intervals, betrayed that the poor little fellow was possessed with some secret grief that forbade repose. " The little varlet is crying for his supper," thought the Englishman with some contempt for this degeneracy of the " stoick of the woods."

" Well, poor devil, I will not punish you farther for your mischievous prank," with this, he good-naturedly raised the boy, and pointing down the stairway, called to the steward to take care of him, and then resumed his perambulations ; but he was soon arrested by hearing a violent clamour in the deck cabin above which he was walking, and which was appropriated to the ladies. On descending to inquire what had thus disturbed the fair voyagers, he discovered the steward dragging along the luckless Indian Boy, who had ignorantly, as it seemed, strayed into the forbidden apartment. " So, ho ! my little gentleman, it seems necessary to keep a sharp look out upon you ;"—then stepping forward to rescue the affrighted boy from the steward's rough grip, he motioned him down stairs. " March down,—

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down, I say, you young rogue.—I will take care that you play no more tricks to night."

On reaching his cabin, he kicked his valise into a corner and flung a rug over it. "There—bundle yourself up as fast as you can," making signs as he spoke, "a better bed I'll warrant than a buffalo skin and a log in your own dirty wigwam." The boy, who stood hanging his head in terror, now did as he was directed, and closely rolling himself, head and all, in the rug, was soon asleep.

The Englishman returned again to the deck; but finding that the night air was becoming uncomfortably damp and chilling, and the pale wanling moon stealing over the eastern waste of waters, reminding him that it was late, he soon resought his cabin and threw himself into his berth for the night.

The next morning found our travellers at Sackett's Harbour; the steam boat was lying at the wharf, and as she was to remain an hour or two, the passengers went ashore to look about them. Our gallant Englishman, of course, attended the ladies in their visit to the garrison, and the enormous ship destined one day or another, to thunder the voice of havock over the peaceful waters of the lake,—but now harmlessly reposing on the stocks, an object of curiosity to the idle traveller. During all this time his arm was devoted to the support of the fair vocalist, and he strode proudly forward,—his faithful satellite, the little Indian, following hard at his heels. This whimsical unit of a train at length striking our gallant as being rather ridiculous, he motioned the boy back; but the little fellow was again in a sulky scowling mood, and did not choose to understand, so, finding it to be in vain to shake off his annoying little henchman, he was fain to let the urchin follow his own fancy.

On returning again to the steamboat, our Englishman was not a little astounded at being accosted by a sturdy looking farmer, who demanded his daughter from him in a voice choking with rage. It was easy for a calm observer to see that the good natured Englishman was totally innocent of the abduction now charged upon him; but the bereaved father was not calm,—and the vessel got under way in the midst of his invectives. Nor was it until they had cleared the harbour and the islands at the entrance, and had advanced far into the open waters of the lake, that the poor man became pacified under the conviction that he was indeed mistaken. "What then had become of his child?" and the unfortunate father's mind was bewildered in vain conjectures. He could not be mistaken in the identity of the Englishman—assuredly, he was the same stranger who had lately passed some weeks in the pretty little village, at the outlet of a small lake, which formed the western boundary of his farm; he had met him an hundred times as he rambled about the woods with his gun, and had seen him angling for

hours in the shade of the huge maples that fringed the lake. He was certainly the same man whose entrance into the Meeting House, on Sunday, had made his pretty little Dorothy's eyes dance and sparkle like fire-flies in the summer twilight, and with whom she boasted of dancing, as surely as the night came round on which the village dancing master held his *public*. And he was as assuredly pretty Dorothy's sweetheart too, for had he not himself watched him by the bright light of the harvest moon, gently row his light canoe right opposite his own dwelling, and there linger, till midnight or more, playing on his flute with nothing to keep company with him but the frogs and the whip-poor-wills! Our Englishman confessed to all this; but without having any particular designs upon pretty Dorothy Pierson. He was a man of leisure, and could afford to while away a few weeks in rural amusements;—he had lingered at the village of —, because he liked its situation, and its invirons promised to afford him ample sport in shooting and fishing;—he had attended the dancing master's weekly balls because he was very fond of dancing, and enjoyed extremely a little flirtation with the rustic belles who usually attended; to be sure, the sweet little Dorothy Pierson with her dimpled smiles, was the prettiest of these; and with her of course he danced the oftenest, but of any thing farther he thought not. He had also rowed about the lake by moonlight, and had by moonlight played on the flute; but he denied the particularity of his serenade—and bade the father recollect that the tiny lakelet being nearly circular in its shape, and he in its centre, the gallantry of the thing might have applied equally to all the fair dwellers on its margin. All this might be so, the parent admitted, but it was very strange—Dorothy had confessed to one of her young companions a passion for the handsome stranger, and had avowed to her an intention of following him, when he left the neighbourhood to pursue his route to Niagara. Some girlish offence, taken at the remonstrances of her more prudent friend, had prevented her from telling more; but he had traced her on board a canal packet for Rochester, and from the time of her absence he had thought it safest to proceed directly north to Sackett's Harbour, and thus intercept her in her flight. For, as the Englishman's purpose was well known, of proceeding down the Lake and the St. Lawrence to Montreal, he did not doubt that with him he should find his poor infatuated child.

There were few who did not sympathize with the distressed parent, but alas! for the utter selfishness of human nature! the father's grief was soon forgotten in individual suffering,—for the gale was up, and the glassy lake was now broken into waves. And there they were on the broad Ontario—their steady vessel pursuing unalterably her majestic march over the bounding waves—and the breeze was bland and fair—and the radiant

sunbeams sparkled on the blue furrows of the deep. These things were all so,—but reckless of all the splendid circumstances of the scene, the voyagers were for the most part, pale and fainting victims of sea-sickness.

The ladies did not leave their berths; and even the poor little Indian remained during all those weary hours in the spot where he had passed the night completely enveloped in the rug with his head resting on his patron's valise. The Englishman, who was accustomed to the sea, was not among the sufferers; and there was nothing to prevent him from enjoying the passing hour but his own reflections; these were certainly not exactly such as to increase his enjoyment, for he possessed a good and feeling heart, and the fate of little Dorothy Pierson, and the grief of her honest father touched him with some compunction. Here was a gentle loving girl led away by his unmeaning gallantries, a wanderer among strangers, exposed probably to rudeness, and hardship, and contempt—and a worthy and once happy parent overwhelmed with shame and grief at his daughter's flight, and distracted with apprehensions for her fate. This day he also passed the hours in perambulating the deck, but oh! how different were his feelings now.—The poor father sat at the bow of the vessel looking intently on the waves that dashed against her side, and every now and then brushing hastily away the tear that gathered in his eye.

So passed the hours until the setting sun burnished the broad expanse of the lake. The wild billows were now subsiding, for they were advancing toward the Thousand Islands, that crowd the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and the calm that ensued, seemed like the footstep of a spirit over the bosom of the waters. The poor suffering voyagers now found their death-like sickness cease; and they gladly left their cabins to inhale the pure air, and drink in fresh spirits and enjoyment from the noble view on deck.

The river was divided into a maze intricate beyond conception, by those myriads of Islands—so wild and savage—that reared their fractured ruins of granite rock, thinly clothed with a few trees and shrubs, above the unruffled and exquisitely limped water. No human habitation appeared, to break the spell of solitude and silence, amid this eternal desolation. They were alone in this vast waste—on every hand there was still the sparkling water, and the clustering Islands—and as they continued onward, the opening prospect still disclosed Island beyond Island, in interminable succession.

The long twilight was expended while yet the vessel was pursuing her lonely course through this liquid labyrinth, and the cautious Captain judged it expedient to delay his voyage until the rising of the moon should afford him sufficient light for this difficult navigation.

After the supper, which had served to beguile some time whilst they were lying thus idly at anchor, as the passengers were inhaling the night-breeze on deck, a bright light was observed on one of the more distant Isles which threw a slender shaft of fire adown the vista of Islands in front. This the Captain explained to be the beacon light of an old Indian fisherman, who dwelt there during the summer months, and from whom he usually received a supply of fish for his returning voyage. Our Englishman, who had become quite weary of his deck promenade, expressed a wish to visit the solitary old fisherman; the Captain assured him that nothing could be safer or easier, and ordered out the yawl for the purpose. Matters were speedily arranged, and the Englishman descended the vessel's side; but just as the oars-men had dropped the rope that held them to the steamboat, the little Indian Boy, who had stolen to the deck in the twilight gloom, ran swiftly down and sprang toward the skiff, but failing in his design, he just touched the edge of the boat, and sank into the waves beneath. An instinct of humanity instantly prompted the Englishman to attempt his rescue. Without hesitation he flung himself into the water, and being a bold swimmer, he plunged about for some seconds in darkness; at length, clutching the boy by his buoyant drapery, he succeeded in dragging him to the boat,—but all thoughts of the expedition was now over, and the dripping knight errant was glad to return to the vessel, bearing his half drowned burden in his arms. On the first alarm of this adventure the boatsmen and passengers had rushed to the side on which it happened, bearing lanterns and candles to assist the generous Englishman; and they now crowded round the rescuer and the rescued, with clamorous congratulations. But, as the Englishman laid his insensible burden on the floor, how great was their astonishment to behold the swarthy lineaments of the Indian Boy now white as virgin snow! "My child—my child! my poor misguided girl!" now burst from the afflicted Pierson—while the Englishman stood gazing in mute amazement. At this strange discovery the ladies kindly stepped forward, and had the imprudent girl conveyed to their cabin; and the gentlemen with equal kindness conducted her dripping preserver below. The poor father stationed himself near the cabin door, until the chamber maid informed him, that his daughter had been put to bed, and was now perfectly sensible, but overwhelmed with shame at her exposure.

Before the tumult which these events occasioned had subsided, the moon had mounted above the eastern islands, and had shed her silver radiance afar over the watery maze—and the steady vessel was again pursuing her devious track. The passengers once more turned into their berths; and all was silent repose, save in the bosom of the Englishman. A multi-

tude of thoughts and reflections conspired to arrest the power of the lethean God, and it was many hours ere sleep visited his eyelids. It came at last—deep, heavy and dreamy—and when he awoke he found the voyage completed, and the vessel at her proper moorings in the flourishing village of Ogdensburgh.

Our amiable traveller speedily dressed himself and hastened to the deck to seek the father of the love-lorn little Dorothy, for the result of his nights' cogitations was a generous resolution to reward the romantic passion of the loving girl with his hand. The honest farmer could not be found; and upon inquiry, he learned that he had left the vessel with his daughter immediately on its arrival in port. Without loss of time, he procured a guide and hastened to the Inn,—but here he was informed, that the persons he sought had already commenced their homeward journey in a waggon, which the farmer had promptly secured. It was indeed so—they were off—and without any communication with the unconscious author of all their trouble.

“ Well !” said the Englishman, who was alive to the folly of a connexion so formed, “ I am spared a very foolish step. But, pretty Dorothy!—I hope your wound will not lie very deep in your young heart !”

And he pursued his journey; sometimes rejoicing that he had escaped an entanglement with the lovely little American rustic—and sometimes, musing on the wo and blight with which her affection for him had but too probably clouded the morning of her blameless life.

He returned to England. But the pale image of the loving girl who would have forsaken all for him, was continually present to his mind’s eye. He entered into the amusements and occupations incident to his rank in life;—but still the memory of that beautiful girl weeping in her far distant home—drooping, fading, perhaps dying—under the neglect of the ingrate who had won her virgin heart, and then left her to perish in unrequited love, perpetually haunted him. At the expiration of three years, he virtuously resolved to return and cheer the drooping forest flower, and transplant it in its pure and fragrant constancy to a more genial soil.

He arrived at the beginning of the last month, in one of the Liverpool packets; and I saw him on his return from the west. Immediately on landing in New York, he proceeded by the shortest route to the little village of \_\_\_\_\_. His old landlady had removed, and strangers occupied her dwelling; of these he inquired with anxious emotion of pretty Dorothy Pierson—wishing, yet dreading, to hear of the too probable fate of the hapless girl.

“ Dorothy Pierson ?” said the bustling landlady, musing for a moment,—“ Oh ! ay—Dan Pierson’s darter.—Why, dear me !

she married long afore I came here, to Obadiah Cobb, of Scipio town, and they've gone to settle out west—and have got, as I've heerd old Dan Pierson tell, a couple of as nice broad faced burley looking white headed children as you'd ever wish to see!"

Here was a finale to a three year's dream of romance!—The Englishman, confounded at this termination of "Love's young dream," turned on his heel,—hastened back with all speed to New York,—and sailed again in the very next homeward bound packet; having been just nine days in the country.

I saw him as I have said on his return, the day before he sailed;—and I shall never forget the bitter point with which he exclaimed in the words of old Fléetcher,

"Love! is there such a word in any language  
"That carries honest sense?"

R. E.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.*  
Vol. v. Philadelphia. R. W. Pomeroy. 1824.

The fifth volume of this work having been recently published, we shall pursue our review by noticing its contents, reserving the first and second till a future period. The present volume contains the lives of five of the signers: namely, *Thomas Lynch, Jr., Matthew Thornton, William Whipple, John Witherspoon, and Robert Morris.* Half of the volume is occupied by the biography of *Robert Morris.*

*Thomas Lynch Jr.*, of South Carolina, was born in that state in 1749, and died in 1779. His father was a native of the same state, and he acquired an ample fortune there by taking up the alluvial lands of the rivers, and employing them in the growing of rice, which had before been exclusively cultivated in the inland swamps. The origin of the family name is somewhat curious.

"The family of Lynch was originally of Austria; their genealogical table affords the following anecdote, relative to the origin of its name. The town in which they lived being closely beleaguered, the inhabitants resolved to hold out to the last extremity. Having exhausted their provisions, they subsisted for some time on a field of pulse called *Lince*. Their hardy resistance being ultimately crowned with success, in gratitude for their deliverance, which they attributed principally to the subsistence that the pulse had afforded them, they changed the name of their town, or city, as well as that of their chief family, to *Lince* or *Lintz*. During the subsequent troubles in the empire, a branch of the family removed to England, and from Kent emigrated to Ireland, from which latter stock the Lynchs of South Carolina have descended." p. 8.

The subject of this memoir was uncommonly well educated,

having been sent by his father to *Eton* and *Cambridge*, in England, and afterwards to the Temple, with the design that he should on his return practice law *gratis*, somewhat, we presume, after the manner of the Roman orators in the days of Cicero. The occurrence of the Revolution disappointed this experiment, and both father and son bent all their efforts to the cause of their country. Mr. Lynch, the elder, was first elected a member of Congress: the younger received the commission of captain in the South Carolina regiment of regulars.

"After completing his company, Mr. Lynch commenced his march for Charleston, during which, he was attacked with the bilious fever of the country."

"Towards the close of the year 1775, Mr. Lynch joined his regiment, feeble and emaciated, where he soon after received the melancholy tidings of the extreme illness of his father at Philadelphia."

"Mr. Lynch, notwithstanding the delicacy of his own health, lost not a moment in making the necessary arrangements to join his father, that he might exercise, in his dying moments, that love and veneration which he had always borne towards him.

"He, however, encountered serious difficulties in obtaining a furlough for this purpose. His application was refused by his commanding officer, colonel Gadsden, who with the spirit of the Roman, would have devoted his own son to the cause of his country, and who never permitted the private relations of life to interfere, even remotely, with those of a public nature. This controversy was, however, speedily terminated by the election of Mr. Lynch to the congress then convened at Philadelphia, as the successor of his father, by the unanimous vote of the provincial assembly. This compliment to a young man of twenty-seven, under all the circumstances which accompanied it, portrayed in the most vivid colours, the high and general consideration entertained for his talents and worth."

In 1776, the father died at Annapolis in Maryland, in the arms of his son.

"It was not long after this distressing event, that Mr. Lynch returned home, but in a situation which did not promise a long continuance of his own life. Such were the infirmities under which he laboured, that he was frequently deprived, during several weeks, of the use of his limbs, by severe and continued rheumatic fevers, the consequences of his privations and exposures in the service of his country.

"Being thus compelled to abandon all his public employments, he could not avoid realizing the painful truth, that the cause of his country, whether destined to be fortunate or otherwise, would, in all probability, be unaided by his future exertions."

"His friends, witnessing his rapid decline with the most

painful emotions, embraced, with avidity, any alternative promising even an imperfect hope of the ultimate preservation of his life. A change of climate was regarded as the only resource, as his case seemed beyond the reach of medical skill. Notwithstanding the difficulties of a voyage to Europe, rendered perilous by the hazards of capture, in which event the fate of Mr. Lynch would have been at least the tower, if not the scaffold, he was prevailed upon to embark for St. Eustatia, where, it was believed he might find a neutral vessel bound for the south of France. He accordingly sailed about the close of the year 1779, in a ship commanded by captain Morgan, accompanied by his amiable lady, whose conjugal devotion increased with the declining health of her husband.

"In this voyage, they unfortunately terminated their mortal career. The circumstances of their fate are veiled in impenetrable obscurity. As it has been said, on a similar occasion, 'we know that they are dead, and that is all we know.' That the ship foundered at sea, there can be little doubt. Independently of her having been injudiciously lengthened, previous to the voyage, there was a Frenchman among the passengers, who, for some reason unknown, after the ship had been a few days at sea, was induced to remove on board a vessel which sailed in company. The account he afforded was, that the night after he left the ship, in which Mr. Lynch and his family had embarked, a violent tempest arose, in which every soul on board must have perished."

*Matthew Thornton*, a delegate from New Hampshire, was a native of Ireland, where he was born about 1714. He was brought, two or three years after, to the district of Maine, and commenced the practice of medicine in New Hampshire. He accompanied, as surgeon, the memorable expedition against Louisburg in 1745, which first exhibited to Europe the military capacities of the then American colonies. In 1776 he was elected to congress, and after having filled various public stations in his own state, at subsequent periods, died there in 1803.

"Like the great Franklin, whom he, in many traits of character, resembled, he illustrated his sentiments by fable; in which he displayed a peculiar and original talent. His inventive powers in exercises of this nature, were quick and judiciously directed: he frequently commenced a fictitious narrative for the amusement of his auditors, and, like an Eastern story-teller, continued it for the space of an hour, supported solely by instantaneous invention. His posture, and manner of narrating, were as peculiar as the faculty itself: when he placed his elbows upon his knees, with his hands supporting his head, it was the signal for the *erectis auribus* of the assembly. Their attention became instantly arrested, and irresistibly fixed upon

the narrative ; the curious incidents of which were evolved in the most masterly manner. Commencing with a slow articulation, and a solemn countenance, he gradually proceeded in his tale, casting, at intervals, his black and piercing eyes upon the countenances of his hearers, to detect the emotions excited in their breasts, and pausing to observe its full effects. His ingenuity in this accomplishment was astonishing, and he never failed to interest the feelings, and excite admiration."

*William Whipple*, was born in the district of Maine, in 1730, but settled at Portsmouth in New Hampshire. Those who remark in perusing his after life the various important and difficult stations which he subsequently filled, would hardly suppose, that his education was merely sufficient to qualify him to be a sea-captain in the merchant service. Yet from this situation he rose to be a Brigadier General, member of congress, receiver of the finances, one of the judges who sat at Trenton to determine the Wyoming controversy, and a judge in New Hampshire.

"General Whipple was possessed of a strong mind, and quick discernment : he was easy in his manners, courteous in his deportment, correct in his habits, and constant in his friendships. He enjoyed through life a great share of the public confidence, and although his early education was limited, his natural good sense, and accurate observations, enabled him to discharge the duties of the several offices with which he was entrusted, with credit to himself and benefit to the public. In the various scenes of life in which he engaged, he constantly manifested an honest and persevering spirit of emulation, which conducted him with rapid strides to distinction. As a sailor, he speedily obtained the highest rank in the profession ; as a merchant, he was circumspect and industrious ; as a congressman, he was firm and fearless ; as a legislator, he was honest and able ; as a commander, he was cool and courageous : as a judge, he was dignified and impartial ; and as a member of many subordinate public offices, he was alert and persevering. Few men rose more rapidly and worthily in the scale of society, or bore their new honours with more modesty and propriety."

The two individuals who occupy the residue of this volume are certainly men on whom it was right for Mr. Waln to dwell at large, since their names are strongly stamped on the age in which they lived, and they were both endowed with powerful genius and uncommon talents. We mean *Witherspoon* and *R. Morris*. The scientific and literary works of the former are valuable monuments of his superiority of intellect : and the concurring testimony of credible witnesses, as well as the recorded history of the times, bear evidence of the eminent financial skill, unusual industry and valuable services of *Morris* in times of difficulty and peril.

*John Witherspoon* was a native of Scotland, where he was born in 1722. In his early youth he displayed quickness of parts, and enjoyed the best advantages of education. He settled as a minister at Beith, in the west of Scotland, and afterwards at Paisley.

"In the beginning of the year 1746, Dr. Witherspoon became involved in a very awkward situation, the particulars of which are highly interesting. The battle of Falkirk was fought on the seventeenth of January, and he, with several other individuals, who were present from curiosity alone, was taken prisoner in the general sweep which the rebels made after the battle, and confined in the castle of Doune. The place of his abode was a large *ghastly* room, the highest part of the castle, and next the battlements. In one end of this room, there were two small vaults or cells, in one of which he passed the night, together with five members of the Edinburg company of volunteers, taken prisoners in the action of the 17th, and two citizens of Aberdeen, who had been taken up in the north country, as spies, and threatened to be hanged by the rebels; in the other cell were also eight persons, suffering, like himself, the effects of injudicious curiosity.—Each of the cells had a door which might be made fast by those on the inside when they went to sleep, having straw to lie upon, and blankets to cover them, which they had purchased from some people in the village of Doune.

"The principal object which employed the thoughts of the prisoners was the most practicable means of escape. A sentinel, who stood two or three paces from the door of the room, allowed any of them that pleased to go up to the battlements, which were about seventy feet high: and it was proposed to make a rope of the blankets, by which they might descend from the battlements to the ground, on the west side of the castle, where there was no sentinel. This proposal, which originated from one of the volunteers, was agreed to by them, and by the two men of Aberdeen. Dr. Witherspoon said that he would go to the battlements and see what happened; and that, if they succeeded, he would probably follow their example.—The rope being finished, and the order of descent adjusted, they went up to the scene of action, and having fastened it, began to descend about one o'clock in the morning. The first four reached the ground in safety, but the fifth man who was very tall and big, going down in a hurry, the rope broke with him just as his feet touched the ground. The lieutenant standing by the wall of the castle, called to the volunteer, Thomas Barrow, whose turn it was to descend next, not to attempt it, as twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Notwithstanding this warning, which he heard distinctly, he put himself upon the rope, and going down as far as it lasted, let go his hold; as soon as those below saw him upon the rope,

(for it was moonlight,) they put themselves under him to break his fall, which, in part, they did; but falling from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. He was conveyed by his companions, with great difficulty to Tullyallan, a village near the sea, where they procured a boat to carry them off to the Vulture sloop of war, then lying at anchor in the Firth of Forth.

"Neil Macvicar, one of the volunteers, and Dr. Wither-spoon, were now left standing on the battlements. The former had drawn the last number, and believing from the disaster of his friends, that the rope was not strong enough, he pulled it up, and carried it to the cell, where there were some blankets, with which he completed it, beginning at the place where it had given way, and adding a good deal to its thickness. He then returned to the battlements, fastened the rope, and put himself upon it: he went down very well until he reached that part of the rope where he had added so much to its thickness that his hand could not grasp it, and falling from the same height that Mr. Barrow had done, but having nobody to break his fall, was so grievously hurt, bruised, and maimed, that he never recovered, but languished and died soon after at the house of his father, who was a clergyman in the island of Isla.\* Dr. Witherspoon prudently declined this dangerous attempt, and patiently awaited his liberation in a safer manner."

That he was invited from this station to accept the Presidency of the college of New Jersey, in 1766, is a sufficient proof that his merits were then well known, and highly appreciated in Scotland and America. In this college he was exceedingly useful.

"One of the first benefits which the college received from the appointment of its new president, was the augmentation of its funds, which, from a variety of causes, were then in a low and declining condition. At that period, it had never enjoyed any resources from the state, but was entirely dependent on private liberality and zeal. The reputation of Doctor Witherspoon excited fresh generosity in the public, and his personal exertions, which extended from Massachusetts to Virginia, rapidly improved its finances, and placed them in a flourishing condition. It was, indeed, afterwards prostrated by the Revolutionary war, which almost annihilated its resources; but the friends of learning must recollect, with gratitude, how much that institution owed to his enterprise and talents. The principal advantages, however, which it derived, were from his literature; his mode of superintendency; his example as a happy model of good writing; and the tone and taste which he gave to the literary pursuits of the college."

"It is believed that he was the first man who taught, in

\* Home's Works: Hist. of Rebellion, 1745, vol. iii. p. 169, 175.

America, the substance of those doctrines of the philosophy of the mind, which Doctor Reid afterwards developed with so much success.—He caused an important revolution in the system of education, whereby literary inquiries and improvements became more liberal, more extensive, and more profound. An admirable faculty for governing, and exciting the emulation of the youth committed to his care, contributed to the success of his various efforts to perfect the course of instruction. The great number of men of eminent talents, in the different liberal professions, who received from him the elements of their education is the best evidence of his services in the college. Under his auspices, a large proportion of the clergy of the Presbyterian church was formed; and to his instructions, America owed many of her most distinguished patriots and legislators."

He was soon called, however, to a more conspicuous station. In June 1776, he was elected a delegate to congress by the state of New Jersey; and here he was surpassed by none in decision and vigour: qualities so necessary in the critical posture of our affairs.

"Doctor Witherspoon took his seat in congress, a few days previous to the fourth of July, and assisted in those important deliberations which resulted in that deed of noble daring, which severed the two countries forever. When a distinguished member of congress said that we were 'not yet ripe for a declaration of independence,' Doctor Witherspoon replied, 'in my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe but rotting.' "

In congress his services were various, important, and distinguished. Yet his highest merit was in another place.

"Notwithstanding his talents and political character, many believed that the principal merit of Dr. Witherspoon appeared in the pulpit. He was, in many respects, one of the best models by which a young clergyman could form himself for usefulness and celebrity. It was a singular benefit to the whole college, but especially to those who had the profession of the ministry in view, to have such an example constantly before them. Religion, from the manner in which he treated it, always commanded the respect of those who heard him, even when it was not able to engage their hearts.—An admirable textuary, and a profound theologian, he was perspicuous and simple in his manner;—an universal scholar, he was deeply versed in human nature;—a grave, dignified and solemn speaker, he was irresistible in his manner;—and he brought all the advantages derived from these sources, to the illustration and enforcement of divine truth. Though not a fervent and animated orator, he was always a solemn, affecting, and instructive preacher."

He resigned the presidency of the college to Dr. Smith, in 1779, and died in 1794.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A few days after the publication of our last Number, which made, as the present will, rather a tardy appearance, *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1824, was received in this city. It contains a greater quantity than usual of those brazen effronteries, those violations of decency, and outrages on reputation, which have rendered it a nuisance in the highway of literature, and which must produce its downfall before long among the moral and enlightened inhabitants of *Auld Reekie*. The individual, whom we described in our last, as earning his bread by calumniating his countrymen, because they rejected his filthy novels, continues, in a third No. of his view of "*American Writers*," to gratify the bad passions of his own nature, and the mischievous curiosity of his new associates. In the coalition of baseness by which Blackwood is supported, this nauseous reptile has taken a full degree. He is now a free and accepted member of the Mohock-Club,\* whose Magazine was, some years ago so justly described, as being the joint production of a parcel of "malignant SCOUNDRELS, without either honour or courage; whose jokes were the outrages of ruffians, and their attemptis to laugh them off, so many insults to decency." (See the *London Magazine*, Dec. 1820.) In corroboration of this character, the same journal affirms that, "three times within

\* "The Mohock-Club, is a name borrowed from a sort of canibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. Agreeably to their name, the avowed design of their institution is *mischief*, and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed." *Spectator*, No. 324. The club was, comparatively, an innocent institution in the time of Mr. Addison, who first described it; but Mr. Blackwood has infused a venom into its present members, by large bribes and liberal suppers at Ambrose's tavern. See his *Noctes Ambrosiana*; a sort of salad introduced at the end of every Number of this journal, which is composed of a few ounces of wit, and some pounds of the lowest ribaldry. It is in the form of a dialogue between Christopher North, (the Editor) and his contributors. The tone of conversation may be gathered from the following extracts:

"NORTH. We have got the hot stuff this *hour*. Will you try our jug, or make for yourself?

TICKLER. I recommend the jug.

ONOHERTY. I am quite agreeable wherever I go. Here's a bumper, &c."

This is the language of literary men, according to their own representation, whose nerves are terribly excited by the roughness of a Kentucky Innkeeper, or a Tennessee colonel. The last speaker, in the above extract, is represented as being challenged at the door, by the "WAITER, (aside)" about "a trifle of a balance," &c. The scene, no doubt, is drawn from nature.

the space of very little more than two years, have they" [the above mentioned "scoundrels"] "been compelled to pay, to injured individuals, heavy forfeitures, for calumnies uttered against private character, and to the detriment of private interests; and in no one of these three have they attempted defence or justification of any kind! No attempt has been made by them, in any of these cases, to show mistake or misconception; nor have they once dared to stand boldly on the honesty of their strictures, and vindicate manfully what they had uttered rancorously." Precisely the conduct of our American libeller—who, when called to account for an indecent aspersion upon the character of a distinguished individual in Baltimore, endeavoured to escape by pitiful effrontery, and quietly submitted to be publicly branded with epithets, which are only applied to such persons as his present companions! In our last, we gave some specimens of his critical acumen: the following is a curious example of logical reasoning, and the style will show how Mr. Blackwood finds it necessary to cater for the literary appetite of his patrons: "Mr. Dennie's 'Lay Preacher' is very common place; though universally praised in America.—Perhaps the true cause of such unreasonable admiration is only this. Dennie is dead. John E. Hall is alive. Dennie was a gentleman. John E. Hall is a blackguard." Thus it appears that in order to obtain praise for common place essays by a dead gentleman, it is only necessary, according to Mr. Blackwood's scribbler, that they should be collected and published by a living blackguard! The Mohock proceeds in the following manner: "Dennie did, now and then, say something that a man might remember, if he worked hard: Hall,—Heaven help him—has no other hope but in being forgotten. Dennie knew his deficiencies; and, therefore never ventured upon sarcasm, eloquence, or wit. John E. Hall has no notion of this; and is eternally *blackening his own face*—[a figure of Grub street rhetoric, we presume]—and breaking his own shins, to make people laugh. He had the misfortune, some years ago, to fall acquainted with Mr. Thomas Moore, the poet, while Mr. Moore was "trampoosing" over America. It spoilt poor Hall—turned his brain. He has done little or nothing since, but make believe about criticism; talk dawdle poetry with a lisp; write irresistible verses under the name of "Sedley," in his own magazine: twitter sentimentally about Little Moore—his 'dear little Moore'—puffing himself all the time anonymously in the newspaper [which paper, thou liar of the first magnitude?] while he is denouncing himself, with unspeakable sincerity, twelve times a-year, in his own magazite."

Of what has been "done since" by the individual here so unceremoniously named, we shall only say, that besides various other occupations, he has produced seven 8vo. volumes of one

journal and eighteen of another, notwithstanding much interruption from indisposition, and in spite of all the obstructions under which periodical literature labours in this country. *The public approves of these productions or they would not be able to float while numerous competitors are daily sinking to the bottom of the stream.* The following opinions of this very writer may be cited to show the intrepidity of his impudence.

After relating an anecdote respecting the individual, who is here compelled to speak of himself, which is sufficiently defecated by its own improbability, this reptile says of the present subject of his slander,—“he is a good lawyer; *his Law Journal is an invaluable book; the chief departments of his Port Folio are ably conducted.*—On other subjects” (than poetry), “I do RESPECT HIS OPINION!!” *Preface to the Battle of Niagara*, p. xxxviii. This preface is dated “June, 1819.” How is this inconsistency to be accounted for, the reader will ask? We can explain it without difficulty. The first production was written in Baltimore, where, as we learn from the *United States Literary Gazette*, the author had been “much beaten;” and where he was still within the reach of a cow-skin, when he indited this page. Moreover, it is ushered to the world, under the proper name—“JOHN NEAL.”\* The second was committed to paper in some obscure garret in *Charing Cross*, London; was destined to steal its way to the world in an *Edinburgh Magazine*, under the convenient disguise of “X. Y. Z.;” and be liberally paid for by a profligate bookseller, who acquires a livelihood by pandering to the worst propensities of his fellow creatures. It is a blot upon the fair fame of Edinburgh, that such a cyclopædia of scurrility and malevolence should be endured. Nor will it be endured. These qualities are omens, well understood in the literary hemisphere, of “hot livers and cold purses;” a conjunction which the knights of “*Ambrose's*” caravansary cannot live under, although they may now and then catch a “sweet creature of bombast,” who prefers magazines to tin-carts, and English guineas to Baltimore horse-whips: a slippery rogue, who, like Poins, in the play, *is straight enough in the shoulders, and cares not who flays his back.*

\* This preface contains a comical story about an attempt which this vagabond once made to “raise the wind” in Philadelphia, by offering, under an assumed name, to recite a poem before the public:—a promise which he never performed. The tale is minute enough in every particular, excepting as to the fate of the dollars, which were received in exchange for his tickets, about which there is some mystery, which we hope will be explained in the lucubrations on “American writers,” when the writer comes to the letter “N;” or it might form the subject of a note on the art of “swindling.” He will also, perhaps, inform us whether he has yet paid his printer, for assisting him, by advertisements, to play this hoax upon “the mutton-headed Athenians,” as he now styles the citizens of Philadelphia.

“He takes your cash, but where's the book?”

'This fellow,—“a coward on instinct,”—has presented himself to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and has been enlisted as a contributor, because it was found that his head was well stored with such ribaldry as had been retailed with advantage by Davis, Faux, and that sort of gentry. It was perceived, moreover, that he was a man who thought it “no sin to labour in his vocation;” that he was a disappointed and mortified author at home, and was willing to swell his purse abroad and wreak his rancour at the same time, by lies and libels: or, perhaps, the merry wags of Ambrose's tap-room, may have discerned the mad-cap, who at home, baffled the skill of all the phrenologists, and employed him to write an account of “*American Writers*,” for a jest—the virtue of which would be “the incomprehensible lies which this same rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper.” We can imagine the scene when this libeller makes his appearance before the club, with a bundle of calumnies against his countrymen, as he receives his stipend and reflects on the revenge which he is about to inflict—on many whom he dared not look in the face,—and boasts to his employer, in the words of Falstaff; “I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have payed; two rogues in buckram suits.” He has represented, that there were but three authors of any account in this country; in which slender list, he finds room, however, for himself. “There be three of us—Bar-dolph, Peto, and I.” This at once evinces that he is in the proper mood to administer to that rank of patrons to which *Blackwood* seems to be reduced; and he has accordingly been put upon the roll of defamers. But he cannot last long: as we have already said of him, he never could establish any reputation from Maine, where he first saw the sun; to Maryland, where he last breathed his native air. Go where he will, and take what name may suit his wayward and wicked fancy, he will always be traced, like the snail on the rock, by the slime of detraction which marks his path.

J. E. H.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*The Durham Short-horned Bull.*

For the gratification of our country readers, we have embellished this Number of the Port Folio with an exact likeness of Mr. Powell's “Wye Comet” of the “improved Durham short-horned breed.”—Mr. P. is one of those gentlemen farmers who are willing to devote much of their time and money for the improvement of the agricultural interests of the country.

For the particular advantages of this breed, we refer to the “Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society,” recently published. In England, cows and heifers of this breed fre-

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quently sell for 100*l.*, and even 500*l.* have been refused for a cow. Bulls are let out by the season at from 50 to 100 guineas; and the proprietors of this breed of animals have books containing the full pedigree of their stock, similar to the stud book of race horses, so that any person wishing to hire or purchase an animal may learn his descent.

We have an account of a famous ox of this breed, bred by Mr. Charles Colling, which at the age of five years, became so immensely fat that he was purchased in Feb. 1801, for 140 <i>l.</i> to be exhibited as a show. He was sold afterwards	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
On the 4th May, 1801, for	-	-	250 0 0
On the 14th he could have been sold for	-	-	525 0 0
On the 14th June for	-	-	1000 0 0
On the 8th of July for	-	-	2000 0 0

This may not be considered as a proof of the intrinsic value of the animal, but rather as a corroboration of what Shakespeare wrote of the people of England in his day.

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### MELODY.

AIR : "*The meeting of the waters.*"

I saw on dark ocean a sun-beam serene,  
And brightly it smil'd on the white foaming main ;—  
A gloomy cloud lower'd, no longer 'twas seen,  
Oh, darkly the sea roll'd its billows again :

And thus, though a gleaming of raptur'd delight,  
May beam on life's ocean a moment its ray ;  
Soon clouds of dark sorrow o'ershadow its light,  
And deeper's the gloom when its lustre's away.

SYDNEY.

AIR : "*I saw from the beach.*"

Though gloomy the sorrows that whelm us in sadness,  
Our life a dark vision, by pleasures unblest,  
Yet the smile of affection awakens to gladness,  
And chases the shadows of grief from the breast.

Oh, cold is that heart, ever deaden'd to feeling,  
When the smiles of affection should fail to impart,  
That glowing of soul—by its lustre revealing,  
The tender emotions of love in the heart.

SYDNEY.

**FORTITUDE.**

When things go cross, as oft they will,  
And rubs on rubs are pressing,  
A mind prepared for every ill,  
Is sure a solid blessing.

Without this strength within to bear  
The evils which surround us,  
We suffer trifles light as air,  
Most cruelly to wound us.

But with this useful armor clad,  
Assisted by volition,  
We learn to pick good out of bad  
In this or that condition.

How many wretches every hour,  
Groan for a slight affliction;  
Deprived of a repelling power  
By shameful dereliction !

Far different from the intrepid few  
By calmness ne'er forsaken,  
Who though the frowning fates pursue,  
Are never overtaken.

How many of the blackest woes,  
Which now oppress and gall us,  
Might we successfully oppose,  
If fear did not appal us !

By fear appalled, chilled reason shakes,  
We lose our mental vigor,  
And every harmless object makes  
A formidable figure.

So children, taught by nurses, shrink  
By night at fancied evils,  
And feel their fluttering spirits sink,  
Alarmed by ghosts and devils.

Some tempers lapse into the spleen,  
In clear or cloudy weather;  
But happy he who can serene,  
Endure the approach of either.

To grumbling we should ne'er give way,  
In sickness nor in sorrow,  
For though the sky is dark to-day,  
It may be bright to-morrow.

*To a Half Blind Beauty.*

In life, through every varied stage,  
 In every rank and station,  
 In youth, in manhood, and in age,  
 While all is in mutation,  
 He who (with steadiness of mind,  
 And passions ne'er uneven,)  
 Is ever to his lot resigned,  
 On earth enjoys a Heaven.

---

## IN PRAISE OF CRANIOLOGY

You may fag at your school or your college ;  
 You may pant for your ribbons and stars ;  
 But without it you'll never get knowledge,  
 And never need go to the wars.  
 Though they dub you a Doctor for ever ;  
 Though you fight till you're nothing but stump ;  
 Who dares be courageous or clever,  
 If he is deficient in—bump ?  
 Oh, bump, bump, bump !  
 Cut the nose from my face—but, oh, never !  
 Never curtajl me in bump.  
 Why is a virgin false-hearted ;  
 A negro for logic unfit ;  
 A fool and his money soon parted ;  
 And no critics at all in the pit ?  
 Why can't a member make speeches ;  
 An alderman play at hot-jump ?  
 Why should a man's wife wear the breeches ?  
 Because they're deficient in bump.  
 Oh ! bump, bump, bump !  
 Magnified, mystified, bump !  
 I ask not love, laurels, or riches—  
 But give me abundance of—bump.

---

## TO A HALF BLIND BEAUTY.

" *She had an ee she had but one.*"

BURNS.

While the bright star of even in calm lustre gleaming,  
 Sparkles so gay o'er the hills of the East,  
 I think of that eye which so curiously beaming,  
 From the thraldom of dullness my spirits releas'd.  
 But the star which enlivens the gloom of the night,  
 How brilliant soever its radiance may be,  
 Can ne'er by its twinkling impart such delight,  
 As a squint of that quizzical eye does to me.

Valerius.

## TO M—

I love, on the hill-top, when morn is advancing,  
To watch the faint shadows that steal o'er the vale,  
When the sun's early ray on the tree-top is glancing,  
And the herds distant lowing is borne on the gale. [ing,  
When the mocking bird, blythe, chaunts his hymn to the morn—  
High perched on the scath'd oak, the forest above;  
But oh! how much brighter, each virtue adorning,  
Is a smile on the lips of the girl that I love.

I love in the noontide from high shaded mountain,  
To gaze o'er the main on the far rolling wave;  
Or to view the light sun-beam that plays in the fountain,  
Where the white swan delights her soft bosom to lave:  
In a wild woven bow'r, from the fierce ray defended,  
To gaze on the bright cloud in ether above,  
But the tints of the landscape harmoniously blended  
Are less fair than the smile of the maid that I love.

I loved with the Hindu, at calm eve reclining,  
In the green cocoa grove, by the Ganges wild stream,  
To gaze on the sun as in splendour declining,  
He tinged the bright wave with his last golden beam.  
But dearer to me, ah, beyond all expression!  
One moment with thee, all the rapture to prove,  
That drives from my bosom despair's sad depression  
When I press thy soft hand, dearest maid that I love!

*Adolphus.*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

*Miscellaneous.*—By official documents laid before Congress, it appears that the whole number of the militia of the U. States, as enrolled, amounts to 1,530,787—for the arming of which, 15,000 stand of arms were last year apportioned. It appears by the same evidence, that the U. States now support 13,034 revolutionary pensioners: that their pensions amount to 1,837,316 dollars. We have likewise three thousand seven hundred and thirty-six on the invalid pension list, whose pensions amount to two hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars. Amongst the Indian tribes, thirty-two schools have been established,

which enrol the names of nine hundred and thirteen pupils, and so much encouraged is our government on this subject, that they express well grounded hopes that an entire reformation in the course of the present generation may be effected, amongst the tribes bordering on our settlements.

The public lands of the United States are surveyed before they are offered for sale, and divided into townships six miles square, which are subdivided into 36 sections one mile square. The lands are sold in whole, half, quarter, and eighth sections, that is, in parcels of 640, 320, 160, and 80 acres. All sales

are to be made in cash, and the lowest price is fixed at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, below which they cannot be disposed of. Due notice is given of the times and places of sale. Salt springs and lead mines are reserved, and one section of 640 acres, in each township, is given as a fund for the support of schools in the township. In each land district, there is a register and a receiver of public monies, who receives 500 dollars per annum, and one per cent. on monies entered by them. There are several surveyors-general, who receive 2000 dollars per annum, and their clerks receive from 600 to 800 dollars. In the general land office at Washington, there is a commissioner with a salary of 3000 dollars, and 27 clerks and assistants, whose aggregate compensation amounts to 22,725 dollars a year. Land offices are established in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama. The whole number is 39. In 1823, 653,319 acres of public lands were sold for 850,136 dollars. From January 1, to July 1, 1824, 357,160 acres were sold for 456,507 dollars. The sales for 1825 are estimated at a million of dollars.

*Massachusetts.*—A machine for drilling rocks has been invented by Cyrus Alden, of Roxbury, by which a boy may drill as much in one day as three men can do in the same time, in the usual mode of drilling. The machinery is said to be exceedingly simple, and may be put in operation by less power than is necessary to turn a common grind-stone, and is done in a similar manner.

*Rhode Island.*—Mrs. Susannah Miller, of Providence, completed her *one hundredth year*, on Wednesday last. She is believed to be the oldest person, now living in that town. She is daily receiving the attentions of her dutiful daughter, Mrs. *Experience Barny*, now in the eightieth year of her age.

*Connecticut.*--The steam-boat Uni-

ted States, captain Beecher, lately gave notice that she would take passengers to and from New York, to New Haven, for one dollar each—*Dinner and Wine gratis*. This circumstance arose in consequence of the steam-boat Linnæus, captain Peck, reducing the regular fare from \$3 to \$1.00.

Several loads of lumber, passed through Hartford last week, from the interior of the state of New York. The boards were cut and carted 40 miles to the canal—went down it 200 miles to Troy—were shipped on board a sloop for Hartford, and after safely descending the North river, going through the sound, and ascending the Connecticut to Hartford, were “teamed off” to Plymouth, 24 miles from this, where they will no doubt be manufactured into good wooden clocks and washing-machines, and start again on their travels, perhaps back again, but more probably south. We hope those who have their doubts of the importance of improving the river navigation, may take a hint from this that will have its effect.

*New York.*—In the legislature a bill was lately introduced changing the name of Harriet Jane Perkins to Harriet Jane Winter, and concluded with a resolution that “from and after the passing of the act the said Harriet Jane Perkins should take the name of Harriet Jane Winter and no other.”

Mr. Hayden moved to strike out the words “and no other,” on the ground that if the lady should happen hereafter to be married, the affirmative and peremptory terms of the statute might place her and her husband relatively in a rather awkward predicament. The motion prevailed; but the Speaker suggested another difficulty—that if she should happen to marry a man by the name of Winter, her condition would not be relieved by the bill. Mr. Goodwell remarked that such was the usual phraseology in like cases, whereupon Mr. Crolius no further pressed his suggestion.

The bill passed as amended, and poor Miss Harriet was left to an interminable endurance of all the rigours of Winter.

The Rochester paper announces that packet boats now daily depart east and west on the canal, and the fare is so good and cheap, that no one who consults economy can now afford to travel on foot.

This reminds us of the man who boasted how snugly he had worked his passage home in one of the canal boats: upon being asked how it was done; faith, he said, he had only to take hold of a rope on the bank, and help pull the boat along.

*CANAL-TOLL, Collectors' Office, Albany.*—Arrived at Albany, from the first day of May, till the tenth December, 1824—2,700 boats, laden with the following articles, besides others of less importance:—

112 tons of furs.
121,756 barrels flour.
19,884 do. beef and pork.
25,895 do. pot and pearl ashes.
123,674 bushels wheat.
30,376 do. coarse grain.
512 tons gypsum.
340,884 gallons whiskey.
8,295,610 feet boards and planks.
6,118 boxes window glass.
1,127 bbls. linseed oil.
5,425 do. water lime.
1,056 M. pipe, hhd. and bbl. staves.
3,120 barrels salt.
4,092 cords fire wood.

Valued at 3,000,000 dollars.

Cleared at Albany, 2672 freight boats, laden with 15,877 tons of merchandize, besides iron castings, household furniture, and all such articles, on which the toll is less than three cents per ton per mile. The amount of toll received at this office is 67,231 dollars, all paid on boats and cargoes cleared at Albany.

We copy the following self-nomination from an Albany paper:—

#### CLEAR THE ROAD.

*To the Electors of Ontario County.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I offer myself a candidate for member of assem-

bly, at the approaching election. No explanation of my views or sentiments in relation to our national or state politics, is deemed necessary. Most of you are acquainted with me and my conduct is before the public. My profession is an opposition stage-driver, between Canandaigua and Geneva, and you will judge whether I may be considered useful if elected. By giving me your suffrages you will ever oblige your devoted and humble servant,

DANIEL SOPER.

Canandaigua, Oct. 16, 1824.

*Pennsylvania.*—Seneca Lake can be united with the Tioga branch of the Susquehanna, by a canal of only 20 miles, thus forming, by the grand canal, a boat navigation from the Susquehanna to Lake Ontario, and rendering Philadelphia a much nearer market for the produce of the western part of the state of New York, than the city of New York.

The Lehigh Navigation Company have received all the coal they expect down this season. It amounts to 507,000 bushels: its price something more than 100,000 dollars and its value incalculably more. The coal, which will probably reach Philadelphia next season, will amount to a million of bushels. The iron and coal of Pennsylvania, must form the foundation stone on which will rest the greatness of this commonwealth.

The managers of the Alms House, in conjunction with the requisite number of aldermen and justices of the peace, have agreed to levy in the city and liberties the sum of \$120,000, as a poor tax for the ensuing year. The sum assessed, last year, was \$130,000.

*Statement of the improvements on the river Schuylkill, by means of Dams and Canals, viz.*

28 dams, making a slack water navigation of 46 miles. At most of those dams there is a large surplus of water power that may be sold for manufacturing purposes.

23 canals. 3 to 15 miles.

32 to 40 feet wide on the top water line, in length 63 miles.

120 locks, 17 feet wide by 80 feet long, overcoming a fall of .588 feet.

4 to 5 minutes are required to pass a boat through each lock.

17 arched stone Aqueducts.

1 tunnel, cut through and under a solid rock, 450 feet long.

31 houses for toll and gate keepers.

The whole cost of the improvement from Philadelphia to Mount Carbon, a distance of 110 miles, \$1,800,000.

A tow path is expected to be completed along the pools of the dam by the first of August next, which will form a complete line of communication along the whole extent of the improvements, and will enable a boat of 40 tons burthen, by the aid of a horse, to pass from the coal mines to Philadelphia in four days, and return in the same space of time.

As experience has shown that all the canals in England, upon which coal forms the principal article of transport, the number of tons upon which tolls are collected far exceed those of other canals upon which merchandize and the produce of the country alone form the principal articles of trade, we may expect the same result will be found in the Schuylkill canal.

The rate of toll on coal from Mount Carbon to Philadelphia, is fixed at 6 cents a bushel, or \$1 68 cents a ton.

In addition to the coal trade, we may with confidence expect that the boats returning from the city will convey large quantities of salt, plaster, groceries and other articles of merchandize to the different towns on its borders, as well as to its extremity, for the purpose of being conveyed about 30 miles in waggons, along an excellent turnpike long since established to Sunbury, situated at the junction of the east and west branches of the Susquehanna, and to be transported to various parts of the state. By

means of this turnpike large quantities of the products of the extensive and fertile country through which the branches of the Susquehanna pass, may be expected to be brought to the head of the canal to be transported to Philadelphia, which with the products generally of the country along the line of the canal must form a very large item of tonnage.

The Union Canal, which is already in great forwardness and progressing with great rapidity, is intended to join the waters of the Susquehanna with the Schuylkill, and fall into the Schuylkill canal at Reading, about 50 miles above Philadelphia.

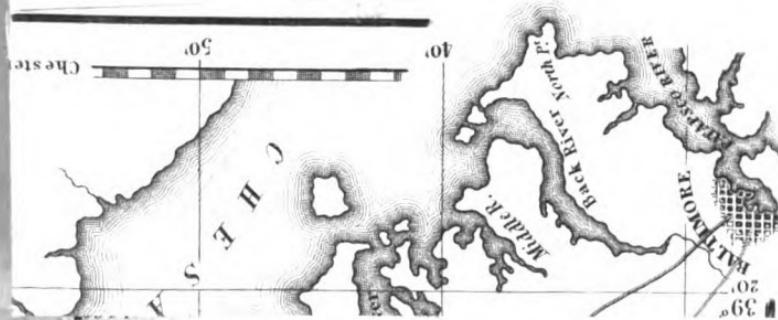
The importance of these canals and improvements to the state of Pennsylvania, and to the city of Philadelphia, may be easily estimated from the data herewith furnished.

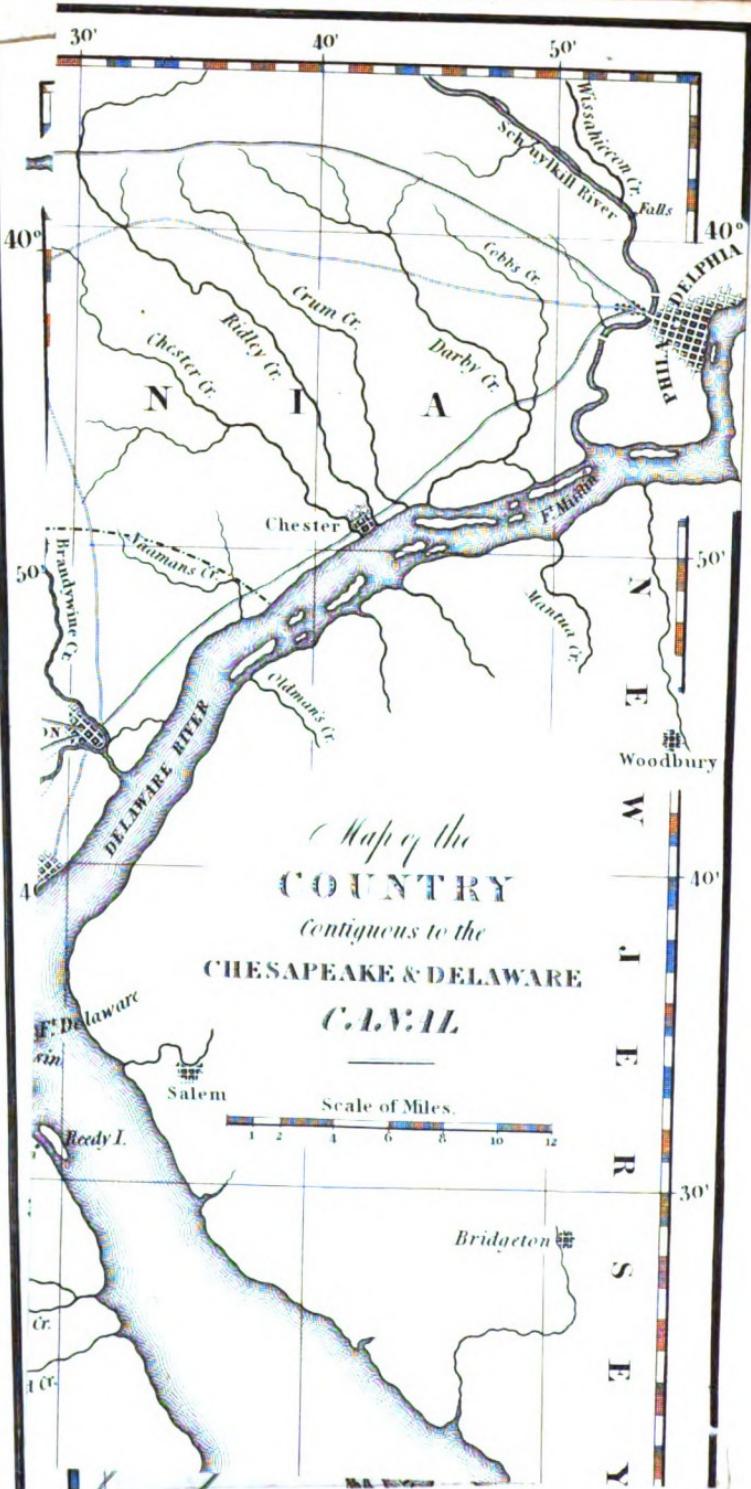
The new Reading Packet *Stephen Girard*, has commenced running between Philadelphia and Reading. It is intended to establish a regular line. The packet will run three times a week. There is now completed an ascending navigation for many miles above the city.

*North Carolina.*—The number of persons engaged in seeking for gold in Montgomery county, averages 150. The ground is searched on shares—any one may dig who will give half of what he finds to the proprietors of the soil. It is obtained in lumps of various sizes, and is so pure that it requires two carats of alloy to reduce it to the American standard. The largest piece lately picked up weighed four pounds ten ounces—but one was found, some years ago, that weighed twenty-eight pounds. They have not yet gone more than twelve feet below the surface of the earth. No persons of capital have yet engaged in this business; from which it may be inferred, that this seeking for gold is not a profitable employment. The surface, on different parts of which this metal has yet been discovered, extends about thirty miles.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





# THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

---

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE SHADOW OF THE HORSE.

*A Tale, from an ancient manuscript, written in 1560.*

It may be necessary to inform the reader, that in certain very warm countries, when travellers can get no better protection from the heat of the sun, during a short repose, it is the custom to recline under the shadow of the horse, ass, or camel on which they ride. This will throw light upon that passage in Voltaire's *Universal History*, where he relates, that when that Pseudo-Messiah, Sabbataï Levi, gave himself out as the King and Saviour of the Jewish nation, the principal men among them, and the Rabbis of their Sanhedrim, wrote to him thus: "King of kings, Lord of lords, when shall we have the honour of reclining ourselves under the shadow of your elephant, &c.?" This will also explain the principal incident in the following remarkable history.

A nobleman at the court of Markuskah, whose name was Shutuki, was resolved to visit Lelaw, a distant country, the place of his nativity; and for that purpose he began to make sale, as he found suitable opportunities, of such things as were not necessary to be carried with him. He had a remarkably fine horse, which he much delighted in, and whose back was honoured with his weight, as often as he took the exercise of riding. At a public fair, in that large open plain above the capital of Markuskah, as you go to Hatterwattkah, he sold this animal to Clumby, another nobleman. What his price

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was, is nothing to any one of the present day; and we should never ask questions about things which do not concern us. After he was sold, and the money transferred to Shutuki's purse, he sat down to rest himself under the shadow of the horse.—“Rise,” said Clumby; “I will not,” replied Shutuki. “Rise quickly,” returned Clumby, “or I will kick you.” “I will not arise,” said Shutuki, “and kick me you dare not.” “Have I not bought the horse?” inquired Clumby. “You have,” replied the other, “but what then?” “Well then, is not his shadow mine?” “That does not follow, I sold only the horse.” “Well, does not that imply his shadow?” “You might as well say that it implied me who was his rider!”

These answers were all whispered in Shutuki's ear by lawyer Nimbleo, a man who was remarkable for his benevolence in giving advice to his neighbours. In short, the matter came to an open rupture. Multitudes of people stood up on each side. One party cried, “Shutuki, do not rise, the shadow of the horse is as much your's as his, being that you never sold it!” The other party bawled aloud, “Clumby, drive him out with your foot, for as you have paid for the horse, you have a right to the shadow.” Clumby, by this time, was taking counsel of lawyer Lightfinger, who advised him not to take the horse out of the place, which he might easily have done, and which would have ended the dispute, but to let him stand and drive Shutuki by force from the shadow.

Thus lawyer Nimbleo on the one hand, and lawyer Lightfinger on the other, fomented the contention, until wrath grew so high, that both parties were about to get together by the ears, and try the matter at hard knocks, which Nimbleo perceiving, he mounted a cart that stood near, and said: “My friends, you are beginning a civil broil, about a matter too hard for all our comprehensions;—and will bruises and scars give us any insight into the merits of the cause? Why should we spend our blood about a horse and his shadow, when the law is open and ready to punish the transgressor? Let us, my dear friends! forbear strife and quarrelling. Here am I, on the one side, to defend the part of my client, and there is my worthy brother Lightfinger, to see justice done to the noble Clumby; let the affair be tried in open court, before the proper judges of such intricate matters, so that it may appear plain to all mankind, to whom the shadow of a horse belongs—for

if this weighty matter remain undecided, any man may come that pleases, and sit down under the shadow where I had resolved to recline myself."

Lawyer Lightfinger, at this cried "amen," and the rabble being wonderfully pleased with Nimbleo's rhetoric, agreed, on all sides, that the matter should be discussed according to law. We shall therefore follow them to the bar, after having briefly characterised the two lawyers, and told the reader what we judge necessary thereupon.

The progenitors of Nimbleo had been lawyers from time immemorial. He imagined himself, therefore, not made a lawyer by study, but, like a poet (*poeta nascitur non fit*), born one. He had gained a vast estate by the profession. His opinion was asked by different parties, and he was sometimes suspected to have been well paid for setting them both wrong. He rode in his coach, and his coat of arms admirably well suited his profession. It was a lawyer, standing betwixt two of his clients, who contended about an oyster. He in the middle sucks up the meat and gives each client an empty shell—with this motto, written in the old language of Markuskah, Cerrakkongg Ziahhabbahhonn, which being interpreted is, "The curse of the Lord is my inheritance."

Lightfinger was the younger son of a family, who had nothing to show for their antiquity but poverty and pride. He had a tolerable education, but in his youth he had imbibed a certain fawning manner which he could never get over. He was, therefore, a tool of the great, and set by them upon offices to which no man of spirit would have condescended. Notwithstanding these foibles he did not want sense, and as it was a custom at Markuskah that a man's motto should be expressive of his pursuits,—as a liar's house in Turkey is painted black—so he had this one on his chariot: Cchhrrasshhmmenn mmeoiu: that is, "The devil maintains me." Intimating that as he got his bread by the feuds and animosities of his neighbours, which could only be raised by the devil, so he was a man so grateful as publicly to acknowledge his benefactor. The world does not abound with instances of such gratitude.

Shutuki soon gave lawyer Nimbleo a very handsome fee, and asked his opinion of the case. "Why," said the lawyer, "'tis as plain as a pikestaff, that you have the right end of the question. What! did any body ever hear of selling the shadow of a horse? No, no, they will find themselves deceiv-

ed. Do you take no concern. Rest fully content, and rely upon me, for I will show as plain as the nose on your face, that the shadow is yours."

Clumby, too, gave a large sum to Lightfinger, and desired his candid opinion. "Sir," said he, "to tell you honestly, there never was an affair before me that gave me less trouble. Who ever heard of a man, that, upon selling a horse, kept the shadow for his own use? He might as well, when he sold you a house, hinder you from reclining under its roof. The men who argue against us are mad, or have too much money; and depend upon it, Sir, that in the sequel you will ruin your antagonist, for I will make out the shadow to be your's as plainly as the horse is, or that two and two make four."

Shutuki, to make sure of the shadow, went to his opponent's lawyer, and after making him a handsome present, asked his opinion *as a friend*. "Oh! my dear Shutuki," said he "what a glorious cause have you by the end! Had I been so happy as to have been your counsel, I would have bid defiance to the very Prince of Devils. What! durst any man breathing rob me of my shadow? no, I would see his heart's blood first. A shadow is common to all mankind, like the waters of the sea, and none but madmen would attempt to keep from people what is justly their due. If I had your cause, I would teach people how to meddle with shadows; but you know I am on the other side of the question, and must do my best for my client."

Clumby by this time had also visited Nimbleo, to whom he manifested his friendship in a shape so substantial, that the lawyer soon opened his heart as follows: "My dear Clumby," said he, "I expected that you would have made choice of me at first, but being earnestly importuned by the other party, I could not wait for you, least by delay the uproar should have ended in bloodshed. Oh, if I had your cause in hand, how I would make the adversary smoke! As for the side I am on, you need not fear, for I know not well what to make of it. I must, however, do all for my client that lies in my power. I confess it is a very intricate question, and much may be said on both sides. I am just now going to consult that famous book of lawyer Crabtree, *De Umbbris*, and M. Blockheadodus, *De arte nodandi in Societate*. If you will drop in upon me occasionally, you will not find your case injured by it."

It is said, that there was also a consultation held between the learned gentlemen of the long robe, Nimbleo and Lightfinger, upon this knotty subject, in which it was understood that what was but an empty shadow to their clients, should by them be turned into something substantial. But as men of that profession generally keep their own counsel, it is a mystery to me how such a matter should get wind, and it surely would be dangerous in a grave history like this, to set down any thing upon the authority only of a vague report. Certain it is that lawyers, who seem to be sworn and avowed enemies in court, ready at all times to go to loggerheads with each other, do so concert matters, as in the final windings up of a tedious cause to empty their clients purses into their own. But whether this effect is produced by any particular scheme laid for the occasion, or is the inevitable result of certain fixed principles which govern all cases, and which lawyers do never lose sight of, I cannot say.

Before the matter came into court, it happened, that as a young gentleman of Clumby's acquaintance was taking a ride upon this very horse, he being affrighted, betook himself to his heels, and running furiously down a very steep hill, he threw his rider against a tree, which unfortunately knocked out his brains. By this the horse became what the lawyers call a deodand; in other words, he was forfeited to the crown: but as Clumby would not part with him, he paid his worth in money, and the law-suit about his shadow went on.

When it was first brought into court, Nimbleo opened the cause, and after having acquainted the judges with the state of the matter, which I have related in its proper place; "this critical and perplexing affair," said he, "is now come to be debated before your worships, and as I appear upon the side of Shutuki, it gives me great joy that I have to speak before such noble judges: that I have to engage in a just cause before gentlemen, who, unbiassed by vulgar opinions, or party interest, can, with philosophic spectacles, discern the most minute circumstance relative to truth or falsehood, and scan the most metaphysical distinctions with correctness and accuracy. I therefore, with just reliance upon your honour and integrity, do affirm, that as a shadow is no part of a horse, it is not vendible with a horse."

Lawyer Lightfinger, then rising up, after a very profound bow, said, "Honourable and very learned Sirs, I am as truly sensible of your worth and integrity as any man living; and am

fully convinced that what I shall advance on the side of my noble client, will be weighed, in the scales of your judgment, with justice, righteousness, and exactitude. Conscious that the hampers of your worships' understandings are capable of containing the knowledge of the most abstruse subjects, I proceed to show you the weakness and insufficiency of my opponent's major proposition. He affirms that a shadow is no part of a horse. I would ask that gentleman, where he ever saw a horse without a shadow? A shadow, an't please your worships, is as natural to a horse, as a sense of justice is to this honourable court—as natural as for the sparks to fly upwards, or for heavy bodies to fall to the ground. And it is very plain that if a horse had not a shadow, he would not be a horse—he would be nothing at all—for every thing which we call *something*, has a shadow—a horse is something, therefore he has a shadow; and that individual shadow belongs to none but himself. It cannot descend to another horse, nor be taken from its genuine proprietor; and therefore, as the horse cannot exist without it, it belongs to the gentleman who buys the horse, and not to the one who sold him."

" My friend Lightfinger," retorted Nimbleo, " has placed the whole stress of his argument upon the question, where I ever saw a horse without a shadow? From which his reasoning is so wild and extravagant that I cannot help begging the liberty of setting it before your worships in a proper light. He says that without a shadow a horse would not be a horse—an argument which would scarcely go down in that part of the world, where it is said, the inhabitants are remarkable for bulls of that description. He further adds, that without a shadow no horse could exist, as if a horse subsisted on shadows—all of which taken together, or indeed separately, goes to affirm that the shadow is the principal part of the horse. Where did I ever see a horse without a shadow? says he. I answer, in my own stables, and every where else. I would ask him in my turn, where the shadow of a horse is in a dark day? or where is it in a moonless night? I ask the gentleman emphatically, to solve these queries. Will he say that as there is then no shadow, there is no horse? Or will he say that then the horse is all shadow. If the horse cannot exist without the shadow, I would inquire what becomes of the horses, for one half of the year, in that part of the globe where the sun is darkened for that period. Do they lie torpid in the

absence of the great luminary, sucking their paws, like an animal we read of, or like his worship on the left of the bench, who, I perceive, has sunk, satisfied with my arguments, into sweet repose. These absurdities would be too glaring. The shadow, then, of a horse, is occasioned by the sun, and what the sun occasions is free to all; therefore Shutuki has as great a right to the shadow as Clumby."

Said Lightfinger, "I absolutely deny lawyer Nimbleo's minor proposition; for such it would have been, if he had formed his syllogism right—namely, that what the sun occasions is free to all. The sun, your worships easily see, makes my trees grow; is the occasion of the variety of fruits and other things I have in my garden; and the great first cause of the light which illuminates my house. Yet I will not allow lawyer Nimbleo himself, nor any other man, to make too free with those things, although occasioned by the sun. That same luminary causes the rubicund hue which adorns the nose of yonder weather-beaten veteran whom I see standing without the bar, but I hold it to be sound law, that so many of the solar rays as are collected and domiciliated on that worthy gentleman's face, are now become his property, and I have no right to extract them; which might be done with impunity, if the doctrine which has been advanced were true. Wherefore, whatever the sun occasions is not free, and so the shadow of the horse is free to none but the horse's owner, my client."

Nimbleo replied, "Lawyer Lightfinger has taken my words in too great a latitude, and in a sense that they will not bear, and so has drawn nonsense therefrom. He says that the sun is the cause of light in his house; I would ask him where the light would be if he had no eyes? I only meant that every shadow occasioned by the sun is free to all men, but from shadows he ran away to talk of substances. I am as far as my learned friend from wishing to extract the ruby tints from any gentleman's complexion;—I respect even the pale moon-beams which are congregated in the pericranium of my sage opponent, and would not disturb a hair of his head to dislodge them. But waiving that argument altogether, I will adduce another, which no man can deny with a safe conscience. It is this, that whatever is not mentioned at the selling, is not due to the buyer—the shadow was not mentioned at selling—therefore the shadow is not due to Clumby."

Lightfinger rejoined, "It is a sign of wisdom when one

leaves what he can find no benefit by. My worthy friend has deserted his first argument, and no wonder, after such a childish query, as, where would the light be if I had no eyes, just as if the colour of your worship's beards depended upon the definition given by a blind man. But why should I take up time with such frivolous matters. I will show him that his major proposition in his last argument, is altogether as untenable as the one he has abandoned. For if things not mentioned at the selling be not due to the buyer, then the seller, after he has delivered the horse and pocketted the money, might claim the shoes upon the animal's feet, and the hairs of his mane and tail. Your worships perceive, that a horse without long hairs in his mane and tail, is as much a horse, as a sheep is a sheep when the fleece is taken off; and therefore the vendor might have the assurance to dock the horse's tail after it was none of his. The conclusion therefore is spurious, as not being drawn from lawful premises—for although the shadow was not mentioned at selling, it is certain that it was meant to be conveyed, for *id certum est quod certum reddi potest*. The shadow belongs to Clumby who bought the horse, and therefore Shutuki had no business to sit where the owner desired to place himself."

"A shadow," replied the other, "cannot be compared to either shoes, tail, or mane. Lawyer Lightfinger always runs away wide from the matter in hand, as he did before about his trees and fruit. But if he would reason abstractedly and metaphysically, he would perceive that the mane and tail are parts of a horse, which a shadow is not, as your worship will discover from an excellent treatise which I hold in my hand, *De Equum Swaptandi*, upon horse-swapping, wherein, in divers places, the mane and tail are spoken of as important component parts of that noble animal, while his shadow is never once alluded to; all of which proves that in exchanging horses, the shadows are not taken into consideration; *a fortiori*, they are not considered in selling them. Besides, the shadow of a horse is incorporeal, and cannot be sold, and so, the one in question belongs to Shutuki, the first owner of the animal."

"If a shadow be incorporeal," retorted Lightfinger, "how does it fill space? How do we perceive it? How do we feel it? How is an immaterial thing capable of keeping us cool, and defending us from the scorching sun-beams which are material?"

"I never said," cried Nimbleo, "somewhat angrily, "that a shadow kept the sun-beams from us; for I say, that the sun-beams beating against the side of the horse, and not being able to penetrate further, occasion that privation of light, which, upon the other side, we call the shadow; consequently, if a cloud intervene betwixt us and the sun, then the shadow of the horse is taken away by the greater shadow of the cloud, which greater shadow, you might as well affirm was Clumby's, as you do the little one."

"If the cloud belonged to Clumby, so I would," replied the other. "But you who blame others for running from their subject, have now yourself dismounted from the horse, and got up into the clouds, from which, if you will descend, I will show your error. Whatever is the cause of a thing, has an absolute right to the thing caused; the horse is the cause of his own shadow; therefore, the absolute right of the shadow is vested in the horse. But the absolute right of the horse is vested in Clumby, therefore Clumby has an undeniably right to every effect of which his horse is the cause. There is logic pure and undefiled."

Said Nimbleo, "An't please your worships, you perceive that this said worthy brother (*in law*) of mine, by his pure and undefiled logic, makes the horse the cause of his own shadow, when the latter is absolutely caused by the sun."

"I beg your pardon," cried Lightfinger, "for telling you that you are entirely mistaken, and seem to know nothing of the matter. The sun being entirely luminous, cannot of itself make a shadow, which is only a privation of that light which the sun produces, and must always be made by some gross body intervening between that glorious luminary and the place called the shadow: and therefore it is plain that the horse, as I said before, by his body being betwixt the sun and the place shaded, is solely and properly the cause of his own shadow, the sun being incapable of producing what he is not possessed of. This I defy any man to overturn, and yet retain a safe conscience, and therefore, the conclusion which I before drew from such excellent premises, is, like the father from which it sprung, genuine and irreproachable."

It would be needless to fatigue the reader with any more of their arguments, having given such an ample specimen. Let it suffice to say that they thus pursued the shadow for the space of fifteen years, during which all the manœuvres of forensic warfare were exhausted, the whole science of legal

attack and defence developed, and the purses of their clients emptied. At the beginning of the sixteenth year, when Judge Bridle-goose was about to deliver the opinion of the court, proof was brought that the horse, they had been so long quarrelling about, was a mare, and that therefore the *Horse's Shadow* was a *mismomer*, as the shadow of a mare could never with strict legal propriety be called the shadow of a horse. A non-suit was moved for, and awarded. The cause was therefore of necessity to be brought anew, and the *descriptio personæ* of the mare more correctly set forth; but while they were preparing it, Shutuki died, and so the matter dropt, without the people knowing to whom the shadows of their horses belonged. When Shutuki's death, and the event of the law-suit, were told to the sage Snubbi, he is reported to have said, "Oh Shutuki! too many of the race of Adam have, like thee, died in the pursuit of a shadow!"

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*The Evidence of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception.* By J. B. Sumner, M. A. Prebendary of Durham, Vicar of Mapledurham, Oxon, and late Fellow of Eton College. London: Hatchard and Rivington, 8vo. pp. ix. and 429.

(Continued from page 62.)

In his seventh chapter our author points out the extraordinary wisdom, manifested by the writers of the New Testament. In discussing so vast a variety of topics, historical, moral, and religious, many of them relating to truths of a high and mysterious order, the Lord Jesus and his apostles never fall into any absurdity. We meet with no contradictions, no rhodomontade, no perplexed disquisitions, no flights of fancy. Weighed in these respects against the compositions of the wisest heathens, or of the apocryphal writers, the New Testament has a vast superiority. Comparing the description in the Koran, of the respective conditions of the righteous, and the wicked after death, with the statements of the New Testament upon the same subject, we find the bombast of the one in striking contrast with the simplicity of the other. And this simplicity on a point, which offers such a lure to fanciful excursions, is no slender proof of a wisdom more than human. The most obvious mode of alluring or terrifying the multitude to acquiescence in the new faith, would have been to depict with a pencil, dipped

in the brightest colours, the recompense prepared for the obedient, and to bring before the eye, in the high-wrought terrors of oratorical amplification, all the miseries which impend over the unbeliever and the miscreant. So thought Mahomet: and accordingly he is exuberant and impassioned in such details and representations. But Jesus had higher objects in view than the mere formation of external societies, cemented by definite articles of faith, and a prescribed mode of worship. His object was to purify the heart, and to fix his religion in a higher region of the soul than the imagination. He is therefore cautious of applying stimulants to our sensitive nature; and touches with a sedate solemnity, but without the slightest attempt at effect, on those doctrines which are apt, by their powerful operation on our hopes and fears, to interrupt the deliberate exercise of the judgment.

One must also be struck with the oracular manner in which the author of Christianity delivers his principles. He speaks as one having authority; as one, to whom all truth is intuitively manifest. To his followers it is left to prove, and to expatiate on, those doctrines, which their master does no more than enunciate.

Another palpable sign of Jesus Christ's wisdom, as a teacher, appears in the generality of the rules he prescribes. He deals in first principles, which shall be applicable to all persons and all ages. By deviation from this wise method, the church of Rome, as Mr. Sumner well remarks, has sadly marred the integrity of the gospel, and has vitiated its most salutary principles, by wiredrawing them into a legislative code, intolerably rigorous and minute.

The next step in Mr. Sumner's reasoning is to prove that the originality of the Christian character bears witness to the celestial origin of Christ's religion. Had the character, which this religion tends to create, been conformable to the bias of human nature, and consonant to the tone of worldly principles, it might have been the fabrication of a shrewd inventor. But the character which results from a cordial belief of the gospel, is fundamentally unlike what springs from natural principles, or is shaped on worldly maxims. The character of a real christian is, in some respects, of a different cast from any thing previously known in morals; and may be said to grow out of the scheme of truth revealed in the gospel. Obliterate that scheme; one cannot comprehend, why a man should be, what the precepts of the New

Testament would make him. For illustrations of this position we must refer our readers to the work before us.

But the Christian character stands further confessed for no human progeny by its unearthly mien, its celestial port and aspect. Transforming its subjects into the likeness of God, it makes them objects of his complacency. Unhappily this character is never consummated upon earth, because no heart is thoroughly imbued with the knowledge and love of the gospel. But this is the character which the Christian religion is perfectly fitted, and uniformly tends, to create: and the forming principle of it is, faith in Christ Jesus.

Another argument for the credibility of the Christian revelation is derived from the reasonableness of its doctrines. The human intellect is so impaired by sin, as to be little competent to pronounce what is, or is not, conformable to man's condition and destiny. But of Christianity the reverse may be affirmed, that the more severely it is investigated, the more is its excellence discerned; and its suitableness to the state and necessities of mankind has been recognised, in proportion as that state, and those necessities, have been clearly understood.

In illustrating this argument, our author discusses two cardinal points of the christian system, at which the reasoners of this world have repeatedly stumbled. One is the punishment denounced upon sin by the gospel; the other is the way of escape from punishment, which the gospel announces. As to the former of these doctrines, Mr. Sumner shows it to be in perfect unison with whatever is known by us, through other channels, of the divine character; and to furnish the best solution that has ever been offered, when taken in connexion with the recompense, promised to the righteous, of difficulties which occur in God's visible administration. With regard to the method of escape from punishment disclosed by the gospel, this is a masterpiece of wisdom, not less than of benevolence; being so contrived, that while it opens a door of deliverance to transgressions, it preserves inviolate the awfulness of the law, and furnishes the strongest incentives to future obedience.

It is a dictate of reason, moreover, that the author of Christianity should be himself a model of Christian virtues. By sustaining the part of an ordinary man, in an indigent station, whenever his mediatorial undertaking demanded nothing extraordinary, he moreover put an exemplary slight on worldly

riches, and presented himself an accessible friend, an imitable pattern to all, even the humblest of mankind.

The first promulgation of Christianity is alleged by Mr. Sumner to have been impressed with a character, that evinces its divine pedigree. Men may be carried impetuously towards an object, merely because it is new and marvellous; but, unless it offer some strong lure to their good or evil inclinations, they will not be long captivated by it: for it is of the essence of novelty to be transient. Now Christianity throws out no bait to the sensual appetites of mankind, and opens no treaty with the passions. It exacts the abandonment of favorite pursuits; it looks down upon secular state and show; it rebukes the pride of birth, the ostentation of wealth, the arrogance of station, the vanity of beauty, the superciliousness of learning. We refer our readers to Mr. Sumner's treatise, for some excellent observations on the improbability of such a religion making any way, unless corroborated by supernatural evidence.

Extraordinary as this method was of planting a religion, against which the clamour of numberless confederated passions and interests would instantly be raised, a still more wonderful fact is, that it succeeded. The prospect of future advantage must have been made very clear and certain, to induce men, who had hitherto been wedded to the world, to pursue a less tangible object. We see how hard a matter it is now to reclaim from courses of sinful indulgence, even those who have been educated to christianity, by urging upon them the awful considerations, presented in a book, which they profess at least, and not quite insincerely, to believe and revere. Can it then be imagined, that it would be easier, in the first century of the christian era, to deal with the libertines of Rome and Corinth, who disallowed the standard, applied by the apostles to their aberrations from moral rectitude?

The argument of Mr. Sumner's last chapter is drawn from the *utility* of the christian religion. That it does not accomplish more than it was its avowed design to accomplish, is a charge that will be urged against it by none but weak and uncandid reasoners. It was not the purpose of Jesus to create, by instantaneous operation, a new world that should be exempt from all pollution and misery; and this accordingly his religion has not effected. His purpose was to provide a sufficient remedy for the disorders of the moral world, and for the maladies of souls, that had apostatized from God by for-

saking the fountain of true happiness: and the remedy has been proved, by the trial of eighteen centuries, to be certain and sufficient, wherever it is faithfully applied.

Mr. Sumner, after showing that the success of Christianity, in regenerating the world, is limited by no defect in its own nature, but by the corrupt opposition of evil hearts, by the discountenance it meets with from open or disguised enemies, by the indifference of lukewarm friends, and the infirmities of sincere believers, points out the general and particular benefits, which it has nevertheless conferred. In the world at large, in its civil and domestic policy, and in the treatment of women and children, it has effected a change, by which the sum of human happiness has been immensely increased. That this general improvement of habits must be ascribed to the diffusion of the gospel, and not to progressive civilization, is concisely, but conclusively, demonstrated by Mr. Sumner.

"These effects cannot with any justice be attributed to the progress of reason and civilization; because they are, in most instances, effects, which directly proceed from the new views of the nature and destination of man, unfolded by the Gospel; and further, because this improvement of moral habits exists in countries, very far inferior, in literature and the arts, to the nations addicted to those habits which christianity discountenanced; and because it follows the course, and accompanies the growth of christianity; being more and more visible as that is more and more received; and being most visible, where christianity is best understood, and embraced most cordially." (Pp. 388, 389.)

Our author then enlarges on the blessings which have come to individuals under the healing wings of the gospel. It provides the most ample, the only effectual consolation for the hour of adversity, by showing, that affliction is often ordained with a merciful intent to the sufferer, in order to wean him from earthly attachments, and to train him up for that inheritance of glory, to which the road lies through sufferings, and of which the reversion is secured to him by the covenant of grace. To the gospel also, and the views it lays open, must be ascribed the pains taken to bring up children, from the earliest period of reason, in such a system of principles and habits as shall fit them for future blessedness, while it now preserves them from misconduct, subversive of their comfort and usefulness. Moreover, by its promise of gratuitous pardon, without exception of cases, on sincere and fruitful repentance, the gospel holds out to the most abandoned sinners an encouragement to reform; and it does, in fact, continually reclaim to habits of sobriety and godliness, persons who, debarred from this incentive to amendment, would daily plunge

deeper into vice and profaneness. Lastly, it is found to refine and elevate the intellectual character of the labouring and uneducated classes of society, to defecate their minds from the grossness incident to their condition, and thereby to render them more capable subjects of inward religion, as well as to dispose them for noble and persevering efforts of active virtue. It is indeed the prerogative of the Christian religion to suit mankind in all possible states and stages, dilating without effort to any compass of extension, and contracting itself with no less facility to the minutest particulars.

In his conclusion Mr. Sumner gives a summary of the arguments which it has been the business of his valuable book to display. We shall do it the best justice, and gratify our readers, by transcribing it into our pages.

"The preceding chapters have been intended to establish a strong moral evidence of the truth of Christianity. Whether we consider the doctrines introduced by its author, their originality in his nation, their originality in the world, and yet the confirmation, which they receive from many singular facts, singular enactments, and minute prophecies contained in the Jewish Scriptures, or whether we consider the internal evidence of the Christian writings, their language, their anticipation of conduct subsequently developed, and their general wisdom: or whether we consider the peculiar character formed under the influence of christianity, its excellence in individuals, its beneficial effects upon mankind, and its suitability to their condition as dependent and corrupt beings: or whether we consider the rapidity with which a religion so pure, so self-denying, so humiliating, and so uncompromising, was propagated and embraced, even in the face of bitter hostility: we have phenomena, which nothing, except the truth of the religion, can adequately explain. Except on this supposition, it would be difficult to account for any one of these several facts. But either we must believe, that not one only, but all of these improbable facts concur to deceive us: or Jesus Christ did appear in the world, and bear the character which he claimed of Mediator between God and man; did suffer the penalty due to human transgression; and does redeem from that penalty as many as 'receive him' and commit themselves to his care.

"It must be always borne in mind, that this is the assertion made throughout the gospel. Jesus is either the Redeemer of the world, or he is nothing. That he professed to be. That his supernatural birth, his miraculous power, his peculiar death, his predicted resurrection, were designed to prove him. Unless then he is that, his professions are untrue, and the whole authority of his religion falls to the ground. We cannot distinguish between his doctrines and his precepts. We cannot deny his mysterious divinity, and retain his moral supremacy. Not to insist upon the undoubted fact, that the precepts and the doctrines are connected together, and depend upon one another; why should we practise sobriety, why enforce purity or humility, or any other characteristic of christianity, because it is recommended by Jesus of Nazareth, unless Jesus of Nazareth were indeed the son of God, and requires these graces as a preparation for that future kingdom, which he came to reveal, and offers to his followers?

"What therefore the preceding evidence proves, if it prove any thing, is, that the gospel is a message of reconciliation from God to man, proposed

by Christ in the character of their Redeemer. And what those reject, who are not living as the disciples of Christ by a vital and practical faith, is the offered means of restoration to the favour of their Creator." (P. 418—421.)

Mr. Sumner is quite successful in obviating the trite objection, that, if the religion of Jesus be divine, the evidence of its divinity ought to be irresistible. We have all the evidence, that can reasonably be called for, of those capital facts, on which the credibility of the Christian system depends. These facts could not take place every where. There could not be an hourly repetition, or a local multiplication, of the birth, the crucifixion, the interment, the resurrection, the ascension of Jesus, to satisfy persons in all times and places. Such a notion is preposterous. But the historical attestations of these transactions far exceed the testimonies to those records of heathen antiquity, on which it would be reckoned the scepticism of an infirm mind to cast a doubt. In addition to these, we have the moral evidences resulting from the indubitable fact, that the history now extant of Christ Jesus was so fully credited at the time of which it treats, as to influence multitudes of people in divers nations steadily to pursue a line of conduct, on which nothing, but a belief in the doctrines he promulgated, could have induced reasonable beings to enter. Waiving all proof of a more subtle nature, arising out of the intrinsic character of the religion, we insist on the two above-mentioned classes of evidence, as sufficient to satisfy any mind, that is not hardened against the truth by a criminal reluctance to embrace it.

Mr. Sumner then shows, that the religion of Jesus, had the evidence of its divinity been obvious and overwhelming, would have been an anomaly in the administration of the world. The general rule upon which the divine government proceeds with mankind, is this, that "he that seeketh findeth." Had the dispensation of the gospel been framed on another principle, it would have wanted the evidence, which it now possesses, to its genuineness, from analogy.

Once more,

"to argue as if the proofs of a revelation must necessarily be intuitive or self-evident, is to assume that man is not and cannot be placed in a state of probation." (P. 426.)

Many other reasons might be alleged, and will occur to the serious thinker, why it might have been very inexpedient to clear away all difficulties from the Christian scheme, and to make the reception of it wholly independent of the ingenuousness and sedulity of those to whom it is declared. Indeed

it seems impossible that moral truths, or truths essentially connected with practice, should be placed in such a light, as to be equally clear to every man, irrespectively of moral dispositions and habits. But the Bible goes farther, and assures us, that mankind are naturally so ill-affected to the doctrines of the gospel, as to make the agency of the Holy Ghost universally indispensable for disposing the heart to embrace them. On this subject Mr. Sumner, in concluding his book, makes the following sound and pious observations.

"Surely there is enough of ignorance and enough of evil discoverable in the mind of man, to show, that he needs illumination from above, and to set him upon earnest prayer to the Author of 'every good and perfect gift,' that in matters, relating to God and to eternity, he may be enabled to exercise his understanding humbly, and with proper deference to divine wisdom. Those, who inquire thus, will find the Bible its own best evidence; carrying with it marks of divine origin, which can neither, perhaps, be easily described, nor accurately defined; but are not the less indisputable and infallible. Reason would lead us to expect, what experience uniformly proves, that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." (Pp. 448, 429.)

We have now laid before our readers the scope of this masterly volume. It is one great beauty of Mr. Sumner's book, that it is didactic and not controversial. The pious author rarely meddles, and then only incidentally, with the objections and cavils of gainsayers: but he displays a particular class of evidences in favour of Christianity, always with a force and precision, and frequently with an originality of remark and illustration, which justify a sanguine hope, that his own deep impressions on the most important of all subjects will be widely propagated.

Neither is it a trivial merit, in a volume, which claims the attention of all classes of society, to be free from the encumbrance of superfluous learning. Every page discovers, indeed, the divine and the scholar. But the discovery is made, not by an oppressive parade of quotations, but by the pure and tranquil flow of well-digested knowledge: and, while the pious mind is gratified with the scriptural sentiments, uniformly and feelingly expressed by Mr. Sumner, the most fastidious taste will find nothing exceptionable or peculiar in the phraseology. The style throughout is excellently suited to the subject. Unambitious of ornament, it is manly, clear, correct, and copious.

We must not omit observing, how much the usefulness of this book is enhanced, by its gathering proofs of the divine authenticity of the Christian system from the heart and

marrow of that system itself. The object of writers on the external evidences of Christianity is to verify the statements of the evangelists, and thence to infer the supernatural origin and authority of the religion of Jesus: but it is no part of their undertaking to display the form and genius of the gospel; and the reader, who is convinced by their reasonings, may still remain as ignorant of that inestimable revelation, as of the Vedas or the Koran. But Mr. Sumner's dissertations not only prove, that Jesus Christ was a divine teacher, but they exhibit farther what Jesus Christ taught; and they demand an acquiescence in his claim to be received as an ambassador from God, by showing that the doctrines he promulgated, those doctrines of which nominal believers know nothing, or only enough to be offended at them, will be found, when thoroughly examined, to bear the undeniable mark of a divine original.

We conclude this long article with confidently predicting, that, high as Mr. Sumner's reputation stood before, it will be exalted by this production; and we have been the less lavish of quotation, from a hope, that the imperfect skeleton we have presented to the reader, will induce him to make nearer and closer acquaintance with the body of the work itself.

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#### THE THREE HUNCHBACKS.

In politics, a spirit of toleration pervades all our public deliberations, and harmonizes the jarring feelings of the north, the south, and the west: but we have not been able to infuse any portion of this amiable temperament into the readers of the Port Folio. One thinks there is nothing worth recording but the proceedings of Bible Societies; and he promises an extensive patronage if we will take that matter in hand. We refer him to the religious magazines, of which there is an ample number. Another requires disquisitions on political affairs: forgetting that such topics are bolted to the bran in the daily papers, long before a monthly journal can "fill its horn." Some would exclude poetry, and others would have nothing else. A juvenile reader, as we should conjecture from the penmanship, asks for merry tales; and as the request is couched in very winning terms, we hasten to gratify our *fair correspondent* by an amusing story from the French of Le Grand.

AT a short distance from Douai, there stood a castle on the bank of a river, near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which nevertheless was

lost between his two shoulders: he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage.

Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials he was as much an object of pity as she, for, being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night nor day, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

One day during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity, they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily, and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother-hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying farther attention, went to walk in the fields.

The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighbouring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to espy the conduct of his wife as usual, and, after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners, for night was approaching and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay, when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres, and leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers,

and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river: he asked for a sack, put the carcase into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned quite out of breath to claim the promised reward.

'I certainly intended to satisfy you,' said the lady, 'but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still.' Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer, in which the second hump-backed minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—'how the devil! come back! a sorcerer!'—he then stuffed the body into the sack and threw it, like the other, over the bridge, taking care to put the head down and to observe that it sank.

Meanwhile the lady had again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she showed him the remaining dead body—'you are right, friend,' said she, 'he must be a magician, for there he is again.' The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. 'What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?' He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time, to despatch him with a cudgel.

The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. 'Dog of a humpback, are you there again?' So saying, he sprung on the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulders, and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

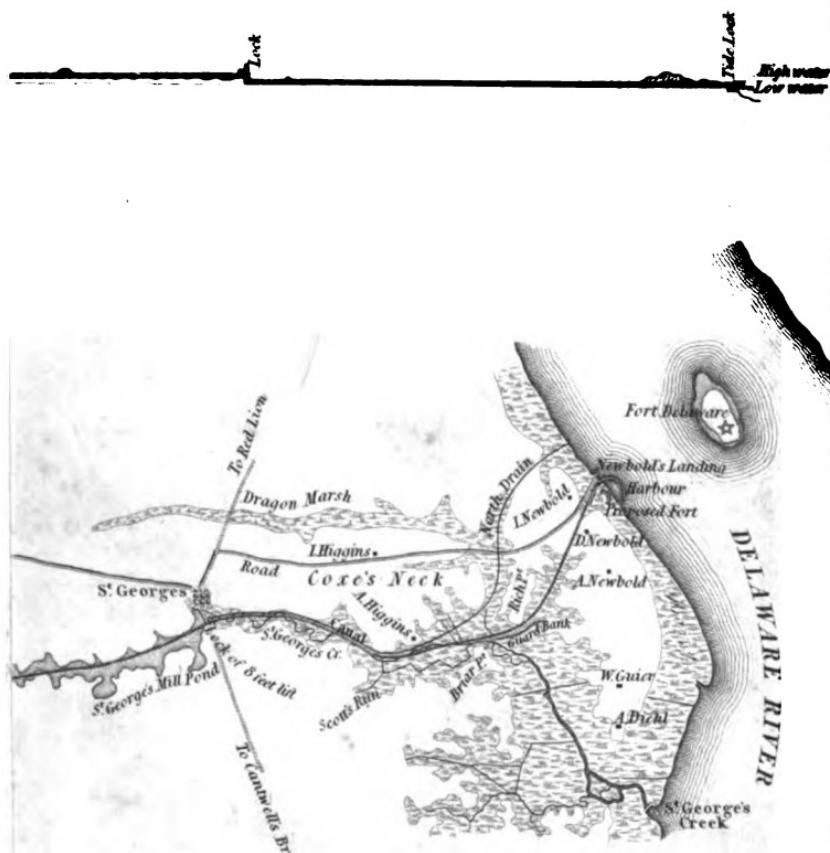
'I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time,' said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered, she had not. 'You were not far from it,' replied he: 'the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—be at your ease—he will not come back now.'

The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.



LAWARE

ON.



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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.

*Fifth General Report of the Directors of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company.*

IT is now about forty years since several enterprizing citizens of Philadelphia conceived the idea of uniting the waters of the Delaware and the Chesapeake by means of a canal. Surveys and levels were made; large sums of money subscribed; land purchased: in short, every thing bade fair to realize the brilliant anticipations which had been cherished. But a nipping frost came and blighted the bud. It is not our purpose to investigate the causes which produced this failure. *De mortuis, &c.* The work may be said to have lain dormant, for the intermediate exertions were few and partial, until the year 1822, when it was revived by the Directors of the Company, with a vigour of purpose and a correctness of apprehension, which had not been brought to the enterprize, at any former period. Without pretending to a knowledge which they probably did not possess, they expended the sum of ten thousand dollars, in obtaining information, from expert men, as to the undertaking which, it was now determined, should be accomplished.

After a careful investigation, the engineers laid down the following route:

“Beginning on the Delaware river near Newbold’s landing, where an artificial harbour and tide-lock must be provided, the canal should be cut through St. George’s meadows to St. George’s dam, then to be lifted by a lock of eight feet,—thence through St. George’s mill pond, through the dividing ridge of the peninsula, and through Turner’s mill pond to a lock of six feet fall at Turner’s mill dam, and thence along Broad and Back creeks to a tide-lock near the mouth of Long creek.” [See the two maps annexed.]

This report was unanimously adopted by the board. The whole expense was estimated at \$1,129,036 78, for which we are promised a canal, lined with stone, of fourteen miles in

length, sixty feet wide at the water line, thirty-six at bottom, and eight feet deep. At this period the effective means provided by the board amounted to \$700,000; a sum which has since been augmented to a million, by a judicious appropriation from the government of the United States. Contracts were made with individuals, on terms which will make a saving to the company of about \$140,000 on the estimate above stated. Manual operations were commenced on the 15th day of April last, by the removal of the first sod, near Newbold's landing; and they have been continued with a degree of regularity and vigour which cannot but be successful.

The report states, that "the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal may essentially be considered as opening a new mouth for the discharge of the Susquehanna, by which the waters of that mighty river may reach the Atlantic in a channel 100 miles short of the existing debouche. Vessels drawing seven and a half feet water may navigate this canal, and may be so constructed as to carry immense burdens. We are told that on the Lower Rhine, the Cologne ships of 1000 tons, draw but five feet water: they are fitted with three masts, and are supposed to be the largest vessels employed in inland navigation in any part of the world."

The Susquehanna may be regarded as among the most affluent of American streams. Pennsylvania possesses the means of unlocking all her stores, and talents to direct them. But, unfortunately, we are too much absorbed in party politics, and office-hunting—the curse and opprobrium of our commonwealth.

The company is duly impressed with the value of the waters, which they are reclaiming from their natural wildness and converting to the purposes of man. "When we survey," exclaims the report in a strain of no unauthorised enthusiasm, "the regions through which the Susquehanna spreads her extended arms—the variety and fertility of the soil,—the salubrity of the climate—the towering majesty and immensity of the forests—the inexhaustible mines of the richest iron and coal—no river of the Atlantic States will bear a comparison with this noble stream. While her northern and eastern branches penetrate the state of New York, within ten or twelve miles of the great Erie canal, and almost touch the sources of the Delaware, enclosing between them the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, which invite, by their natural forms and

geographical positions, a connection with this great river,—her western tributaries are seen to interlock with the fountains of the Ohio;—thus courting the hand of man to assist her to comprehend in her wide embrace, the interior seas on the north, the Mississippi on the south and west, and the open ocean on the east.”

A brief sketch is next introduced, of several important water communications, between various parts of this state, which show what incalculable advantages might be derived from this river.

“The Seneca lake may be united to the Tioga branch of the Susquehanna by a canal less than twenty miles in length. The commissioners appointed by act of the legislature of Pennsylvania, in March 1817, to explore that route, report, that ‘the ground will be easily dug, there being no rocky or otherwise difficult ground to pass.’ Were this canal accomplished, there would, by water communications already existing in the State of New York, be a complete boat navigation from the Susquehanna to lake Ontario.

“A cut of sixteen miles, from Poplar run, a branch of the Juniata, to the Conemaugh, a branch of the Allegheny, would connect the Susquehanna with the Ohio.

“There exists at present a water communication between the western branch of the Susquehanna and lake Erie, with portages of only thirty-one miles; and it is asserted, by persons conversant with the subject, that an entire boat navigation may be completed, at a very moderate expense.

“While the basin of the Hudson is estimated to contain 14,600 square miles, and the Delaware basin 15,600, that of the Susquehanna includes an area of 20,000 square miles. But it has been very properly said, that, ‘by a singular caprice of custom, the Susquehanna is considered as terminating at the head of tide water, whilst, in nature, what is known by the Chesapeake bay, is merely the continuation of this noble river; and, in strictness, James river, York river, Rappahannock river, and the Potomac, are tributaries to the Susquehanna.’ In this view of the subject, the great basin, drained by her waters, contains an area of no less than between 60 and 70,000 square miles, including a very considerable portion of the richest lands, the most populous, and the best cultivated, of any in the central states. The present resources, and productive capabilities, of this great, fruitful, and interesting tract, defy calculation; but when we look forward to what

must be its future wealth and greatness, the mind is absolutely lost in the immensity of the contemplation.

"Boats for navigating shoal waters should be framed of light materials, and on the flat-bottomed or scow principle—they should be formed to move on the water, not through it. Steam-boats, of this construction, might be used to great advantage on the Susquehanna, and would seem to be most peculiarly adapted to its shallow bed. There can be no want of fuel: there is coal enough, on its banks, to supply all America. One of them, with nothing but her machinery to carry, could tow numbers laden with produce, and while scores of them might be thus profitably employed, on the 800 miles of that river now navigable, others might be as suitably engaged on the other tributary rivers of the Chesapeake, and, with their respective charges, pass through the canal to Philadelphia.

"Another, and, for Philadelphia, not a less flattering view, may be taken of this subject.

"From New York to St. Louis, by the way of Albany, Detroit, Michillimakinac, and the river Illinois, the distance is 1745 miles. By the way of Newberg, Hamilton, Pittsburg, and the river Ohio, 1725 miles. From Philadelphia, to St. Louis, by Pittsburg and the Ohio, 1426 miles.

"It is 800 miles from Lake Erie to the ocean, by the river St. Lawrence; to the city of New York, by the canal, 510 miles, to New Orleans, 2300 miles; and to Philadelphia, by the circuitous route of Pittsburg, 418 miles.

"It is 2150 miles from Pittsburg to the ocean, by the Ohio and Mississippi; by lake Le Bœuf, to New York, 700 miles—by lake Erie, 790 miles; and to Philadelphia, by the turnpike road, 282 miles."

The completion of the present canal will irresistibly lead to the adoption of these or similar plans, and promote the best interests of the commonwealth. We trust the time is not far distant when the whole territory of Pennsylvania, to adopt the figure of one of our representatives in Congress, who has devoted himself so assiduously to this subject,—will present nothing but a congregation of islands. We shall then be, what Dr. Johnson predicted, with a sneer, "*peaceably diligent, and securely rich.*" The miseries of war will be unknown on our borders; and we shall be in no fear of the machinations of European policy: whether it *steal upon us* as an Imperial Decree, or assume the bluster of a Holy Alliance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ARTIFICIAL SPRINGS.

THIS subject having lately attracted some notice, a few remarks upon it may not be unacceptable to many of our readers.

The phœnomenon is not as new as is generally supposed, nor is the practical knowledge of it confined to this country.

These springs are common in Lombardy and in many parts of France, and the process in forming them is similar to that pursued by us, namely, boring with an auger, and protecting the sides of the orifice by a tube. The boring has always to be continued until it reaches a strata of chalky earth, impervious to water. This is universally announced by a superincumbent strata of extremely coarse sand, at once recognized by those who have had experience in such operations. It is often one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet below the surface, and in many localities must doubtless lie deeper.

A most astonishing effect was produced, from causes similar to those which produce these springs, in cutting the large tunnel to the canal of St. Quentin. The influx of water was so great as to become truly terrible. It rose to from thirty to forty feet above the given bottom of the tunnel, and required all the skill and presence of mind of the superintendent to reduce it to his command, and to avoid its destructive effects.

These wells or springs, have been constructed in localities entirely different in external appearances, but they are always to be made in such as have natural sinks. I should account for them upon the simple principle of the pressure of fluids, or in common language, from the endeavour of a fluid to find its level.

Water, filtrating through the earth in infinitely fine filaments, reaches this impervious strata, where it is resisted, and by its pressure maintains other filaments, and is itself maintained. When any cause, natural or artificial, concentrates many of these filaments into a mass, they form a column of water, which rises no higher than the pressing filaments. When these exist above the surface at which the column appears, the latter will pass out in the form of what is frequent-

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ly called a boiling spring. I venture to assert, that it rarely rises above the surface but where there are, in the neighbourhood, higher grounds to furnish filaments of water, whose pressure can overcome the gravity of the column. There may be cases in which the water is so intimately connected with the light gases, that it rises by their aid; but these must at once manifest themselves by external characters, and these only, can form exceptions to the principle here laid down.

It may be practically illustrated by the following experiment:—Take two barrels and fill them both with sand, connecting them by a tube, at their bottoms. Then pour water into one, and after allowing a sufficient time for it to filtrate, if the barrel into which the water was not poured is examined, it will be found to be equally as damp as the first, at equal heights. Here the bottom of the barrels constituted the impervious strata, and the filaments of water remaining separate, gave only the appearance of an equal dampness at an equal height. Now, in the place of one barrel, substitute a tube, rising perpendicularly from the point of connexion, and protected against a flowing in of the sand. Then after pouring water into the barrel, and allowing it time to filtrate, on examination the tube will be found filled with a column of water at a height equal to that of evident dampness or wet in the barrel. If the barrel is filled with water, and the tube of an equal height, it will be filled also; if of a greater, the water will never rise above the height in the barrel; if of a less, it will overflow and spout or boil to a height greater or less in proportion to the difference of level between the top of the tube and the water in the barrel.

#### **SHORT-HAND QUESTION AND ANSWER.**

A gentleman remarkable for his fund of humor, wrote to a female relative the following couplet:—

How comes it, this delightful weather,  
That *U* and *I* can't *dine* together?

To which she returned the following reply:—

My worthy friend it cannot be;  
*U* cannot come till *after T*.

## LORD MANSFIELD'S WIG.

*Court of Requests, (London.)—Williams versus Lawrence.*

THIS was a case which, by the parties concerned, was considered of no small importance; and which, to the auditors, in the course of its discussion, excited no small merriment.

Mr. Williams, who is what is vulgarly called a barber, but in more refined language is termed a perruquier, appeared in this court a few days back, and obtained a summons against the defendant, who is clerk to Mr. Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham-court road, calling upon him to attend on a given day, to show cause why he should not pay a debt of 39s. 11*½*d.

Mr. Williams, who spoke with a sort of lisping squeak, garrulously addressed the Commissioner: "He had," he said, "been a hair-dresser, man and boy, for sixty-eight years. He had served his time in the Temple, where he had had the honour of making wigs for some of the greatest men as ever lived—of all professions, and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and commoners—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate men as well as literate men; and, among the latter, he had to rank the immortal Dr. Johnson: but of all the wigs he had ever set comb to, there was none on which he so much prided himself as a full state wig which he had made for Lord Mansfield: it was one of the earliest proofs of his genius: it had excited the warm commendation of his master, and the envy of his brother shopmates; but, above all, it had pleased, nay, even delighted, the noble and learned judge himself. Oh! gemmen," exclaimed Mr. Williams, "if you had known what joy I felt when I first saw his noble Lordship on the bench with that wig on his head!" (in an under tone, but rubbing his hands with ecstasy)—"Upon my say so, I was fuddled for the three days after!"

The Commissioner—What has this wig to do with the defendant's debt?

Mr. Williams—A great deal: that's the very bone of contention.

The Commissioner—Doubtless; but you must come to the marrow, if you can, as soon as possible.

Mr. Williams—I will. Well, as I was a saying—where did I leave off?—Oh! when I was fuddled.

The Commissioner—I hope you have left off that habit, now, my good man.

Mr. Williams—Upon my say so, I have, trust me; but as I was a saying, to make a long story short, in course of time I left my master in the Temple, set up for myself, and did a great stroke of business. Ay, I could tell you such a list of customers. There was—

Commissioner—Never mind, we don't want your list—go on.

Mr. Williams—Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-court, Queen-square. Lawk me! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely, in my time. I remember when I used to go to shave old Lord—

Commissioner—For God's sake, do come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—Well, I will. Where was I? Oh! in Boswell-court—[Commissioner, aside: I wish you were there now.]—Well, then, you must know when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul!) died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old master's shop, and he kept it as a pattern for other judges' wigs; and at last, who should die but my master himself. Ay, its what we must all come to.

The Commissioner—Go on, go on, man, and come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—for she knew, poor soul! how I loved it—this 'dentalic wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they're all gone before me.

The Commissioner—Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after them.

Mr. Williams—Dearee me! you put me out. Well as I was a saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill-luck would have it, that're Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act with in a play—I think he called it Shycock, or Shylock, for he said he was to play the judge. I long refused, but he overpersuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eye with his white apron) seen it since.

The Commissioner—And so you have summoned him for the price of this wig?

Mr. Williams—You have just hit the nail on the head.

The Commissioner—Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this?

Mr. Lawrence (with great pomposity)—Why, Sir, I have a great deal to say.

The Commissioner—Well, then, Sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. Lawrence—Not more precious than mine, I presume, Sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig; and this admitted, Sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited; for, Sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

Commissioner—What record?

Mr. Lawrence—The record in Court.

Commissioner—We have no record.

Mr. Lawrence—You have a summons, on which I attend to defend myself; and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a record similar to, and of the essence of, a record in the Court above.

Commissioner—Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of Courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular Acts of Parliament.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

Commissioner—I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I have cases.

Commissioner—Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. Lawrence—What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

The Commissioner—And pray, who is Kitty?

Mr. Lawrence—The most eminent pleader of the present day.

The Commissioner—I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. Lawrence—He is not a woman, Sir; he is a man, Sir, and a great man, Sir—and a man, Sir——

The Commissioner—Do you mean Mr. Chitty?

Mr. Lawrence—I mean the gentleman *you* call Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; for you ought to know that the *Ch* in Italian sounds like an English *K*; and Mr. Kittey, by lineal descent, is an Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with a *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would properly sound Kittee.

The Commissioner—I should rather take Mr. Chitty's authority for this than yours.

Mr. Lawrence (in anger)—Sir, do you contradict me?

The Commissioner—Sir, I will bring this case to a short issue. Did you borrow this man's wig?

Mr. Lawrence—I did.

The Commissioner—Do you choose to return it?

Mr. Lawrence—It is destroyed.

The Commissioner—How destroyed?

Mr. Lawrence—It was burnt by accident.

The Commissioner—Who burnt it?

Mr. Lawrence—I did, in performing the part of the *Judge* in Shakspeare's inimitable play of the *Merchant of Venice*. While too intent on the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the curls, and I, with difficulty, escaped having my eyes burnt out.

The plaintiff here uttered an ejaculation of mental suffering, something between a groan and a curse.

The Commissioner—Well then, Sir, I have only to tell you, you are responsible for the property thus intrusted to your care; and, without farther comment, I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39*s.* 11*d.*, which is the sum he is prepared to swear it is worth.

Mr. Williams—Swear! Lord love you, I'd swear it was worth a Jew's eye. Indeed, no money can compensate me for its loss.

Commissioner—I cannot order you a Jew's eye, Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence can persuade his friend Shylock to part with one of his; but I will order you such a sum in monies numbered, as you will swear this wig is fairly and honestly worth.

A long dispute followed, as to the value of the wig, when Mr. Williams ultimately agreed to take 20*s.* and costs, and the parties were dismissed, mutually grumbling at each other.

## THE HAT IN JEOPARDY.

THERE was a very curious hearing in the court of Conscience, Dublin, in which —— Condon, Esq. was plaintiff, and Mr. Charles, the celebrated magician, was defendant. Plaintiff stated, that he sought to recover 30s. the value of a hat spoiled by defendant; that going with another gentleman to Mr. Charles' exhibition in Grafton-street, his friend, who had some knowledge of these matters, puzzled the magician, and gave him some little annoyance, on which Mr. Charles gave to each of them "a fresh egg," keeping another himself; at the same time saying, that if they could do exactly as he did, three hot omelets should be produced for the company; he then broke the egg, and poured the contents into his hat, desiring them to do so with their hats, which they did (here the gravity of the Magistrate had to struggle with his risible faculties;) and on turning their hats up, their hands and sleeves were all bespattered, to their great annoyance, while Mr. Charles suffered no inconvenience, but produced his omelet. Judge—Mr. Charles will you have the goodness to go through the experiment here, for the benefit of the company? Mr. Charles bowed assent, amidst peals of laughter. Plaintiff said that this was no treatment for a gentleman, and that the public were concerned in such an outrage as this of Mr. Charles', and that he walked home at night without a hat. Sir John, with great good humour, then turned to Mr. Charles, and asked what he had to say to all this? My Lor, I am sorry you and I are trouble with such a silly ding as dis is; Sir Garret Neville, I am told, dismiss dis worthy jantleman yesterday, saying much laughtter, and advising him to keep de secret, and mind de advice of Sancho Panza, 'The more you, &c.' My Lor, in de language of your greatest poet,

"By your leave, I shall a round unvarnish tale relate  
Of all, what druga, what sharms,  
What conjurations, and what mighty magic,  
I stain'd this hat withal."—(*Loud laughter.*)

Dis jantleman have come wid his friend to my exhibition; they den appear to know every ding so well as myself, and den I thinks I vill try them; there was a much large fashionable company; my performances, either in science or slight of

de hand, may be acquired; my tricks are all much easy—any body can do dem—dat is, when dey know how (*Loud laughter.*) My Lor, tis no laugh; you remember Columbus' egg: he say, “I vill make dis egg stand on end.” He, too, vas laugh at, but he tap de end on de table, and de ding was done! Why did not the jantleman do as I did? Where is de oder jantleman? He have more sense than because he have vex himself, and been laugh at, to come and vex at and laugh at me. Plaintiff—This is all nonsense, Sir, you ought to apologise. Mr. Charles—Apologise for what? Here is your hat (taking it out of a handkerchief); you state it is spoil, you throw it at me on my stage, and den you say you go home uncovered; where is it injured (blowing on the hat); here, my Lor, where is it injured? Judge—Who knows, Mr. Condon, but the hat is improved by this magic; it does not appear to me to be injured; you should have got Mr. Charles to blow on the hat before. Mr. Condon—Why did he not offer to do so? Mr. Charles—Let him take his hat—“an egg to-day is better than a shicken to-morrow. He thinks, perhaps, your Lordship and I are shickens; but the Dutch proverb tell him “some reckon dere shickens before dey be hatched.” A friend of Mr. Charles then begged he would rest his case here. As no injury had been sustained, he humbly conceived nothing could be recovered in that court. Judge—Really, gentlemen, such a case as this is quite rare here; I can give no damages for what plaintiff has felt about his hat; there is, I believe, no harm done, and I must dismiss the case with costs. The decision appeared to please the “greasy rogues” in the court below, who, like true Paddies, forgot for a time their own griefs and animosities to “see the fun.” The parties left the court in apparent good humour.

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#### YOUNG MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Henry Lord Falkland being brought early into the house of commons, a grave senator objected to his *youth*, and said, “he looked as if he had not sown his *wild oats*.”—The young lord replied with great quickness, “Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up.”

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. XLVI.

*January, 1825. Boston.*

THIS number commences with a notice of Lord Byron's *poems*, comprehending a sketch of his life, and some critical remarks on his literary works. The writer observes that "the death of Lord Byron had produced a deep and general feeling of regret throughout the country;" and adds, "the loss of a truly *great poet*, is, in fact, an event that affects immediately in their occupations and their pleasures a much larger number of persons than that of a distinguished statesman, or of a military conqueror." Admitting the truth of this remark,—of which, however, some doubt might be entertained—we think the regret felt at the death of *Lord Byron*, in this country, is here attributed to a wrong cause. He had just embarked his person, his influence, and his wealth, on the side of a nation struggling for freedom: and it was his loss in the dawn of so brilliant a career that excited the warm sympathy and emotion of the American people. Many may have regretted the extinction of the poet: but the mass of our people were penetrated by the loss of the patriot, who, be his motives what they might, was engaged on the side of human rights, and of christianity, against oppression, slavery, ignorance, and infidelity. It was a rare and noble spectacle to see an English nobleman, nursed in the lap of ease and luxury, throw himself into the ranks of the Greeks, and perish in the beginning of his noble effort. The same feeling that prompts an unbounded gratitude to La Fayette for his efforts in our behalf, in former times, applauds and admires a Byron, and weeps his too early fate. No doubt his poetry is of a very high order: yet we doubt whether in the lapse of half a century it will be as much sought for, or quoted, as that of Dryden, or Pope, or Shakspeare. The first of his poems is, in the estimation of many, *Don Juan*: yet something of its interest comes from temporary interest, or local allusion: and its morality is such as to banish it from the libraries of the virtuous and grave classes of society, among whom alone solid

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fame is established, and among whom alone it is worth establishing.

Perhaps another cause of the general regret felt among us for the death of Lord Byron, is the warm admiration in which he indulged when he spoke or wrote of our country, of our institutions, and our eminent men. When he refused to permit an Englishman to approach him, he was kind and courteous to the American traveller who chose to visit him. His later poems are replete with animated and sublime sentiments on these subjects, evincing an intimate acquaintance with, and regard for, American history and politics. We are indeed surprised that the North American Reviewer, who has filled his pages with long extracts from the various poems of Lord Byron, has omitted altogether what we should think it the peculiar duty of an American Reviewer to notice; namely, the frequent and eloquent reflections to be found in them in honour of this country and its institutions.

Read, for instance, the following passages from his "Age of Bronze," in which the Poet indulges in reflections on the career of Napoleon:

"Hear! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal  
To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel  
His power and glory, all who yet shall hear  
A name eternal as the rolling year—  
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,  
So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong.  
A single step into the right, had made  
This man the Washington of worlds betrayed;  
A single step into the wrong has given  
His name a doubt, to all the winds of heaven;  
The reed of fortune, and of thrones the rod,  
Of fame the Moloch or the demigod;  
His country's Caesar, Europe's Hannibal,  
Without their decent dignity of fall.  
Yet Vanity herself had better taught  
A surer path even to the fame he sought,  
By pointing out on history's fruitless age  
Ten thousand conquerors for a single page.  
While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,  
Calming the lightning which he thence has riven,  
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth  
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth;  
While Washington's a watch-word, such as ne'er  
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air:  
While even the Spaniards' thirst of gold and war  
Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!"

*Canto V.*

" But lo! a Congress! What, that hallowed name  
 Which freed the Atlantic? May we hope the same  
 For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,  
 Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,  
 The prophets of young Freedom, summoned far  
 From climes of Washington and Bolivar.  
 Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,  
 Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;  
 And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,  
 Robed in the lightnings which his hand allayed;  
 And Washington, the Tyrant-tamer, wake  
 To bid us blush for these old chains, or break."     *Canto VIII.*

Senseless and lethargic must the American be who can read his "Ode to Venice," and not feel kindled at the just and noble manner in which this country's character is depicted in the last stanzas!

" The name of Commonwealth is past and gone,  
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;  
 Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own  
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe.  
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone  
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,  
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,  
 And in its own good season tramples down  
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,  
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean  
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion  
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for and  
 Bequeath'd — a heritage of heart and hand,  
 And proud distinction from each other land,  
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,  
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand  
 Full of the magic of exploded science—  
 Still one great clime, in full defiance  
 Yet rears her crest unconquer'd and sublime,  
 Above the far Atlantic! — She has taught  
 Her Essau brethren that the haughty flag,  
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,  
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought  
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever  
 Better, tho' each man's life blood were a river,  
 That it should flow and overflow, than creep  
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,  
 Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,  
 And moving as a sick man in his sleep,  
 Three paces and then faltering: — better be  
 Where the extinguished Spartans still are free  
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,  
 Than stagnate in our marsh — or o'er the deep  
 Fly and one current to the ocean add,  
 One spirit to the souls our fathers' had,  
 One freeman more, America to thee!"

Nor must the following beautiful stanza in Childe Harold be overlooked:

“Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed, and undefiled!  
Or must such mind be nourished in the wild,  
Deep in the unprun’d forest, ’midst the roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled  
On infant WASHINGTON? Has Earth no more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?”

*Canto IV. s 96.*

It is, we suppose, obvious, from what we have said, that we entirely dissent from and disapprove the sweeping condemnation passed by the North American on Lord Byron’s journey to Greece, as “a piece of reckless extravagance,” which was unworthy of, and unfit for him. That Lord Byron was no soldier is well known; nor do we believe that he had the weakness, as the critic supposes, to think that his presence would “sweep away the enemy,” and that he could “plant the standard of the cross upon the dome of St. Sophia at the close of the first campaign.” Lord Byron was endued with a common share of reason at least; and therefore, he could not have indulged so silly a whim. No one knew better than he the abundant resources in men and means, that the sublime Porte has in his power, or had a more favourable opportunity to foresee the length and fierceness of the struggle. But he might have thought that the junction of an English nobleman, of high celebrity, to their cause, the aid of his wealth and influence, might contribute much to the furtherance of success, by inspiring new zeal, by conciliating opposing factions, and by all the moral strength such a circumstance would yield at a critical moment. That his aid and presence were highly beneficial to the cause, is admitted by all who have given the history of the event: and we will venture to say that had he given them no more than the help of those enthusiastic and soul-inspiring strains which shine in all his writings where Greece or freedom is the topic, he would have done much: like *Tyrtæus* of old, his lyre might have wrought more than the swords of many phalanxes. At all events, it is his Grecian expedition that has crowned his name with a new and never-fading lustre. To the rank of the gifted poet and the man of elevated genius, it has added the fame of a patriot, and a be-

nefactor to an oppressed and suffering people: it has classed him among the good and the great who have fallen in the defence of natural right and the cause of humanity: and this is a glory which many thousand lines of poetry, had he lived a century, could not have surpassed. The North American has not done him that sort of justice which he had a right to expect from an American Reviewer.

**ART. II. *A Treatise on the Law of Insurance, by Willard Phillips.*** We are glad to see this work reviewed, because, it is the performance of an American author, and we believe a creditable work. The chief part of this article, however, is a masterly sketch of the history of English law, and its character and mutations; a sketch which is sound in principle and classical in style. The following passage is so accordant with the views which we have uniformly expressed on the subject of codification, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. "A new written code must forever be inadequate to the business of a nation increasing in wealth and commerce, and connecting itself with the interests of all the world. A customary law adopted in rude and barbarous times, must melt away, or mix itself with the new materials of more refined ages. Human transactions are dividing and sub-dividing themselves into such innumerable varieties, that they cannot be adjusted or bounded by any written or positive legislation. The law to be rational and practicable, must, as was finely said by Lord Ellenborough of the rules of evidence, expand with the exigencies of society; as new cases arise they must be governed by new principles; and though we may not remove ancient landmarks, we must put down new ones when the old are unsafe guides, and no longer indicate the travelled road, or mark the busy shiftings of commerce."

**ART. III. *Poinsett's Notes on Mexico.*** This excellent work has obtained all the reputation which the accomplished author had a right to enjoy from a perspicuous and satisfactory account of a most interesting country, at a critical period of her history. The reviewer extracts some passages from it; not, however, the best it contains: probably because this had been previously done in other works.\* Such a work as Mr.

\* See a review of this work, in the *Port Folio* for July, 1824.

Poinsett's merited an earlier notice in the *North American*; as well on account of its intrinsic merits, as because, by delay, the editors of that widely extending work lose the opportunity of disseminating largely the best points of a writer. Our literature is new, and needs every encouragement: and when a meritorious work appears, it should receive prompt attention from those to whom the public now look up for just and manly criticism, and accurate information, concerning the progress of literature and science.

ART. IV. *Baltimore.* A very full and satisfactory outline of the rise of the city of *Baltimore*, and of the history of her growth and fluctuation in commerce, arts, and improvements, apparently condensed from several works recently published on the subject. The writer comes to the conclusion "that the south and west will never be manufacturing districts, and that Baltimore, from its immense local advantage, and its being on the border of these regions, will always enjoy peculiar privileges, and cannot fail under any circumstances to maintain a lucrative and growing trade with the interior." On the subject of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, in which our fellow citizens take so lively an interest, and in the formation of which the liberal policy of the national and state governments is now aiding individual enterprise, the following opinion appear to us sensible and judicious: "Various opinions have been entertained respecting the influence which the cross-cut canal now making from the Delaware to the Chesapeake will have on this city. For ourselves, we see no room but for one opinion: the effect will be highly beneficial both to Philadelphia and Baltimore, each city will receive an advantage from having an easy and quick intercourse between the two. It has been feared that the trade of the Susquehanna, which now descends to Baltimore, will go up to Philadelphia through this channel. There is no ground for such a fear. That portion of produce now transported across the country from Columbia, may possibly take that direction: but the mass of produce coming down the river to such a market, will continue to go to Baltimore as at present, for the plain reason that the freight will be cheaper. From the mouth of the Susquehanna to Baltimore there is a direct sloop navigation down the Bay: but on the route to Philadelphia there will be the expense, trouble and delay of transhipment at the entrance of the canal, and also the tolls for passing, and all this over

and above the cost of taking the produce at once to Baltimore, nor is it to be admitted as possible that the difference between the markets of the two cities will ever be such as to warrant this sacrifice. In fact, the canal will rather have a tendency to equalize the markets of the two places, and in this respect if any advantage occurs on either side, it will be on that of Baltimore, as this port approximates more nearly the interior."

**ART. V. *Writings of Herder.*** A brief notice of a German author, of whom we are told, his "influence on his age was wide and entirely beneficial to the best interests of our race; he has been extensively read and admired, and always with results beneficial to morals and sentiments of philanthropy. A place cannot be assigned to him among the great lights of the world: but he bore a high rank among his contemporaries, and was a blessing to his age." He died in 1808; and we think the *North American Review* might as well have suffered him to repose in peace, with his fathers.

**ART. VI. *A sketch of the Life of La Fayette.*** An exceedingly well-written and interesting biography of this celebrated individual, which deserves the perusal of every American. On finishing it we were ready to exclaim, "this is really one of Plutarch's men." Rarely does it fall to the lot of any one to pass through so many vicissitudes, and to be identified with so many great events: and they are depicted here with a lively pen. Many new traits of character are exhibited, and old ones presented in a new aspect.

**ART. VII. *Pickering's Reports.*** We have had occasion to remark the excellence of the law articles in the *North American*, and the present number furnishes new evidence of the talent employed on that subject in the Review.

**ART. VIII. *Emigration to Africa and Hayti.*** The reviewers are of opinion that of the two projects, namely, colonization in Africa, and emigration to Hayti, there seems to be no good reason why success should not be wished to both. But if a parallel must be drawn between the two, they confess their partiality for the former; because it is the only means of effectually abolishing the slave trade, by civilizing

and enlightening that quarter of the globe. The article dwells on the practicability of the plans on foot.

**ART. IX. *Escalala, an American Tale;* by Samuel B. Beach.** Neither the subject nor execution of this fiction is much approved by the Reviewer. The success of *Redwood* and the *Spy* has inundated the town with American tales: *magno jam conatu magnas nugas.*

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LONDON: POLICE OFFICE.—PAT LANGHAM.

Pat Langham, an emeralder from Ballinifad, now stationary in London as an operative architect, was charged with creating a riot; and cruelly beating a watchman.

Pat Langham had spent his evening—Saturday evening—at a public-house in St. Martin's-lane, and the *cratur* getting the better of his discretion, he was ejected from the premises—whereupon he boldly thrust the fist of him through the window, with as little care of the consequence as though his fist had been a mallet. The clatter occasioned by this feat brought the watchman to the spot; and he was no sooner there, than he was *floored* by the horny fore-paw of Pat Langham, under the valiant war cry of—

‘My name’s Pat Langham,  
Windies and Watchmen  
I always bang em!’

And bang them he did, most unmercifully, as was fully proved by several respectable witnesses.

‘Well, Pat, what have *you* to say?’ asked his Worship.

‘Fait, your *Wortchip*, it was me *pay-table* where I was, let it be where it will; and I was coming out of it to go to my own place, and where are you going, Pat? says they to me. Gad’s blood, says meself, I’m going to me place, bekase I’ve got enough of it—that’s the *drink*, your Wortchip; and sure I had at that same time. Where am you going to, Pat? says they. To me own place, says I; then, take that, says they, and they knocked the head of me clane through the *windy*, just in no time, your Honour; and that’s the rights of it—any how.’

Ordered to find bail; and in default committed to the Sessions.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE INHERITANCE.

*By the author of Marriage, 2 vols. Edinburgh printed,  
Philadelphia re-printed. 1824.*

THE author of this work was very generously introduced to the public by a brother shadow, whose pen has created a new era in this department of literature, and shed an imperishable glory on his nation. "The Inheritance" is attributed to a lady; but as she has not thought proper to throw up her veil, the English critics have not presumed to hazard any further conjecture, as to the source to which we are indebted for a novel which assuredly deserves to be ranked among the best of the present day. Her story is contrived with more ingenuity than those of the Waverley class, and greater attention is paid to the style, which is always easy, perspicuous, and correct. Her sentiments are such as belong to her sex. We are never offended by profanity or revolting coarseness. The dialogue is sprightly and unaffected. It does not appear to be the aim of the writer to develop individual character; her object is rather to pourtray general manners: how far she has succeeded, we dare not decide, because we can only judge, like Parnell's Hermit, by the report of men and books. It is enough for us to pronounce, that she has produced two very delightful volumes, in which there is much to delight the fancy, and something to purify the heart.

The description of the vain and selfish Mrs. St. Clair, revisiting the scenes of her childhood and her innocence, attests a practised and a powerful pencil. In her youth this lady had given her heart to a friendless orphan boy, and he deserved it; but ambition snatched the prize from him, and she became the wife of the younger son of an earl. Despised by her husband's friends, they dragged out a life of poverty and obscurity in a foreign land, on a slender pittance from their haughty connexions. The death of her husband puts an end to this exile, and we find her, in the following passages, at the door of that mansion which she had quitted thirty-three years before:

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"It was the house in which she had first seen the light—where her parents had dwelt—and where she had left them surrounded by a numerous family—but all were gone save the brother she had just seen, and two sisters, now its sole tenants. Even the most artificial characters still retain some natural feelings, and as Mrs. St. Clair crossed the threshold of her once happy home, and the thoughts of the past rushed over her, she exclaimed, with a burst of anguish,—

"Would to God I had never left it!" and, throwing herself upon a seat, she wept without control.

"There is something in real emotion, that always carries conviction along with it. Although well accustomed to the ebullitions of her mother's character, Miss St. Clair saw and felt the depth of her present feelings, and sought by her tender and affectionate sympathy, to soften her sense of sorrow. But, with a look and gesture, expressive only of abhorrence, her mother repelled her from her. At that moment a lady approached, and throwing herself into her arms, Mrs. St. Clair sobbed in bitterness of spirit, while her sister mingled her tears with hers. Miss Black was the first to regain her composure, and she said in a voice, which, though still tremulous with emotion, was yet soft and sweet,—

"I love those feelings, my dear Sarah, they are so natural. You miss all those you left behind, and you are thinking what a happier meeting this might have been, had it pleased God to have spared them to us—but I trust there is a happy meeting yet in store for us."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Mrs. St. Clair, almost convulsively, as she leaned her head on her sister's shoulder."

Mrs. St. Clair's thoughts were not so elevated at this moment. Some foreign shells which were spread upon an old-fashioned chimney piece, excited a train of associations in her mind, of the bitterest anguish. These shells were the once highly prized gifts of her sailor boy, whose brilliant career had subsequently placed him in the highest rank of his profession.

"You see much to remind you of the days that are gone, my dear sister," said Miss Black, tenderly: "but when the first impression is over, you will love to look upon those relics, as we do, for the sake of those who loved us."

"Never! ah never!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Clair, starting up, and going to the window; "every thing here is torture to me—the very air suffocates me."

She threw open the window and leaned out, but it was only to behold other mementos of days past and gone. She looked upon the little garden, the scene of many a childish gambol—it lay in the full blaze of a meridian sun, and all was fair and calm. An old laburnum tree still hung its golden blossoms over a rustic seat at one corner of the garden, and the time since she had sat there and decked herself in its fantastic garlands, seemed as nothing. She remembered, too, when, after a long childish illness, her father had carried her in his arms to the garden, with what ecstasy she had breathed the fresh air, and looked on the blue sky, and plucked the gaudiest flowers. "It was on such a day as this," thought she; "the air is as fresh now as it was then—the sky is as fair—the flowers as sweet—but my

father—ah! were he still alive, would he thank Heaven now as he did then, for having preserved his child!"

"And again the bitter drops fell from her eyes, as she turned sickening from the view. The chord of feeling had been stretched too high to regain its ordinary pitch without an effort;—it is sometimes easier to break the chain than to loosen it. Mrs. St. Clair felt her mind untuned for ordinary communing, and she therefore took an abrupt leave of her sisters, with a promise of returning soon, when her nerves should be stronger. Hurrying through the crowd, collected around the splendid equipage, she threw herself into it as if afraid of being recognised, and called impatiently to her daughter to follow. The postillions cracked their whips—the crowd fell back, and the proud pageant rattled and glittered along till lost to the gaze of the envying and admiring throng."

A rich old hunk of an uncle, with a rough exterior, but a warm heart, who went abroad to seek a fortune, which he brought home to lay at the feet of his early love,—who finds her dead, and then becomes a soured misanthropic old bachelor,—such a person is no uncommon piece of furniture in a novel. But it is not often that we find one turned to better account than Mr. Adam Ramsay, in "The Inheritance." The author has a fine vein for the ridiculous, and Uncle Adam, in her plastic hands, is made to afford us many a hearty laugh. Novel writers, in the estimation of this old gentleman, were no better than idiots, and their readers were estimated in a still lower scale. In wandering about the splendid mansion of his niece, the blooming young countess of Rossville, whose resemblance to his first and only love had given her so much influence, that she had brought him out of his hovel, he found the first volume of Guy Mannering, and in a violent paroxysm of *ennui*, he opened it. The reader will imagine what followed. He read it in the most secret and stealthy manner; and he read it not as we reviewers do. He never took a peep at the end, but went straight forward,—turning back occasionally to adjust the thread of the narration, and often pondering when he became entangled in the meshes. He becomes very weary of the fashionable company by which he is surrounded, and would return to his own home,—but he must "see the end of that scoundrel, Glossin, whom he could have hanged with his own hands, only that hanging was too good for him!" He thought of sounding Miss Pratt, as to the result,—an old maid, who seems to have taken a liking to him or his 70,000*l.*—but his courage failed him. To trust such a secret with a woman, was more than he would venture. He returned, therefore, to the yellow turret, to try what

might be gathered from another chapter. Hither he was followed, after some time, by Lady Rossville:—

"She tapped several times at the door, but received no answer—she listened, all was silent—she slowly opened the door, no notice was taken—she looked in, and there sat Uncle Adam, with spectacles on his nose, so intent upon a book, that all his senses seemed to be completely lapt in its pages. Gertrude coughed, but in vain—she spoke, but it was to the walls,—she went close up to him, but he saw her not—at length, she ventured to lay her hand on his shoulder, and—Guy Mannering dropt upon the floor.

"' You seem to be much interested in your studies,' said Lady Rossville, as she stooped to pick it up for him.

" Mr. Ramsay purpled with shame, as he tried to affect a tone of indifference, and said, ' Oo—I—hem—it's just a wheen idle havers there that I just—hem—They maun hae little to do, that tak up their heads wrting sic nonsense.'

"' I never heard the author accused of idleness before,' said Lady Rossville, with a smile; ' and no one need be ashamed to own the interest excited by these wonderful works of genius.'

" Interest—hugh!—Folk may hae other things to interest them, I think, in this world. I wonder if there's ony o't true? I canna think how ae man could sit down to contrive a' that. I dinna misdoot that scoundrel Glossin at a'. I would gie a thousand pound out o' my pocket to see that rascal hanged, if hanging wasna ower gude for him!"

"' Well, you may be at ease on that head, as even worse befals him,' said Lady Rossville.

"' Weel, I rejoice at that? for if that scoundrel had gotten leave to keep that property, by my troth, I believe, I would have burnt the book;—then, ashamed of his ardour in such a cause, he added in a peevish tone—' But it's a' nonsense thegither, and I'm no gaun to fash my head ony mair about it.'"

After these extracts, we think "The Inheritance" will require no further commendation from us. We have purposely abstained from giving any outline of the story, because those who read the book will not want it, and those who do not, would have a very inadequate idea of its merits from the best abridgment that we could offer. •



#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### THE ALBUM.

In Smith's *History of the county of Cork*, the following interesting account is given of Spencer's residence on an estate in Ireland which had been bestowed upon him as a reward for his services to the state:

"Two miles north-west of Doneraile is Kilcozman, a ruined Castle of the Earls of Desmond; but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spencer, where he composed his divine poem, *The Faerie Queene*. The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a fine plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains, Ballyhowra hills to the north, or, as Spencer terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spencer drew several parts of the frenzy of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds."

Here, indeed, the poet has described himself, as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the cooling shades of green alders, by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe, as his custom was, to his fellow shepherd-swains.

The following stanzas, descriptive of Spencer's tranquil retreat, contain, especially the first, the most happy imitation of the rich and artful melody of his versification.

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,  
And fancy to thy fairie bower betake;  
Even now with balmie freshness breathes the gale,  
Dimpling with downie wing the stilly lake;  
Through the pale willows faultering whispering wake,  
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;  
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake  
The trembling rie-grass and the hair-bell blew;  
And ever and anon fair Mulla's plaints renew.

O for the nameless power to strike mine eare,  
The power of charm by Naiads once possest!  
Melodious Mulla! when full oft while care  
Thy gliding number soothed the gentle breast  
Of hapless Spencer, long with woes opprest,  
*Long with the drowsie patron's smiles decayed;*  
Till in thy shades, no more with caren distrest,  
No more with painful, anxious hopes accloyed,  
The Sabbath of his life the mild good man enjoyed.

The miseries of a suitor for court favour, slyly alluded to in the foregoing extract, have been described in a striking manner by Spencer himself, in his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. The passage has been supposed to refer to his own disappointments, while he danced attendance upon the Earl of Essex, in the romantic court of Elizabeth. Before we transcribe it we may remark, that suitors of a different description have found it applicable to other cases.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,  
 What hell it is in suing long to bide:  
 To lose good days that might be better spent;  
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent;  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;  
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peere's;  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;  
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne;  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Richard Owen Cambridge, an amusing writer of the last century, is the author of the following *jeu d'esprit*, on meeting, at Mr. Garrick's, a poet very shabbily dressed in an old velvet waistcoat, on which embroidery, of a later date, had been sewed.

Three waistcoats in three distant ages born,  
 The bard with faded lustre did adorn,  
 The first in velvet's figured pride surpast;  
 The next in 'broidery; in both the last,  
 His purse and Fancy could no further go;  
 To make a third he joined the former two.

The amatory poets who flourished in the reign of Charles the first, left a rich mine, from which many locks of gold and teeth of pearl have been extracted by their successors. The following lines by Carew, would grace the finest hot-pressed volume of our own time.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
 When June is past, the fading rose;  
 For in your beauty's orient deep,  
 These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
 The golden atoms of the day:  
 For in pure love Heaven did prepare  
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
 The nightingale when night is past;  
 For in your sweet dividing throat  
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more were those stars light,  
 That downward fall at dead of night;  
 For in your eyes they set, and there  
 Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
The phoenix build her spicy nest;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

It may not be improper to state, that the orthography of this extract has been modernized.

“The Night-piece, to Julia,” from the “Hesperides” of Robert Herrick, who invoked the muse in spite of the Civil Wars, is worth a whole bale of modern melodies and serenades:

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o’ the Wisp mislight thee;  
Nor snake or glow-worm bite thee;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;  
What though the moon does slumber?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus, to come unto me:  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silvery feet,  
My soul I’ll pour into thee.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOHN BULL IN AMERICA; OR THE NEW MUNCHAUSEN.

New York. Wiley, pp. 226. 1825.

*John Bull in America*, is designed as a satire on the Quarterly Review; the editor of which journal is in the habit of adopting every calumny against this country, with a degree of malignity which we call diabolical, because it openly inculcates “*a holy hatred*” towards the American people. This John Bull comes to the United States, with the fifty-

eighth number of the Review in his hands; a number, which, it will be recollected, contained an article of so indecent a character respecting the United States, that it was omitted in the Boston edition. Another circumstance connected with it may be introduced here, as showing that the editor of the Quarterly is as ready to recant his libels as he is to utter them, when he finds it unsafe to persist in a falsehood. An American gentleman, connected with one of the persons so wantonly aspersed in the article in question, called upon the editor, and without any "*pen dribble*," as Blackwood phrases it, demanded the proofs, or a confession of the falsehood which had been published. The latter alternative was chosen, and the infamous record may be seen in number fifty-nine, of the aforesaid book. The idea upon which *John Bull* is founded, is a good one; but the author, like Bayes' scene-shifters, has made too much of it. The caricature is so broad and coarse, that it ceases to excite a smile. If an English traveller assert that men dirk each other with impunity in Kentucky, that ten dollars is the price of a man's life—that, &c. &c.—and his character is avouched, as that of a man of veracity, by the Quarterly Review, a journal maintained by the combined talents of several of the first men in the British empire; we are prepared to see one of his countrymen commit some extravagances in that state. His mind had been prepared by testimony which he has some reason to credit, and he beholds a condition of society, in the west; which is fitted to excite no little apprehension in such a traveller. But in the civilized states on the Atlantic there is nothing of this violence. We can travel from Boston to Charleston with infinitely less peril than a Londoner can pass the immediate vicinity of his own great metropolis. To represent such scenes, therefore, as a man dirking another, and throwing him overboard from the Philadelphia steam-boat, without attracting more observation from his fellow passengers, than if it had been the shells of an oyster, is a monstrous Munchausen, which leaves the withers of the Quarterly unwrung. The ridiculous representations which have been made by English tourists, of our habits and manners, afford full scope for a satirical pen. Every house in Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, receives a new coat of paint annually, according to one of these intelligent writers: another affirms that our ladies never put on shoes and stockings unless they are going to a tea-party. A genuine *John Bull*, filled with such trash as this, might, in the hands

of a man of wit, be shown to some advantage. But the author of the performance on our table, is sadly deficient in this quality. The very manner in which the manuscript of his volume is said to have been obtained, evinces a sad lack of invention. It is the old threadbare story of a traveller leaving a bundle of papers at a tavern, and then disappearing in a mysterious manner. The budget is opened, and found to contain the journal of an Englishman, who relates the most absurd monstrosities that can be imagined. As a mere Munchausen, it possesses very little ingenuity; and we think still less of it as a retort upon the *Quarterly*; which, from the running reference at the foot of the pages, we suppose was the object of the author.

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### MEMOIRS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

*Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc. Par M. LEBRUN DE CHARMETTES.* 4 Vols. 8vo. Paris.

*Memoirs of Jeanne d'Arc, surnamed La Pucelle d'Orleans: with the History of her Times.* 2 Vols. London. 1824.

“It was a great beauty to behold the banners and standards waving in the wind, and horses barded, and knights and squires richly armed.” Such was the language of Froissart, when dilating on the wars of our Edward the Third, in France. In those wars, that great principle of chivalry, the companionship of knights, was generally felt as an influential principle of action. The cavalier was courteous to his enemy, and he inflicted no cruelties beyond the necessary pains of war. The visions of romance were in a considerable degree, and in the field, realised; the knights waited each other’s leisure, and courteously saluted before they fought; woman’s smiles were the habitual inspirers of courage; every knight fought for the love of his lady, as well as for the glory of his king. Cavaliers were seen pricking o’er the plain, performing the vows they had made to the ladies and damsels of their court, that they would be the first of their host to enter the enemy’s territory, and their chivalry was stimulated by the exclamation, “may I never be beloved by my lady unless I win some warrior’s crest to-day.”

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But the second series of the English wars in France, during the minority of Henry VI., were graced by few of those romantic circumstances. The field, indeed, continues to gleam with lances, banners, and pennons waving in the wind; but the spirit of knightly courtesy no longer hung over them, and the prostrate soldier sued for mercy in vain. Knights were created before and after battle, tilts and tournaments, and other splendid shows, were held, and as the substance of chivalry died away, its mere pomp became more ornamented. In France the fair face of chivalry had been savagely marred in the civil wars between the king and the people, regarding the right of taxation, for aristocratical and monarchical haughtiness disdained to consider the rascal rout as worthy of equal consideration with itself. Neither in the subsequent wars between the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, was any chivalric bearing displayed, for there is a fierceness and ruthlessness in the contention of families and factions, unknown to foreign hostilities.

Chivalry was not, however, so much impaired in England as in France, for if it had declined in the former country, during the inglorious reign of Richard II., it had been materially restored, and much freshness thrown over its beauties by the first two princes of the house of Lancaster; and in the wars for the ratification of the treaty of Troyes, the spirit of Harry Monmouth animated some of the English nobility. The Salisburys and Talbots were far better representatives of the ancient chivalry than the French Lahire, and Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, and it was quite in the spirit of the times of Edward III., for Suffolk to knight his vanquisher before he surrendered his sword.

As the raising of the siege of Orleans by the English was entirely occasioned by Joan of Arc, and as that circumstance separated for ever the English and French monarchies, a more interesting character than hers can scarcely be presented to our consideration; and without detailing, for the thousandth time, the military events of the siege, we shall dwell for some moments on the events of her life, of which the mere readers of Hume know nothing. Hume is, indeed, more than usually incorrect on this subject. He read only Grafton and Monstrelet. In general, it is in vain to search his history for the result of original investigation, but it was unpardonable in him not to have studied the work of Dufresnoy; even from that book he might have amended many

of the errors of his gossiping chroniclers. It is, however, only of late years that the character and conduct of Joan of Arc could be fully understood. The work of M. Lebrun de Charmettes first presented to the world the depositions of one hundred and forty-four witnesses to the circumstances of her life. Some years after her death various informations were made, and inquests of revisions held, regarding the subject. The witnesses were taken from all classes of society, and the inquiry was pursued at Toul, Orleans, and Rouen. No character, ancient or modern, has been so freely and fully investigated. Her living actions have been judicially inquired into, and a right measure may be taken of the partiality of friends and the malignity of enemies.

Of the English work mentioned at the head of our article, we shall speak very tenderly. It is perfectly useless both to the scholar and the general reader. To the former, the work of M. Lebrun is satisfactory, and the latter will avoid a chaos, whether of mind or of matter. Dullness and confusion are, we know, established beauties in the eye of the antiquarian, but the world is not altogether satisfied without some evidence of judgment in the concoction of its literature.

Joan of Arc was born in the year 1411 or 1412, at Domremy, a hamlet of the village of Greux, near Vaucouleurs, in Champagne. Her parents were farmers, but no notion of wealth must be attached to that title, for the land which they cultivated was scarcely sufficient for the most moderate support of the family. Joan could neither read nor write, and in her recollections of youth, in her after days of adversity, it was her only boast that she feared no woman in sewing or spinning. One great feature of her early character, was religious seriousness. Unlike the girls of her village, she neither danced nor sang, but even in hours of recreation she was either kneeling in corners of churches, or declaiming to those whom she could persuade to listen to her, on the Deity and the Virgin. The service of the Mass was generally regarded as a sufficient duty for the villagers, but Joan attended vespers and complines also: nor did she fail to fall on her knees in the fields when she heard the bell of her village church.

Superstitions of a gay and pleasing nature prevented her mind from sinking into religious gloom. In her neighbourhood stood a venerable beech tree, called by the graceful titles of the "Tree of the Ladies," "the Beauty of May," and

the “Fairy Tree.” In earlier and better days fairies used to resort to it, sporting with armed knights in its shade: but the world was, in Joan’s days, too wicked for such amiable spirits to walk in, and it was only rarely, and to the most virtuous of mortals, that they deigned to appear. A spring broke out, near the tree, whose qualities were medicinal, which the fairies, in spite of the prevalence of vice, had not destroyed. With the tales of the village, fountain, and tree, Joan’s imagination played, and insensibly accustomed her mind to be credulous.

Amusements of a higher character than those of her fellow villagers occupied her leisure. She was perpetually engaged in military exercises, running courses, or assaulting trees with a lance or a sword. Her equestrian skill was considerable, not that she acquired it as Hume says, after Monstrelet, by being hostler at an inn, but it was the natural consequence of her farming duties with her parents.

The imagination of Joan was ardent beyond the general scale of minds, and when the great question was agitated in France, and particularly in her province, which was near the seat of war, whether Charles VII. or Henry VI. should be monarch over France, she embraced, like all her neighbours, the side of her natural and national sovereign, with an ardour proportioned to the strength of her character. Her mind unceasingly dwelt upon this one theme, to the exclusion of all other objects, and in her case, as in a thousand others, before and since, the imagination and feelings were influenced to a morbid degree; in a word, she became insane. Then she fancied that she saw angels, and heard voices from Heaven. St. Michael appeared to her and told her to listen to such other saints as should come to her. These visitants were St. Catharine and St. Margaret, who showed themselves to her at various places, particularly near the fountain, at the fairy tree. She used to embrace the female saints, and she saw them more frequently than St. Michael. It does not seem that she had any clear ideas of their forms and persons, and her descriptions are as imperfect as the recollections of dreams. Her celestial friends exhorted her to virtue, and gave her the hope of being the restorer of France. This last communication was gradually reduced into the particular intimation of her going to Orleans, raising the siege, and crowning Charles at Rheims. If she had been an ordinary fanatic, she would have gone to Orleans, and raved and preached; but a

military disposition was one of her peculiarities; and from that disposition she fancied that she was called upon to go armed.

Her journey to the king at Chinon is well known; but now a very interesting circumstance in the history of her mind is to be noted; the first appearance of artifice. Hitherto she had been altogether fanatical; she had a delusive image before her which subjugated her understanding. She had never seen the king, and yet she selected him from among three hundred knights, though there was nothing remarkable in his person or dress. More than this, she gained his confidence by whispering to him a secret which he thought known only to Heaven and himself. He left his bed-fellow, who was his confessor, out of the party. In his moment of distress he had prayed that God would deliver him, or would enable him to escape death or imprisonment, and fly to Spain or Scotland. This last clause of his prayer was evidently not fit for publication, and he thought it had not passed his lips. But his bed-fellow had heard it, and in the knowledge of this secret much power resided. It was communicated to Joan, or we must believe with the world of her time, that it was revealed to her by the saints. She was evidently now, perhaps, without her own consciousness, the tool of a party, her mind was under the direction of others, and the great interest which attaches to her romantic and high-souled enthusiasm, in some measure dies away.

When she took arms, she fancied that Heaven had revealed to her that a particular sword which she was to wield was hidden behind the altar of St. Catharine, marked with three fleurs de lis. Such a sword was found,—of course, placed there by those who saw that the courage of the French began to be stimulated by her character of a messenger from Heaven. The placing of the sword behind the altar she might not have known, and have been in that case a dupe. But in the former matter we have mentioned, she was herself the person who voluntarily practised artifice. To gain the confidence of Charles was a matter of primary moment: without it she was nothing, and having gained it, she was in possession of a stage whereon her mind might expatiate. There is some curious interest in seizing and marking this junction of fraud with enthusiasm. In the history of the great revolutionizers of the world, in the lives of the Mahomets and the Loyolas, it is always curious to observe when the energies of fanaticism

begin to decline, when the enthusiast becomes a politician, and the zealot sinks into a hypocrite.

We are more anxious to display the mental character of the Maid of Orleans, than to relate the military and political circumstances of her life, which indeed have been often and amply told. While her pretensions to a divine commission were under examination at the court of Charles, somebody observed, if the Deity intends to deliver France, men at arms are not required. Her answer was prompt and judicious, that "men at arms fight, and God gives the victory." A man who spoke Limousin French, asked her what dialect her celestial friends used, "a better one than yours," was her answer, and to the question, "do you believe in God?" she replied, with similar uncourteousness, "better than you do."

Though the English believed her to be a spirit from hell, yet they ascribed to her sundry mortal infirmities. Her virtue was spotless, but her soul was not of that tone which could treat their slanders with contempt. In every moment of advantage she reminded the English that they were defeated by a woman, whom they called a strumpet. She named them in return Godons, a word meaning gluttons, and not as Henry and others have supposed, from the English swearing. He knew not the origin of this culpable vulgarity, but we can assure our readers that swearing, so long the happy privilege of the military classes, was enjoyed in as high perfection by the French as by the English. The Maid did her best to repress it among her own soldiers, and it is amusing to observe that Lahire compromised his habit with his wish to oblige his fair friend, by promising that in future he would swear only by his baton.

She was taken prisoner on the 23d of May, 1430, in a sally from Compeigne, which the English were besieging. Charles VII. sometime before had ennobled her, and permitted her to wear the splendid dress of the great; and on the day of her capture she was distinguished by a surcoat of purple silk, embroidered with gold and silver. Perhaps this little display of the feminine part of her character was the cause of her destruction; at least she was more remarkable than usual, and was therefore more severely pressed by her enemies. That she was not treated as a prisoner of war, that all the laws of chivalrous humanity were violated in her instance, that at the instigation of the English she was tried by a French ecclesiastical tribunal, under the forms of the Inquisition, for magic

and witchcraft, that she was condemned to death, but that upon her confession of fraud and imposition the sentence was mitigated into perpetual imprisonment, that her assumption of a military dress, purposely put in her way by her enemies, was regarded as a recantation, and that the original sentence was therefore renewed; all these matters are too notorious for us to enlarge upon; but the circumstances of the day of her execution are not so well known.

She was imprisoned in the tower of Rouen; simple chains to walls and floors were not thought sufficient securities; but she was pressed into a case of iron, and fastened to it by the neck, hands, and feet. At day break of the memorable 30th of May, 1431, the intended consummation of this cruelty was announced to her. When she heard that she was to be burnt, her indignation and alarm were extreme. "Am I," exclaimed she, "to be treated so cruelly and horribly. Must my body, which has always been pure, be consumed to ashes? I would rather be beheaded seven times than be burnt; and I appeal to God, the great Judge, for all the wrongs and injuries done to me!" Her mind, however, became for a moment more tranquil, and she prayed fervently, and received the sacrament. The Prelate of Beauvais entered her dungeon, and she cried, "Bishop, I die through you, and I appeal to God against you!" She then saw another ecclesiastic of a different frame of mind, and she exclaimed, "Ah master Peter, where shall I be to-day?" He asked her whether she had not good hope in the Lord. "Yes," she cried with fervour, "if God help me I shall be in Paradise." At nine o'clock she was taken to the market-place at Rouen,\* under a strong guard, and accompanied by the good father Peter, her confessor. A vast crowd of English and French witnessed the spectacle. A sermon was preached to the people on the abominations of superstition and blasphemy. The Maid then fell on her knees, and prayed so fervently to Heaven, and so piteously desired the prayers of the crowd, that the hearts even of those who condemned her to death were moved. A catalogue of her crimes, her sorceries, and her abominations, was then read to her, but she disdained any reply, and simply asked for a crucifix. An English soldier gave her one, which he fashioned from his stick. She kissed it, and put it in her bosom, requesting that one might be fetched from the church,

\* It is now known as the Marché aux Veaux in Rouen.

on which she could fix her dying eyes. Her confessor procured it, and administered the consolations of religion. But her persecutors were urgent, and they scornfully asked father Peter whether he meant that they should dine there that day. The fire was then lighted, and she was carried to it with the mitre of the Inquisition on her head, bearing the words Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater. Amidst her shrieks and tears she was tied to the stake; yet for a moment forgetting all consideration of herself, she entreated her confessor to withdraw a few steps, for the flames were catching his gown. Her sufferings were expressed by groans and shrieks. In her agony she screamed her conviction of the reality of her divine mission. Her dying eyes were fixed on the cross, and in her last shriek the name of the Saviour was heard.

We will pass to more pleasing matters. From the time of Charles VII. to these days, an annual festival has been held at Orleans on the 8th of May, to commemorate the raising of the siege of that city by Joan of Arc. It was discontinued during the stormy period of the revolution, but on Napoleon's accession to power it was revived, and is observed now with all the theatrical effect which the French so well understand. A young man habited in an ancient costume represents the heroine. He is surrounded by the magistrates and chief citizens of Orleans, and a procession is made to the cathedral. An oration is there delivered in honour of Joan of Arc. They then repair to the church of the Augustins, and visit the monument which public gratitude has raised to the memory of the Maid. Soldiers as well as the people act on the scene, and the expressions of military honour are regulated by a programme set forth by authority of the magistrates.

Of her person, no genuine picture exists. The oldest is in the town hall of Orleans, and it was not painted till the year 1581, nearly a hundred and thirty years after her death. The common Lorraine physiognomy is given to her, without the addition of any mental expression.

The birth place of Joan of Arc is now public property. The spot was purchased in the year 1818, at the joint expense of the French government and the department of Vosges. The house is enclosed within the precincts of a school, that has been founded for the instruction of the countrywomen of the heroine of Domremy. The house had, for many years, formed part of another dwelling, and only three chambers of

small dimensions could be distinguished. These rooms have been the frequent subject of pilgrimage, and many a collection of curiosities boasts a fragment of its beams and pannels. The architect appointed by the government, in 1818, has unmasked the edifice by demolishing the ruins that encumbered it, restoring to the door-way the arched molding that had originally belonged to it, and replacing the chimney-piece which had been removed into the adjoining house. The house now stands isolated, as it should do. A fountain is also there, accompanied, the French say ornamented, by an alabaster statue, the work of a M. le Gendre Héral, who bears the august title of Professor of Sculpture to the Academy of the Fine Arts at Lyons. Painting also has lent her powers to ennable the residence of the Maid. In the room wherein people have chosen to suppose she was born, her picture hangs. It was presented to the place by his Majesty, Louis XVIII. She is painted in an oratory dedicated to the Virgin, before whose image she is kneeling; and she partly rests on the sword which it is imagined she consecrated to the deliverance of her country. The painter is M. Laurent, a Parisian artist of some merit. Whether all these matters which we have stated proceed from fanaticism or national vanity, or in what proportions these feelings are mixed, we shall leave our readers to judge. "Je suis Français, je suis Chrétien," is the sentence of poor M. Lebrun Decharmettes, when his mind is perplexed by reason and superstition.—As a Frenchman, I believe that Providence miraculously interposed to save France from the dominion of the English—as a Christian, my judgment forbids me to think that Heaven has, in these latter ages of the world, produced its ends, but by the operation of ordinary human means.

Ever since the revival of letters, Joan of Arc has been the theme of French poets. Heroics have been vociferated, and elegies murmured; the brief monody, the lengthened tragedy, have commemorated her virtue and sufferings. Poets of other countries have sung her praises. The admirers of Schiller need not be reminded of his Jungfrau von Orleans; England too has "done her duty," and the earliest aspirations of her Laureate's muse, in the freshness of its republicanism, are devoted to the immortality of the matchless "Maid."

The two English volumes are beautifully printed, and contain a mass of documents, memoirs, &c., with some moderate engravings.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## COMMERCIAL CODE OF FRANCE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN our American translations of the *Commercial Code of France*, (vide Book II. tit. 12.—*Du Jet et de la Contribution*—Art. 426,) I find a misapprehension of the original, in Mr. Duponceau's version, which has been blindly followed by Mr. Rodman. (*e. g.*)

*Text.*—Si en vertu d'un délibération le navire a été ouvert pour en extraire les marchandises, elles contribuent à la réparation du dommage causé au navire.

Mr. Duponceau's translation runs thus: (vide 2 Amer. Rev. Append. p. 165.)

"If, in consequence of a deliberation, the *hatches* have been opened to take out the merchandize, it contributes to repair the damage suffered by the vessel in consequence thereof."

Mr. Rodman's translation is as follows: (p. 241.)

"If, in consequence of a consultation, the *hatches* have been opened to take out the goods, they contribute to the damage caused to the vessel."

The error in both translations is in the word *hatches*, when the text has *navire*. The meaning of the article clearly is, that if the "hull of the vessel has been broken open to take out the goods, they are to contribute to the damage suffered by it." Damage can hardly be suffered by opening the *hatches*.

Mr. Rodman appears to have copied the article with this obvious mistake, only putting *goods* instead of *merchandise*, *caused* instead of *suffered*, *consultation* instead of *deliberation*, &c.

I offer this correction without any apology; because, if there be an error, the translators themselves would, no doubt, be among the first to wish to see it removed.

The merest tyro may sometimes catch a Homer in a nodding mood; and if it were the custom here, as it is in the old countries, to communicate such discoveries to the press, it would be serviceable to the cause of letters, and save many a poor student a world of pains. The translations from the

continental writers, published in London, have, in general, been "done" by unknown persons, and they are not unworthy of their origin. That of *Vattel*, for instance, abounds in errors, as I was informed by a gentleman recently deceased, who, from a long service in the department of state, had frequent occasion to scan the pages of this text-book with a critical eye. Mrs. Lennox's translation of Sully's *Memoirs*—a book which every one reads who makes any discrimination between good and bad books,—contains as many blunders as pages. Other instances of faithless versions might be cited, but it is unnecessary to go further. Both *Vattel* and *Sully* have been republished here with all their imperfections.

As our publishers pay nothing for the copy-right of such works, they ought to have them revised. If the literary public would refuse to patronize any book of this description, unless it has undergone such a process, we should soon see a great improvement in them.

A STUDENT.

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## ANECDOTES.

In the reign of Charles I. the spirit of faction arose to such virulence against Laud, the Primate, that even the softer sex opened upon him the battery of vulgar and insolent invective. An instance is related by Heylyn, the biographer of this great man, in which the Primate adroitly foiled an antagonist of this description with her own weapons. Lady Davies, the widow of the Attorney-general of Ireland, took upon herself, in the true spirit of fanaticism, to prophesy against Laud, shortly before his advancement to the episcopal see; believing that the spirit of Daniel had passed into her, because out of the letters of her name, ELEANOR DAVIES, she could form the anagram, REVEAL O DANIEL; though, by the way, it had too much by an L and too little by an S. While the other bishops and clergy were gravely endeavouring to confute this wretched fanatic by arguments deduced from scripture, Laud went a readier way to work. Taking a pen he wrote this anagram, DAME ELEANOR DAVIES—NEVER so MAD A LADIE, and presented it to her, saying, "Madam, I see you build much on anagrams, and I have found one out which I hope will suit you. This threw the whole court

into laughter; and either the poor woman grew wiser, or was less regarded.

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*Learned Streets.*—The Greek Alphabet is in more request than would be imagined in the streets, cottages, &c. in England. Thus they have the  $\alpha$  Cottages, Regent's Park;  $\gamma$  Cottage (Mr. Foscolo's);  $\kappa$  College, Regent's park, so called by a young Irish poet, not after any Greek letter indeed, but his own dear Cappagh in Ireland; the Kings  $\mu\mu$ , and many others;  $\nu$  Street,  $\nu$  Church,  $\nu$  College,  $\nu$  Road, &c.  $\pi$  Corner,—Pater-noster  $\rho$ ; and Westminster Hall!—aye, or the Apothecaries'—may safely be called  $\bullet$  Hall.

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Some years ago, a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the organist, with a view to show his superiority in execution. Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's anthems, and just as he had finished the verse part, and began the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this he called to Dick the bellows blower, to know what was the matter:—"The matter," says Dick, "I have played the anthem below." "Aye," says the other, "but I have not played it above." "No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste then; I know how many puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do; I have not played the organ so many years for nothing."

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At the time that Francis I. of France was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his officers, the valorous Chevalier Bauregard, smitten by the charms of an Italian lady, named Aurelia, of a noble family, declared his passion to her. Aurelia, although she was flattered by the declaration, refused his pretensions, on the grounds of the levity of the French character and their national indiscretion. The extreme violence of the Chevalier's love urged him to propose to the lady to put his constancy to any proof she could think proper. Aurelia accepted the proposition, and engaged to marry him if he would consent to remain dumb for six months. The chevalier promised, and from that moment never opened his lips. He

returned to Paris among his friends, and relations, who lamented the singular infirmity he had brought with him from the army. Bauregard expressed himself only by signs; the physicians were sent for, he refused their assistance. The captive King was at length restored to his people, but his joy at his return was lessened by the situation of the unfortunate Chevalier, who was honoured with the King's particular friendship. Francis sent his best doctors to his favourite, who this time accepted their medicines, but to no effect. The King's attachment went so far as to employ even the Charlatans, who in his time, as well as at present, pretended to possess specifics for all evils. He even called in those who dealt in charms, but to no purpose. All the Court were hopeless of his cure, when a fair fortune teller presented herself, and wrote to the King that she would undertake the restoration of the Chevalier to his speech. Being sent for, she was introduced to Bauregard, when she addressed him by the single word—*Speak!!!* Bauregard immediately recognised in the stranger his beloved Aurelia, who had long witnessed his constancy and devotion. Francis was sensibly affected at the event, and presented them with a rich marriage portion. It is not now a-days that men become dumb for love, though many keep their silence from interest. There are few Bauregards in the present age.

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A short time since one of the Beadles of Brighton, (G. B.) took a quantity of butter away from a countryman, because it was deficient in weight; and meeting him a few days after in a public house, says to him, "You're the man I took twenty pounds of butter from." "No, I bea'nt," replied Hodge. — "I am sure you are," says the beadle. "I tell ye I bea'nt," rejoined the countryman, "and if thee lik'st I'll lay thee a guinea oa't." "Done," replied the beadle, and the money was quickly posted. "Now," says the countryman, "thou didst take away twenty *lumps* of butter from me, but if there had been twenty *pounds*, you'd have had no right to take them, and this" continued he, very coolly pocketing the money, "will pay for the loss of the butter."

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When the American army was at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777, a captain of the Virginian Line refused a chal-

lenge sent him by a brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it to gratify the caprice of any man. This *point of duty* gave occasion to a *point of humour*, which clearly displayed the brilliant *points* of the officer's character, and exposed the weak ones of his brothers in the service in a very *pointed* manner. His antagonist gave him the character of a coward through the whole army. Conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and discovering the injury he should sustain in the minds of those unacquainted with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line. On his entrance, he was avoided by the company, and the officer who had challenged him, insolently ordered him to leave the room; a request which was loudly re-echoed from all parts. He refused, and asserted that he came there to vindicate his fame; and after mentioning the reasons which induced him not to accept the challenge, he applied a large hand-grenade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught fire, threw it on the floor, saying, ‘Here, gentlemen this will quickly determine which of us all dare brave danger most.’ At first they stared upon him for a moment in stupid astonishment, but their eyes soon fell upon the fuse of the grenade, which was fast burning down. Away scampered Colonel, General, Ensign, and Captain, and all made a rush at the door. ‘Devil take the hindmost.’ Some fell, and others made way over the bodies of their comrades; some succeeded in getting out, but for an instant there was a general heap of flesh sprawling at the entrance of the apartment. Here was a colonel jostling with a subaltern, and there fat generals pressing lean lieutenants into the boards, and blustering majors, and squeaking ensigns wrestling for exit; the size of one and the feebleness of the other making their chance of departure pretty equal, until time, which does all things at last, cleared the room and left the noble captain standing over the grenade with his arms folded, and his countenance expressing every kind of scorn and contempt for the train of scrambling red coats, as they toiled and hustled and bored their way out of the door.

After the explosion had taken place, some of them ventured to return, to take a peep at the mangled remains of their comrade, whom, however, to their great surprise they found alive and uninjured.—When they were all gone, the captain threw himself flat on the floor as the only possible means of

escape, and fortunately came off with a whole skin, and a repaired reputation.

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FREDERICK the Great, King of Prussia, was so remarkably fond of children, that he suffered the sons of the Prince Royal to enter his apartment whenever they thought proper. One day, while he was writing in his closet, the eldest of these princes was playing at shuttlecock near him. The shuttlecock happened to fall upon the table at which the King sat, who threw it at the young prince and continued to write. The shuttlecock falling on the table a second time, the King threw it back, looked sternly at the child, who promised that no accident of the kind should happen again; the shuttlecock, however, fell a third time, and even upon the paper on which the King was writing. Frederick then took the shuttlecock and put it in his pocket: the little prince humbly asked pardon, and begged the king to return him his shuttlecock. His Majesty refused: the prince redoubled his entreaties, but no attention was paid to them; the young prince at length being tired of begging, advanced boldly towards the King, put his two hands on his sides and tossing back his little head with great haughtiness, said, in a threatening tone, ‘ Will your Majesty give me my shuttlecock, Yes or No?’ The King burst into a fit of laughter, and taking the shuttlecock out of his pocket, returned it to the prince, saying, ‘ You are a brave boy, you will never suffer Silesia to be taken from you.’

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**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.****LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**

AMONG the new works announced for publication in London, we find a sixth volume of Baron Humboldt's Personal Narrative, translated by Miss Williams;—Memoirs of Moses Mindelsohn, the Jewish philosopher, including the celebrated correspondence between him and Lavater, on the Christian Religion;—Travels in Greece, with Critical and Archæological Researches, by Dr. P. O. Bronstead, Agent of the King of Denmark;—A Life of I. P. Kemble, by Mr. Boaden;—A “Tale of Paraguay,” in one vol. 12mo.—and “Dialogues on Various Subjects,” by Southey,—Conversations on the Evi-

dences of Christianity;—The Plays of Shirley, with notes, &c. by William Gifford, in six vols.—The Iliad and Odyssey rendered into English prose, by I. W. C. Edwards;—The second volume of Southey's History of the Late War in Spain and Portugal;—The Gil Blas of the Revolution, from the French of M. Picard;—Original Letters of Algernon Sydney;—Memoirs of the Chevalier de Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*;—Gayeties and Gravities, in prose and verse, by one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses.

The Annuaire Historique, (French Annual Register,) for 1823, has been published; also, Memoirs of John Law, including an account of the Mississippi Scheme;—Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, and of Rogers' Pleasures of Memory;—The Animal Kingdom described and arranged, by Baron Cuvier; with additional descriptions by R. G. Griffith, F. L. S. &c. &c.

The Monthly Review thus describes the gentry upon whom the Quarterly and other English journals rely for information respecting the United States: “It is well known that many were refugees, whom necessity, moral, political, or pecuniary, had driven across the Atlantic to economize their diminished fortunes, or conceal their blighted characters. Man, in secluded wilds, is the most helpless and wretched of all animals; and such persons being naturally pressing in their invitations to others to join them, they described the music of the groves by which they were surrounded, and the murmur of the brooks which watered the smiling valley at their feet, in most melodious and alluring language. Others, delighting not in these solitudes, but preferring the haunts of men to the haunts of beasts, resorted to the towns and cities of the United States; but many of these went without a reputable introduction, some without *any*, and some with introductions which they afterwards discredited by their own misconduct. Individuals of this description were not likely to be well satisfied with their reception among a cautious, calculating, and industrious people; whom, accordingly, they have represented as suspicious and inhospitable, because they did not open their doors to be duped at discretion. Political predilections and antipathies have been another copious source of misrepresentation.”

Col. Leicester Stanhope, who went to Greece as an agent for the London Greek Committee, has published a series of *Letters*, written by him during a visit to that country, in

1823 and 1824, which evince great zeal and sound discretion in managing the affairs confided to him. Not being written for the public, they contain nothing more than a plain detail of the occurrences of the day, of plans projected, abandoned, or adopted. On his arrival at Cephalonia, he found the affairs of Greece in a very unfavourable state. Lord Byron had just made himself deservedly popular by an advance of 400*l.* for the payment of the troops; the legislative power had acted with discretion, but the executive was devoid of public virtue; Colocotroni had enriched himself by plunder, while Mavrocordato had inspired the whole nation with hope and confidence. Col. Stanhope had made himself acquainted with Fellenburg's system of education, and in reference to this, which he endeavoured to introduce, and to the unfortunate dissensions among the leaders, he says, "I have recommended the Greeks to have the Swiss institutions always before their eyes, and their chiefs to have *Washington* before *theirs*." The colonel had scarcely been a week at Missolonghi, before a free press was at work, the formation of a corps of artillery was decided, and other efficient measures adopted. The opinion of this indefatigable agent is, that *the struggle, however protracted, must succeed, and must lead to an improvement in the condition not only of Greece, but of Asia.*

The "*Night before the Bridal,*" is a somewhat highly wrought, but very spirited and poetical representation of disappointed passion; its story is well told, the interest is well supported, and the incidents are equally unexpected and natural. The betrayed heroine, hearing of her lover's approaching nuptials with another lady, in a moment of phrenzied indignation, is about to sacrifice him to her wounded honour; but her full soul relents when she beholds him, and the dagger falls from her grasp. He is assassinated, however, in the same evening, by another hand; and her former communication with him being known, she is suspected of the act, tried, and condemned to suffer death.—Such is simply the ground-work of a story out of which the writer has wrought a beautiful poem, enriched with many fine descriptions and illustrations; and exhibiting many natural and pathetic touches, that display no common power over the imagination and the heart.

Mr. J. J. Audubon has lately completed a tour through va-  
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rious parts of the United States and the territories, in which he has collected drawings of the various birds which abound on the American continent. His collection amounts to between four and five hundred; added to which is a copious description of the bird, its habits, character, &c. His object is to have the work published in the United States, which we sincerely hope he may be able to effect. Mr. Audubon has been upwards of twenty years engaged in this undertaking, and in its prosecution has undergone toils and suffered privations, which must have required more than an ordinary fortitude to endure, and for which he can only rely on the merit of his work to obtain a remuneration. We have been favoured with a view of several of the drawings, all of which are as large as life, and are striking and correct representations of nature. Each plate is ornamented with a drawing of some curious plant or shrub, upon which the bird appears perched, many of which are very beautiful, and have hitherto been wholly unknown to botanists.

We are happy to hear that Alden Bradford, Esq., proposes to publish another volume of the *History of Massachusetts*. The first volume from his pen takes up a very interesting period of our history, and contains a fair and lucid account of the great controversy which preceded the appeal to arms in the revolutionary struggle. The proposed volume will narrate the subsequent events, particularly the efforts and services of Massachusetts. She began the war, and it will not be denied that she had the greatest share in the contest.

The publication of Mr. Elliot's Botany is completed. The last number issued, is the seventh of the second volume; making, in all, thirteen numbers.—The preface to the second volume, just published, contains the author's acknowledgments of the friendly assistance which he received from several distinguished naturalists, among whom he alludes, with pathetic interest, to the late Dr. M'Bride.

Mr. Cooper, the novelist, is collecting materials for *A Naval History of the United States*.

Mr. Sherburne, of the Navy Department, has announced his intention to publish a *Life of Paul Jones*, whose daring achievements contributed so essentially to the success of our maritime operations, during the war of the revolution. It will be recollectcd that the discovery of numerous MSS. of this intrepid seaman, was announced some time ago in the New York papers. Whether Mr. Sherburne's project is con-

nected with this circumstance, we are not able to say; but every thing relating to that period is interesting.

Dr. John D. Godman is engaged in writing *An American Natural History*. Part of the work is now in the press, we believe, of Mr. Wright, of Philadelphia. We have seen a few specimens of the engravings with which the work will be illustrated. They are executed with great spirit and accuracy. It is expected that the first part, in 3 vols. 8vo. will be published next September.

A complete collection of the *Writings of Madame de Genlis*, in upwards of 80 vols., is about to be published in Paris.

Mr. Lockwood, of New York, has published a new edition of Lempriere's *Universal Biography*, enriched by the addition of 800 articles of American biography. Mr. E. Lord is the American editor.

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## PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

*To the Editor of the London Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,

The following article on the personal character of Lord Byron, will be read, I think, with peculiar interest, as your readers will immediately perceive that it is written by one who has had unusual opportunities of observing the extraordinary habits, feelings, and opinions of the inspired and noble Poet. I am quite sure that, after a perusal of the following paper, the reader will be able to see Lord Byron, mind and all, "in his habit as he lived;"—Much that has hitherto been accounted inexplicable in his Lordship's life and writings is now interpreted, and the poet and the man are here depicted in their true colours. I can pledge myself to the strict correctness of its details.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

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LORD BYRON's address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he was certainly not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the worst

person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie: he was by temperament and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively, he avoided the timid driveler, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing, as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one: falsehood is not the vice of the powerful; the Greek slave *lies*, the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said,) irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself; he carried

his jealousy up even to Buonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though, from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him; and he thought the English public did the same; and for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England: in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular, and even infamous, in England; when he left *Murray*, engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the *Hunts*, he fancied, and doubtless was told so, by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of *Don Juan*, or for *vices* either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself. He thought that his name coupled with the Greek cause would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities,—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island, received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people.

(*To be continued.*)

## SONG.

" FAREWELL!—we shall not meet again,  
     As we are parting now  
 I must my beating heart restrain—  
     Must veil my burning brow!  
 Oh, I must coldly learn to hide  
     One thought, all else above—  
 Must call upon my woman's pride  
     To hide my woman's love!  
 Check dreams I never may avow:  
     Be free, be careless, cold as thou!  
 Oh! those are tears of bitterness,  
     Wrung from the breaking heart,  
 When two, blest in their tenderness,  
     Must learn to live—apart!  
 But what are they to that lone sigh,  
     That cold and fixed despair,  
 That weight of wasting agony  
     It must be mine to bear?  
 Methinks I should not thus repine,  
     If I had but one vow of thine.  
 I could forgive inconstancy,  
     To be one moment loved by thee!  
 With me the hope of life is gone,  
     The sun of joy is set;  
 One wish my soul still dwells upon—  
     The wish it could forget.  
 I would forget that look, that tone,  
     My heart hath all too dearly known.  
 But who could ever yet efface  
     From memory love's enduring trace?  
 All may revolt, all may complain—  
     But who is there may break the chain?  
 Farewell!—I shall not be to thee  
     More than a passing thought;  
 But every time and place will be  
     With thy remembrance fraught!  
 Farewell! we have not often met,—  
     We may not meet again;  
 But on my heart the seal is set—  
     Love never sets in vain!  
 Fruitless as constancy may be,  
     No chance, no change, may turn from thee  
 One who has loved thee wildly, well,—  
     But whose first love-vow breathed—Farewell." L. E. L.

## THE "BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE."

"TWAS one of those sweet spots which seem just made  
For lovers' meeting, or for minstrel haunt;  
The maiden's blush would look so beautiful  
By those white roses, and the poet's dream  
Would be so soothing, lulled by the low notes  
The birds sing to the leaves, whose soft reply  
Is murmured by the wind: the grass beneath  
Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs  
Have twined o'er head, graceful and close as love,  
The sun is shining cheerfully, though scarce  
His rays may pierce through the dim shade, yet still  
Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,  
And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright  
As Hope's first smile. All, lingering, stayed to gaze.  
Upon this Eden of the painter's art,  
And, looking on its loveliness, forgot  
The crowded world around them!—But a spell  
Stronger than the green landscape fixed the eye—  
The spell of woman's beauty!—By a beech  
Whose long dark shadow fell upon the stream,  
There stood a radiant girl!—her chesnut hair—  
One bright gold tint was on it—loosely fell  
In large rich curls upon a neck whose snow  
And grace were like the swan's; she wore the garb  
Of her own village, and her small white feet  
And slender ankles, delicate as carved  
From Indian ivory were bare,—the turf  
Seemed scarce to feel their pressure. There she stood!  
Her head leant on her arm, the beech's trunk  
Supporting her slight figure, and one hand  
Prest to her heart, as if to still its throbs!—  
You never might forget that face,—so young,  
So fair, yet traced with such deep characters  
Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim,  
With tears on the dark lashes; still the lip  
Could not quite lose its own accustomed smile,  
Even by that pale cheek it kept its arch  
And tender playfulness: you looked and said,  
What can have shadowed such a sunny brow?  
There is so much of natural happiness  
In that bright countenance, it seems but formed  
For spring's light sunbeams or yet lighter dews.  
You turned away—then came—and looked again,  
Watching the pale and silent loveliness,  
Till even sleep was haunted by that image.  
There was a severed chain upon the ground—  
Ah! love is even more fragile than its gifts!

A tress of raven hair:—oh! only those  
 Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,  
 Can tell how precious is the slightest thing  
 Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower  
 Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks  
 That made each leaf a treasure. And the tree  
 Had two slight words graven upon its stem—  
 The broken heart's last record of its faith—  
 ‘**ADIEU, HENRI!**’ . . . .

. . . I learnt the history of the lovely picture;  
 It was a peasant girl's, whose soul was given  
 To one as far above her as the pine  
 Towers o'er the lowly violet; yet still  
 She loved, and was beloved again—ere yet  
 The many trammels of the world were flung  
 Around a heart whose first and latest pulse  
 Throbbed but for beauty: him, the young, the brave,  
 Chivalrous prince, whose name in after-years  
 A nation was to worship—that young heart  
 Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling  
 Life only once may know. I will not dwell  
 On how Affection's bark was launched and lost:—  
 Love, thou hast hopes like summers short and bright,  
 Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,  
 Intense, delicious throbs! But happiness  
 Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known  
 Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis or ere  
 Thy presence is confessed; but, once revealed,  
 We bow us down in passionate devotion  
 Vowed to thy altar, then the serpents wake  
 That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make  
 Fears burning arrows—lingering jealousy,  
 And last, worst poison of thy cup—neglect! . . . .  
 . . . It matters little how she was forgotten,  
 Or what she felt—a woman can but weep.  
 She prayed her lover but to say farewell—  
 To meet her by the river where such hours  
 Of happiness had passed, and said she knew  
 How much she was beneath him; but she prayed  
 That he would look upon her face once more!  
 . . . He sought the spot—upon the beechen tree  
 ‘**ADIEU, HENRI!**’ was graven, and his heart  
 Felt cold within him! He turned to the wave,  
 And there the beautiful peasant floated—Death  
 Had sealed Love's sacrifice!”

L. E. L.

## TO JULIA.

In the following lines a common thought is expressed with great beauty and tenderness.

Ah! Julia! must that sorrow come,  
When I in anguish shall behold  
That cheek with animated bloom,  
No longer warm—pale,—shrunk,—and cold.  
Those lips, whence I such kisses steal,  
Robb'd of their dye and honied store,  
No more to make one proud appeal,  
Or speak one tempting challenge more?

Ah! must that hour at length arrive,  
When I may press that hand so fair,  
Now to my slightest touch alive,  
Yet feel no pulses trembling there?  
No more those eyes of soften'd blue,  
With liquid fondness sparkling beam,  
But seem their long, their last, adieu,  
In every faded form to gleam.

In some dread season of despair,  
Must keen disease, must wasting pain,  
Seize on thy form, and I be near  
To count the sighs that moan in vain;  
Wipe thy damp brow with trembling hand,  
See o'er thy frame death's tremors creep,  
Pale o'er thy sinking ruin stand,  
And feel the grief that cannot weep.

## THE SOLDIERS.

There is much gayety in the ensuing verses; and the fidelity of the first, at least, will be recognized by all who have witnessed one of our city parades, although they are marshalled by men who *never set a squadron in the field.*

“The soldiers are coming,” the villagers cry,  
All trades are suspended to see us pass by;  
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up stairs,  
In a moment dismissed are her broom and her cares;  
Outstretch’d is her neck, till the soldiers she sees,  
From her cap the red ribbon plays light in the breeze,  
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,  
And redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

The vet’ran, half-dozing, awakes at the news,  
Hobbles out, and our columns with triumph reviews;

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Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstasy hears  
 Of majors, and gen'rals, and fierce brigadiers;  
 Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,  
 Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew,  
 To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,  
 And make one rally more at the sound of the drum.

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## TO —————

I court thee, through the glim'ring air,  
 When morning springs from slumbers still,  
 And waving bright his golden hair,  
 Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.

I court thee, when at noon reclined,  
 I watch the murmuring insect throng,  
 In many an airy spiral wind,  
 Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee when the flow'rets close,  
 And drink no more receding light,  
 And when calm eve to soft repose,  
 Sinks on the bosom of the night.

And when beneath the moon's pale beam,  
 Alone 'mid shadowy rocks I roam,  
 And walking visions round me gleam,  
 Of beings and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,  
 Thou warm'st to life my languid mind;  
 Thou cheer'st a frame with genial power,  
 That drops in ev'ry ruder wind.

Breathe, Cherub! breathe! once soft and warm,  
 Like thine the gale of Fortune blew,  
 How has a desolating storm  
 Swept all I gaz'd on from my view!

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,  
 The haunts of men indignant flee,  
 Hold to my heart a listless gloom,  
 And joy but in the muse and thee.

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*From the Irish Melodies, by T. Moore.*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends  
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—  
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,  
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day!

Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,  
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?  
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,  
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,  
Still round them like visions of yesterday throng.  
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,  
When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight,  
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,  
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide  
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew;  
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;  
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,  
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
Deceiv'd for a moment we'll think them still ours,  
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
For want of some heart that could echo it near.  
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,  
The more we should welcome and bless them the more;  
They're ours when we meet,—they are lost, when we part,  
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.  
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
Let sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,  
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

---

She sung of Love—while o'er her lyre  
The rosy rays of evening fell,  
As if to feed with their soft fire  
The soul within that trembling shell.  
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,  
And play'd around those lips, that sung  
And spoke as flowers would sing and speak,  
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,  
Each rosy ray from Heaven withdrew;  
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,  
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too;

As if her light and Heaven's were one,  
The glory all had left that frame;  
And from her glimmering lips the tone,  
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever lov'd, but had the thought  
That he and all he lov'd must part?  
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught  
That fading image to my heart,  
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?  
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!  
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,  
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LINES TO A LADY.

IT IS THE HOUR!—and my wrapt spirit flies  
On wings of joy to sympathise with thine!  
Night, with her glit'ring canopy of stars,  
Spreads a rich curtain o'er the silent world,  
And all is still and tranquil as the grave.  
I stand alone! the wintry winds are high,  
And pour their chilly blasts upon my brow.  
But ah! I heed them not, for *thou* art here;  
I feel thy influence o'er my aching heart,  
Calming each wayward passion into peace,  
And bidding it awake once more to joy;  
I see thee as thou wast in other days,  
Buoyant and bright with youth, and hope, and love:  
The thrilling smile, the beaming eye, are there,  
In all their lov'd and lovely truth unchanged.  
I hear thee and thy gentle accents fall  
In tones of tenderness upon mine ear,  
Telling of future store of blissful days,  
When thou and I shall meet on earth again!  
Friend of my soul! I higher prize this hour,  
This hallowed hour of mutual thought with-thee,  
Than all the pageant that the world calls joy;  
Let others seek amid the giddy throng,  
Where mirth and gayety their revels keep  
The phantom pleasure—mine the silent night,  
And sweet communion of the soul with thee.      E.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MELANCHOLY.

Far from those scenes, to mem'ry ever dear,  
To which it still returns and loves again to trace,  
His heart still mourning its departed joys,  
In thought abstract, he wanders through the vale's  
Sequester'd gloom,—nor hears the rippling brook

That casts its playful waves o'er rocks and stones,  
 Bearing the brilliant sun-beam on its tide:  
 The budding beauties of the vernal wood,  
 The robbin'song, alike to him in vain;  
 While melancholy sits upon the brow  
 Where smiles were wont to play.—His wand'ring mind,  
 To climes far distant turns and revels there  
 In joys, by fancy bred, or home returns  
 To dwell in "all the luxury of grief."

ADOLPHUS.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"LEAVE THEE!"

To M. —

If to "leave thee" is to stray,  
 Where my heart forgets thy sway,  
 And to forget that e'er a sigh  
 Confess'd my love when thou wer't nigh,  
 I'll never leave thee!

If to "leave thee" is to rove,  
 Forgetful of those hours of love,  
 When on thy bosom I have sworn  
 My heart with parting grief was torn,  
 I'll never leave thee!

If to "leave thee" is t' admire  
 Of other eyes the potent fire;  
 Forgetful of the rays that shone,  
 So bright, so lovely, from thine own,  
 I'll never leave thee!

If to "leave thee" is to go,  
 Oppreas'd with all a lover's woe;  
 With Hope alone to guide my way,  
 And point me once again to thee,

Oh thus I leave thee!

ADOLPHUS.

The following ancient epigram would have delighted Dr. Johnson and Jack Wilkes,—the Middlesex patriot.

Cain, in disgrace with Heav'n, retir'd to Nod,  
 A place undoubtedly as far from God  
 As he could wish; which made some think he went  
 As far as Scotland, ere he pitched his tent;  
 And there a city built of ancient fame,  
 Which he from *Eden*—*Edinburgh* did name.

## THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

### A PARODY ON "THE BACHELOR'S FARE."

Happy and free are a Married Man's reveries,  
 Cheerily, merrily passes his life;  
 He knows not the Bachelor's revelries, develries,  
 Caressed by, and blessed by his Children and Wife.  
 From lassitude free too, sweet home still to flee to;  
 A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share,  
 A fireside so cheery, the smiles of his deary—  
 O this, boys! this is the Married Man's Fare!

Wife kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,  
 Busy promoting his comfort around;  
 Dispelling dejection, with smiles of affection,  
 Sympathizing, advising, when fortune has frown'd.  
 Old ones relating droll tales, never sating,—  
 Little ones prating, all strangers to care;  
 Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some munching,  
 Economy dealing the Married Man's Fare.

Thus is each jolly day one lively holiday;  
 Not so the Bachelor, lonely depressed;  
 No gentle one near him, to home to endear him,  
 In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest.  
 No children to climb up—'twould fill all my rhyme up,  
 And take too much time up to tell his despair:—  
 Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him—  
 Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his Fare.

He has no one to put on—a sleeve or neck button—  
 Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at kneel!—  
 The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too,  
 With overdone, underdone,—undone is he!  
 No son still a treasure, in business or leisure;  
 No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare;  
 But old maids and cousins, kind souls, rush in dozens,  
 Relieving him soon of his Bachelor's Fare.

He calls children apes, Sir, (the fox and the grapes, Sir),  
 And fain would he wed, when his locks are like snow;  
 But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out,  
 And maiden's deriding, cry 'No, my love, No!'  
 Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow;  
 No hope in to-morrow,—none sympathy spares;  
 And then unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—  
 None close his old eysc up—he dies—and who cares!

## REPLY TO AN AGED SUITOR.

Why thus press me to compliance?  
 Why oblige me to refuse?  
 Yet though I shrink from your alliance,  
 Perhaps a younger I may choose.  
 For 'tis a state I'll ne'er disparage,  
 Nor will I war against it wage;  
 I do not, Sir, object to marriage,  
 But I object to *marry age*.

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Bamfylde is a name not very familiar to the readers of English poetry, yet he has written with elegance and feeling. Southee has preserved one of his sonnets, in the "Specimens" which he collected some years ago.

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove  
 With the wild tumult of a real flame;  
 Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,  
 Nor youth's enliv'ning graces teach to love.  
 The pathless vale, the long-forgotten grove,  
 The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,  
 With ivy mantled o'er. For empty fame  
 Let him amidst the rabble toil—or rove  
 In search of plunder far to western clime.  
 Give me to waste the hours in am'rous play  
 With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme,  
 Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,  
 And all the prodigality of charms,  
 Form'd to enslave my heart, and grace my lay.

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

*South Carolina.*—Judge Bay has decided on the question, whether *Aliens are liable to the performance of military duty*,—that they are liable.

The Law of South Carolina, in relation to debtors and creditors, has been so far meliorated as to exempt females from arrest for debt, under a ~~U.S. Stat.~~

On the conflicting questions of state and national jurisdiction, much idle declamation has been uttered in news-papers, and in the annual

al speeches of some of our governors. The subject was recently brought before the legislature of this state, in the latter mode. The Report, by *Samuel Prioleau*, Esq., is a sound and comprehensive view of the subject, and his conclusions are irresistible. In the opinion of this accomplished jurist "the people have conferred no power upon this state legislature, to impugn the acts of the federal government, or the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States." Every citizen, it is truly

said, owes a double allegiance; to wit: to the United States, and to the particular state to which he belongs. He has no right to give an undue preference to either. Every assumption of power by congress, must, in ordinary cases, be referred to the supreme court, which tribunal, by the express provision of the constitution, may decide an act of congress to be void. If the court itself should exceed its authority, congress, on the application of the legislatures of two thirds of the states, may call a convention, by which the constitution may be altered, so as to provide against the recurrence of a similar evil. The report adverts to the inconsistency of those who, while they stigmatise this bench as the tool of an usurping executive, concede a full measure of wisdom and patriotism to the individuals of whom it is composed.

*Georgia.*—The Savannah Republican says—"The beautiful idea of the poet, of 'winter lingering in the lap of May,' is at this time completely transposed in our climate, for May is smiling in the arms of December. Thermometers are more than thirty degrees above the usual freezing point of the season. The grass begins to dress itself in green—the sweet jessamine and woodbine in the gardens of our city have expanded their fragrant leaves, and present to our view full bloom flowers—the rose partially covers its stems with luxuriant leaves, and the infant bud of Flora's favourite modesty, begins to peep forth through the sheltering foliage—the trees of every description start their buds to join the jubilee—the peach is in full blossom, and the mocking bird, the early messenger of spring, chaunts forth her praises for the continuance of mild and congenial airs."

According to a census taken by authority of the state, the white population is 242,000, and the coloured 162,600—total 374,600. By the United States' census of 1820, the population of Georgia was 840,989,

of which number 140,676 were slaves.

*Ohio.*—In the Ohio Legislature, a report on the subject of the Erie and Ohio Canal, has been made. The expense of cutting the Erie Canal, is estimated at about three million of dollars. The length of the route is somewhat more than three hundred miles, including the feeders. Several routes are embraced in the report, all of which have been reviewed by Judge Bates, a well known and experienced Engineer from New York.

*Kentucky.*—Of all party names, those now in use in this state are the oddest. The dominant party is called *Judge-breakers*, and their opponents the *Court party*. The former is for displacing all those judges who pronounce a law enacted by the legislature, to be unconstitutional; the latter is for supporting the courts in the exercise of that power. The judge-breaking doctrine is not new; it is said that a politician of some eminence in Kentucky, observed in their legislature some years ago; "when gentlemen talk of the constitution, and point to *that little book*, as containing it, they talk nonsense—the will of the people is the constitution—the legislature expresses the people's will."

The Legislature of Kentucky lately passed a law inviting Judge Sebastian to accept a pension and retire from the Bench. The Judge accepted the pension and resigned. At the next session the Legislature repealed the law giving the pension, and his honour was out of office and without pay.

The career of speculation seems to be precipitating the State of Kentucky from one difficulty to another, in such rapid progression, as to excite sympathy for its inevitable degradation. In the vortex of its embarrassments, every thing respectable becomes involved.

A bill has passed the Legislature, declaring it felony to take a dead body from the grave without the consent of friends.

**Dr. Buchanan** has succeeded in propelling a boat by the application of his newly invented generator. The advantages which it is considered to possess over boilers now in use, are economy in the cost, a considerable saving of fuel, lightness, the space which it occupies, and entire safety from the bursting of the boiler. The boiler weighs about five hundred pounds. The Dr. intends applying it to propelling carriages on land.

Desh, son of the governor, found guilty of a most atrocious murder, for the purposes of spoil has had a new trial awarded to him.

**Illinois.**—In this state the late winter has been unusually fine and open. With the exception of a very few days, there had been, up to the last advices, which were as late as the 15th of January, neither snow, nor severe cold. During the month of December, the weather at Vandalia was as mild and delightful, as that which is usually enjoyed in the autumn, and the inhabitants strolled about in the moonlight, lightly attired, or sat at their doors in the evening without experiencing any inconvenience.—The commissioners appointed to view the route of the proposed canal, to connect the waters of the Illinois river with those of Lake Michigan, have thoroughly explored all the country lying within the points contemplated to be embraced; and have submitted to the Legislature a voluminous report, which had not been printed when our informant wrote. So soon as this document is promulgated, we will lay a brief notice of its contents before our readers. From the respectability of the commissioners, and the abilities of their chief engineer,—Col. Post,—an able view of this subject may be anticipated. It is supposed that the resources of Illinois, are not sufficient to enable her to execute this great work; but it is thought that if a private company were incorporated for that purpose, a portion of the wealth of our Atlantic cities would be devoted.

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ed to the advancement of a project which will not only be lucrative to the individuals concerned in it, but facilitate commerce, and strengthen the bonds of the Federal Union. Mr. Owen has lately arrived in Illinois from Scotland. His object is said to be, the purchase of lands for the reception of a colony of Scotchmen. The tract occupied for several years past by the Harmony society, had been offered him, and it is supposed that he was first induced to take the voyage to this country, by a desire to examine that spot. But whether he will purchase the highly improved lands of these Germans at an enhanced price, or select a fertile and healthy tract in a state of nature, is doubtful. Mr. Owen is a distinguished philanthropist, and a writer of some celebrity, who has devoted much of his time and talents to plans for the melioration of the condition of his indigent countrymen. Such a man will be an acquisition to our country, and a colony of industrious Scots, will be of more value than myriads of the indolent vagabonds who prey upon our bounty. Mr. Rapp, and his society, propose to leave their settlement on the Wabash, and have already despatched a colony to Pennsylvania, whither they intend to return. It is said, they will settle on the banks of the Ohio, a short distance below Pittsburgh. The reasons of this change are not known. But it may be readily imagined that as the Harmonites are a manufacturing people, a new country would afford but a contracted theatre for their operations. New settlers have so many real wants to supply, that they cannot afford to expend much money upon luxuries. The articles manufactured by this society, if we except cloths, are in general, such as are not of immediate utility, and may easily be dispensed with; and as the people of this country are for the most part clad in fabrics of household manufacture, that article is in but little demand. The

Harmonites are an ingenious people, and should reside among a dense population, where the inhabitants have acquired artificial wants, and possess the means to indulge them.

*Florida.*—It appears by a Florida agricultural report, that an orange tree yields from three thousand five hundred to six thousand oranges in a season, which gives five hundred dollars an acre.

The governor congratulates the legislature on assembling, for the first time, at the new seat of government. He states that a treaty has been concluded with the Florida Indians, by which, with the exception of a few tracts, the whole country is surrendered—that they are all concentrated in the peninsula between the Atlantic and the Gulf Stream, by which the safety of travellers is amply insured—that a reform in the judiciary becomes indispensable, and likewise a general revision of the statutes. Preparations are making to lay out a road between Pensacola and St. Augustine, for which purpose, twenty-three thousand dollars have been appropriated by Congress. His excellency says, "Until lately no part of North America was so little known as the interior of this country. Visitors who had taken a transient view of the extremes of East and West Florida, had pronounced it a bank of sand, not worth the money paid for it. Ignorance is commonly the cause of misrepresentation. Now, it is believed by many, that Louisiana has not more valuable land than this Territory. The lands on the banks of the Appalatchicola river are as fertile as the banks of the Mississippi, and the climate is better adapted to the culture of sugar and sea island cotton. The greater part of the country between Suwanee and Appalatchicola rivers, is extremely rich and valuable, and will sustain a population of many thousand souls, while the rich lands of Alachua, west of the Appalatchicola, will unquestionably render Florida, at no distant period, a rich and powerful State."

"The bold and navigable rivers which run through our territory will be of more value than mines of gold. Besides the rivers already mentioned, several others are equally navigable. The St. John's can be ascended by vessels of considerable burthen for one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy miles; the Ocklucky is navigable for large boats, as are also the St. Marks and Wakulla rivers. The Choctawatchie and Escambia rivers are now navigated into the State of Alabama. A few years will demonstrate the value of Florida to the United States, and thousands of Southern planters will realize in this country that wealth for which hitherto they have toiled without success."

*Maryland.*—James Shriver, civil engineer, charged with the investigation and exploration of a route across the summit level of the Allegheny, has reported to the general government, that the route hitherto contemplated is entirely practicable; but advise further examinations, under the impression that by diverging somewhat to the north, a route across the summit level may possibly be discovered at a lower elevation.

It affords us much pleasure to present this intelligence, as evincive of the determination of uniting all parts of the United States, through the accommodation of canals. If the canals contemplated to be cut through New-Jersey, be judiciously managed, they cannot fail to produce to the individuals important profits, and to the public incalculable advantages. In estimating the importance of these canals, we ought to contemplate the extraordinary rapidity with which the population is increasing, and the resources of the country developing themselves.—The city of Baltimore enjoyed an extraordinary degree of health, during the last year. The whole number of deaths in 1823, was 2,103; in 1824, only 1,468—and it is probable that the population is greater now than it was twelve months ago: and it is certain that

much more improvement was made in the last than in the preceding year; and the general state of business has been a little better: but it is still in a very depressed state. Public confidence has not yet recovered the shock which it experienced some years ago from the mobs and the frauds on the Banks.

*District of Columbia.*—A deputation of Choctaws, nine in number, arrived in the city of Washington, lately, on business with the government.

On their way, and when at Maysville, in Kentucky, *Puck-shee-nubee*, a principal chief, and aged about 85 years, stepped from a precipice, in a fog, which hid the chasm from his view, and fractured his skull, which killed him.

It is gratifying to witness, in these deputations of latter times, young men of education and virtue, with talents to conduct the business of their nation, and manners suited in all respects to the polished improvements of their white brothers. There are two of this description attached to this deputation, Col. Folsom, well known as a friend to the school system among his people, and for the distinguished excellence of his character, and James L. M'Donald, who was educated in this district, chiefly by the Rev. Mr. Carnahan, now president of Princeton College, at his classical school in Georgetown, and subsequently read law in Ohio, and with the present post-master-general, where he was admitted to its practice.

They have many claims upon our justice and humanity; and now that we see them emerging from the ignorance of barbarism, and even venturing upon our learned professions, every encouragement ought to be held out, and every inducement offered, to animate and prosper their efforts.

The school system under the special patronage of the government, is producing the happiest results, and if it be well supported, and its ener-

gies kept in vigor by such guards as experience may demonstrate to be essential, a generation may not pass away before our nation may be honoured in having rescued from the cheerless condition of the savage hundreds of thousands of fellow beings, whose claims even upon the humanity of so many ages have been resisted, and themselves made the victims of every outrage which the keenest avarice has the ingenuity to invent.

Our national character is deeply interested in the issue of the present efforts to civilize and christianize these people; but when to this is added the claim which arises out of their abject condition as a people, the duty becomes imperative.

The Delegation of Chickasaws, who lately visited Washington, came by permission of the Government, in compliance with their request, and at their own expense. One of the objects of their visit was to conclude an arrangement by which their annuity for one year, amounting to \$35,000, should be employed, under the direction of the Government, towards the education and improvement of their children, which was effected. Five thousand dollars of the appropriation, are to be applied to the expense of erecting buildings, &c. and the remaining thirty thousand are to be invested in stock, the interest of which is to be applied towards the support of the schools.

In consequence of charges against Captain Stewart respecting his conduct, while commanding the squadron of the U. S., on the Pacific Ocean, he has been suspended from duty and a trial ordered.

Capt. Porter was ordered home from his command in the West Indies, in December last, on account of the affairs at Faxyardo, in the island of Porto Rico. The result of these measures has not yet been made public.

*North Carolina.*—The Society of

**Friends have resolved to send all the negroes, about 700, under their charge to Hayti, the law not permitting their unconditional emancipation.**

The number of persons engaged in seeking for gold in Montgomery county, averages 150. The ground is searched on shares—any one may dig who will give half of what he finds to the proprietors of the soil. It is obtained in lumps of various sizes, and is so pure that it requires two carats of alloy to reduce it to the American standard. The largest piece lately picked up weighed four pounds ten ounces—but one was found, some years ago, that weighed twenty-eight pounds.

They have not yet gone more than twelve feet below the surface of the earth. No persons of capital have yet engaged in this business; from which it may be inferred, that this seeking for gold is not a profitable employment. The surface on different parts of which this metal has yet been discovered, extends about thirty miles.

*Virginia.*—The present laws of Virginia prohibit the marriage of a man with a former wife's sister, or with a brother's widow. A bill was brought lately in the Legislature for the repeal of this restriction. It was rejected. Ayes 37—Noes 108.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### OBITUARY.

**14th January. ROBERT GOODLON HARPER,** in the 60th year of his age. For upwards of two weeks preceding the day of his death, Mr. Harper had been actively engaged at the bar in the trial of an important cause. On the 13th inst. he concluded an elaborate and able argument at about 2 o'clock, P. M. He was at a social party in the evening, and in fine spirits. He ate his breakfast the next morning apparently in good health, and in a few minutes afterwards, as he was standing before the fire, reading a newspaper, he fell and instantly expired! The court and bar adopted the usual order in such cases; and all classes of the community united in testimonials of respect for the memory of one who had long been the strength and ornament of the city. The character of the deceased was ably pourtrayed by Mr. Wirt, in announcing the event to the court. "Your honors," said this distinguished advocate, "are apprized of the shock which we have just sustained, in the sudden death of General Harper. It has been less than three years since our deceased brother, in the Hall of the

Supreme Court of the United States, announced the sudden death of one of the first men of our profession, in the words "a great man has fallen Israel." We may now say with truth, "A great man has fallen in Israel." If one of the most clear, comprehensive, and powerful minds, replenished with the richest stores of the most various knowledge, combined with one of the best, the purest, and the kindest of hearts, a deportment at once frank, manly, courteous, and graceful, and an energy of character which rendered him constantly active in the exercise of every public and private virtue, can make a great man—then we say, indeed, "a great man has fallen in Israel." His life has not been passed in private. His distinction was not the unmerited boon of a small circle of partial friends; on the contrary he has been for thirty years active on the great theatre of the United States, and in the eyes of the nation. On this theatre his energetic character and eminent talents have been always distinguished—and the nation has considered him as one of her brightest ornaments. He was the

elder brother of this professional family, which he adorned by his virtues not less than by his talents. Vigorous and powerful in discussion—manly and gentle and candid and kind in his private intercourse with his brethren, we were proud to acknowledge him as standing in the van of our ranks, who would have thrown an illustrious light upon the profession in any country."

It might have been expected that some memorial of the public services of this eminent statesman and lawyer, would have been prepared for the press, by one of his friends, on the spot which had so long been the scene of his glory; but the newspapers of Baltimore have hitherto confined themselves to an account of a military parade and a funeral procession. In one of the daily journals of Philadelphia, however, a sketch of the career and character of Mr. Harper was published, which has every appearance of having proceeded from one who is acquainted with the prominent circumstances in his life. Of this essay we shall freely avail ourselves in our notice. Mr. Harper was a native of North Carolina. His parents were respectable, and his industry was such, that before the age of fifteen, he possessed the rudiments of a liberal education. At that early period, he entered the revolutionary army; how long he continued in the service is not known. He became a pupil in the Princeton College, where he was enabled to augment his stores of learning by instructing the inferior classes. At the age of twenty he conceived a project of making the tour of Europe on foot, the expense of which was to be defrayed by getting a few pupils in London and working at the trade of a joiner, for which he had early qualified himself. This romantic scheme, however, was abandoned for a more rational pursuit. He repaired to South Carolina, where he was soon admitted to the bar. Like most young men of talents in our country, he soon became a controversialist in

the newspapers. This procured him a seat in the Legislature, from which he was speedily transferred to the Congress of the United States. Here he was among the most active, useful, and distinguished members, from the commencement of the French revolution, until the year 1802, when the democratic party succeeded to the national government. That party was led by Madison, Giles, Nicholas, Gallatin, and Livingston, aided by the consummate intrigues of Jefferson, and the pens of Bache, Calender, Duane, and others. Yet we find the name of Harper in every measure of importance, the equal adversary and often the victor, in the most arduous debates. He and Wm. L. Smith, of S. C. may be regarded as the leaders of the federal party in supporting and establishing the policy of Washington. A selection from his political writings was published a few years ago, which attests the uncommon vigour of his faculties—the extent of his knowledge, and the rectitude of his intentions. He was ever acknowledged, on all hands, to act and speak with a direct, bold, and honorable spirit. It has been readily stated by several of the highest and keenest of the opposition, that his deportment on every occasion bespoke dignity of feeling and fairness of purpose. On the downfall of the Federal party, he selected Baltimore as his permanent residence, and resumed the practice of the law. Although his mind had been long estranged from the profession, yet it was so well stored with fundamental principles, that he was equal to the argument of any question when it was stripped of the technicalities of legal learning. Not having been systematically trained to the bar, he was defective in the science of special pleading: a defect which he did not discover, perhaps, until it was too late to repair it. His answer to the articles of impeachment of Judge Chase—a document which has not been surpassed in the annals of jurisprudence, may be cited as fur-

nishing ample evidence of the powers of his mind. He defended the Judge orally before the Senate, in conjunction with Luther Martin, and Joseph Hopkinson, Esquires. The speeches which these gentlemen delivered on that occasion, may be referred to as models of professional skill ; replete with learning, glowing with eloquence, and sparkling with wit. In treating of the professional career of Mr. Harper, we ought not to pass over his exertions, about two years ago, for the conviction of certain individuals—Bank Directors, Clerks, &c. who were indicted in Maryland, for defrauding the Bank of the U. States. In his reply to the defence of the traversers he embraced the whole mass of the voluminous testimony, and distributed, linked and applied it, with singular ingenuity and force, distinctly tracing designs and results, as he proceeded, and vividly exhibiting the pernicious quality and odious aspect of the offences, which those persons had committed. The volume entitled “A Report of the Conspiracy Cases,” prepared chiefly under his direction, attests at once the turpitude of these transactions, the dexterity with which the complicated tissue of fraud was unravelled, and the boldness with which it was held up to scorn and detestation. Mr. Harper regularly attended the Supreme Court of the U. S. where he held a high station. It was not merely his character as a lawyer and a rhetorician that attracted the deference of the Bench, but the habitual courtesy and propriety of his manners. A distinguished judge of that tribunal lately observed—“I cannot express how much we shall feel the loss of Mr. Harper—we were pleasantly and securely accustomed to his presence ; it was felt as that of a highly esteemed personal and official friend—we relied equally upon the lights of his intelligence and experience, and the alacrity and serviceableness of his support in all exigencies of sentiment and discipline. He was so fair, decorous and

*gentlemanly.*”—The abhorrence with which the people of Maryland regarded the attempt to put down a free press in Baltimore, and the savage outrages upon the persons and property of those who defended it, gave to the Federal party, in that State, a few years ago, a temporary ascendancy ; of which they availed themselves to place Mr. Harper in the Senate of the U. S., and to bestow upon him the rank of Maj. Gen. in the militia. He had a great fondness for a military career, if we may judge from the minute knowledge which he possessed, of the recent warlike operations in Europe, and the intense interest with which he detailed them. During the years 1819, 20, he visited England, France, and Italy. In the first of these countries he had long been advantageously known by several of his political tracts ; and in all, his exalted character procured him access to the first circles. During the short period which intervened between his return and his demise, he employed himself chiefly on public designs, such as internal improvements and the colonization of the negroes. As a member of the Agricultural Society, he rendered service as well by good example in the husbandry of a farm as by general activity and research. The private character of Mr. Harper is briefly but justly delineated in the extract which has been quoted from Mr. Wirt’s address. It is enough to say that he had a wide circle of personal acquaintance, in which he was regarded with affectionate feelings. Although he had so long and so ardently contended in the field of politics, he made a liberal estimate of the motives and qualities of his old antagonists. For the leaders and principles of the federal party, he retained a profound esteem. His conviction of their honour and patriotism, derived from the best opportunities of knowledge, and expressed with a frankness which seemed to challenge investigation, was itself evidence difficult to withstand.

Immediately after the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson, he vindicated their measures and intentions in an elaborate address to his constituents; and he predicted, what he lived to see fulfilled, the final adoption of their whole policy. His sworn narrative and explanations of the conduct of those who voted for Col. Burr in Congress in 1801, and his recent printed Letters in refutation of Mr. Monroe's calumny, evince further, the deep concern which he took in the reputation of the Federalists and the cause of truth; and constitute powerful claims upon the gratitude and respect of those survivors and friends of that party, who are neither ashamed nor afraid to declare their political faith.

*15th of January, near Bardstown, Ky. DR. JOHN M. HARNEY, author of "Chrystalina," and formerly editor of the Georgian.*

JAMES WILLS, who lately died in Philadelphia, bequeathed the whole of his large estate to charitable purposes. To five Monthly Meetings of the Society of Friends, he left five thousand dollars each; to the Orphan Asylum, ten thousand dollars—the valuable house No. 86 Chesnut-street; is now the property of the latter society. The houses No. 82 and No. 84, Chesnut-street, are left to the three Dispensaries—the Philadelphia, the Northern and the Southern. Five thousand dollars are bequeathed to the Friends' Asylum for Lunatics. The Magdalen Asylum receives five thousand dollars; and the Philadelphia Society for the establishment and support of Charity Schools, (the Walnut street Society,) receives 1000. The residue of his estate, valued at 10,000 dollars, is bequeathed to the Mayor and Councils of the city, for the establishment of a Hospital for the Indigent Lame and Blind, to be called *Will's Hospital*. Mr. Wills was a grocer in Chesnut-street, and his fortune was inherited from his father, who in the capacities of a sailor—coachman—workman in hat-making, and last-

ly a grocer, acquired by economy and industry the means of founding the charity which will enoble his fame.

*In New-Haven, Con. ELI WHITNEY, Esq. aged 59.* In the death of this eminent man, not only his family and friends, but the American people have sustained a loss. Liberally educated in Yale College, where he was graduated in 1792, he soon evinced his attachment to the mathematics, and his great talents in mechanical arts and philosophy. The Cotton Gin was an early result of a happy application of these acquirements, and it is notorious, that this invention has conferred an invaluable boon on the cotton-growing States. A Judge of the highest court in the nation, has declared on the bench, that the benefit derived from Mr. Whitney's invention is to be estimated only by hundreds of millions of dollars. When it is considered, that the population of the cotton-growing states is still far below its maximum—that new states are forming and will continue to be formed, where cotton will be a staple production, and that the culture of this plant, must occupy vast regions, still uncultivated, both on this and on other continents, it will not appear too much to say, that Mr. Whitney has been a great benefactor of mankind, and that he was one of those uncommon men, whose talents contribute essentially to ameliorate the condition of the world. His name has a fair claim to be associated with those of Watt and Arkwright and Fulton, and will be honoured when conquerors are forgotten. It would exceed the limits of an obituary notice, to mention his other useful inventions, or even to commemorate his excellent establishment, for the manufactory of fire arms—which, although a private concern, has enjoyed, during the twenty-six years that it has existed, the uniform patronage of the national government, as well as of several of the individual States.

*At West Point, on the 25th of De-*

ember, JONATHAN SNOWDEN, Esq. He had been a brave and gallant officer of the revolutionary army. He began his career when quite a youth, by joining the militia of New-Jersey, of which state he was a native, who so successfully repulsed, and often defeated, the best troops of the British army. The extraordinary skill and bravery of Mr. Snowden pointed him out as the proper person to receive a commission in the continental army, under General Washington; and accordingly he was commissioned some time in 1776-1777, in Colonel De Hart's Jersey regiment; he continued in active service in the principal encounters of the war in the neighbourhood of New-York, until about the year 1781; when General Washington thought it necessary to select a corps, or legion, to oppose that of Tarleton, which had carried consternation and dismay through the southern states. Col. Lee was very judiciously chosen as a proper officer to command this legion, and he was allowed the privilege of se-

lecting his officers and men from the whole army. Mr. Snowden was one of those selected officers, and shared in all the privations, hardships, risks, and encounters of that celebrated officer.

At the Battle of Guilford Court House, the legion supported its well established character for intrepidity and firmness; but the rest of the army giving way, it was charged by a column of the British, by which several brave officers fell, and became their prisoners, among whom was Lieut. Snowden, having received wounds in both his legs. These wounds being carelessly or improperly treated by the British surgeons, were the source of bodily torment to him during his life. Mr. Snowden, however, was so far recovered from them, that in the years 1793-1794, he accepted a commission, as Captain of Cavalry in the army of St. Clair, destined to act against the Indians. He was in the murderous action near Greenville, but though in great danger, received no injury.

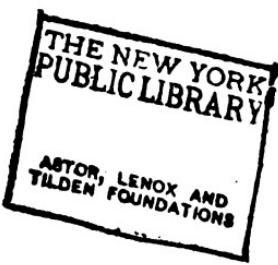
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#### *TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.*

*Owing to some misapprehension in our printer, the address of Mr. Vaux to "the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture," was published in the last number of the Port Folio, without any title, from which the reader might be informed of the occasion which produced it. This is the oldest institution of the kind in the country, and it has contributed largely to the diffusion of knowledge on one of the most important branches of human industry. It has been customary in the Society, for some years past, to appoint one of its members to deliver a discourse at the annual meeting in January; and it is to the observance of this laudable practice, that the public is indebted for the sensible address which appeared in our last.*

*An "Old Maid's Gossiping," is so agreeable to our readers, that we hope this lively correspondent will soon find leisure to resume her pen.*

*"The Missouri Trapper" was received in due time, but mislaid. It will appear in our next.*





# THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*A Review of the Efforts and Progress of Nations during the last Twenty-five years.*—By J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.—Translated from the French by Peter S. Du Ponceau.

IT has pleased the Roman Catholic Church to distinguish the year that we are just now entering upon, by the celebration of a jubilee: abandoning the secular festivals which the greatest number of the faithful did not live to see, it has considered the fourth part of a century as a sufficiently important portion of the life of man, to require all men to pause at this period, to reflect on and review the past. It is a fit moment to acknowledge the errors that have been committed, to examine the progress that has been made, and to seek, in the remembrance of past efforts, fresh hopes for the future. Those who wish for the perfection, or at least the melioration of the human species, who ardently desire its further progress in knowledge, virtue, and liberty; those who are anxious to see man always improving the faculties which raise him above the brutes; his conscience, his intelligence, his will;—such persons will do well to celebrate this jubilee with the Church of Rome. They, also, will find it beneficial to take a retrospective view of the past, to examine the course which they have run, to repent of their errors, to confirm their faith in the truths already known, and lastly, to derive fresh hopes from the lessons of experience.

The first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century have passed away; they had a character peculiar to themselves; a

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single interest exclusively occupied them: that of the struggle between two opinions which divide the world, and dispose of the power of nations. The one tends to make the human species march forward, the other to keep it stationary, or make it trace back its steps. In various countries, each of those opinions has in turns been victorious; violent revolutions, overthrows of empires, have, within this quarter of a century, signalized the alternate triumphs of the two parties. They are still in array before each other; the issue of their contest is yet uncertain; and although we are far from pretending to remain neutral between them, we think that we may, without bitterness, without partiality, and without any hostility in our language, take a fair view of their respective positions.

And first, in the midst of various fatal events, and of several discouraging experiments, it is a ground of hope for the friends of humanity, that the cause of this struggle is at last clearly defined, the character of both parties, their aims, and their hopes, are fully developed, and no longer susceptible of any ambiguity. It has not always been thus during the twenty-five years that we have travelled over. Each party has played the tyrant in its turn; each, in the intoxication of power, has braved the light of reason, the dictates of morality, and the proud feeling of liberty; virtuous men have been seen arrayed from conscientious motives, under opposite banners; both were animated by the same desire of saving all that ennobles man, of checking revolutionary or despotic fanaticism, of preserving civilization, virtue, liberty, which it appeared to them that their adversaries were treading under foot. Men have not different opinions on the value of these treasures; they differ only as to the means of obtaining them, the character by which they may be distinguished, and the alloy with which they are sometimes debased; but no one has ever thought of repelling from himself knowledge, virtue, or freedom. "We are fighting for liberty," said a republican soldier to the imperialists. "And we," answered an Austrian officer, "do you think we are fighting in order to be slaves?"

It was for a long time a source of error, to make a distinction between the progressive faculties of man, as if the whole interest of the present generation depended on liberty, or knowledge, or virtue; whereas, on the contrary, they are closely united and almost undivisible. Man must be en-

lightened, in order to distinguish good from evil; he must be virtuous, in order to adhere to the former; and free, that he may effect his choice; but the same knowledge which must direct his moral election, will point out to him all the other good things that he may desire, and all the means of obtaining them; and each progressive step of his intelligence will produce a corresponding advancement of virtue and liberty. A great cause of ambiguity and confusion has been done away since the friends of humanity have made known the intimate connexion which exists between these three developments of the human faculties. Then the retrograde party was compelled to take its stand, and must have said: "We believe knowledge, virtue and liberty to be good things; we believe that from them results an increase of riches, population and power, which also are good things; but we want those good things for ourselves alone;" while the progressive party have answered: "Because we believe all those things to be good, we want them for all mankind; for, what we are seeking is the greatest good of the greatest number."

Language has been so much perverted by the tools of power, and the words of which it is composed have been so much employed in sophistical reasonings, that however clearly the question which divides the world may be now defined, it will not be impossible for an artful orator to involve it in doubt, and to confound simple minds by words skilfully put together; but facts are now before the world which may explain the two principles, and serve as a standard to the two opinions.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA represent the progressive tendency which the promoters of one of these opinions are striving to give to mankind. Since their emancipation, and particularly during the last quarter of a century, their government has shown no hesitation in its firm resolution to march forward, to favour with all its might the progress of knowledge, virtue and liberty; and the rapid increase of the prosperity of the United States has surpassed all that has ever been known on the face of the earth. In order to judge of this, we must not lose sight of the point from which they started. The founders of the colonies were fugitives of all political and religious sects, each of which had been persecuted in its turn; they carried with them the germs of every animosity, they were filled with deep resentment, fraught with fanaticism of every description, and disposed to every kind of exaggeration. For a long time they

were reunited by the scum of the English population, by individuals transported for their crimes; at a later period, their country became the refuge of fortune-seekers, of intriguers and adventurers of all nations; the colonies received from the governments of Europe the most fatal of all institutions—SLAVERY; a part\* of their population is dispersed in forests, or in immense prairies, beyond the reach of courts of justice, or of social protection. With such elements, the Americans would have been, under our European governments, the most vicious of all people; they are entitled, on the contrary, to rank amongst the most virtuous. There are few nations among whom the sentiment of what is right, just and honourable, is more universally spread; where crimes are more rare; where domestic virtues are more in honour; where religion, which, however, has no other sanction than every man's conscience, exercises a more general influence. No doubt there are yet to be found traces of the stain which their founders fixed upon them; but they are every day rapidly disappearing. In the same manner, in the career of intelligence, it must not be forgotten that the Americans are but just beginning; they must have been colonists, agriculturers, mechanics, traders, before they had leisure to devote to the pursuits of philosophy or literature. We cannot yet expect from them those masterly productions which at once charm and enlighten mankind; but they have had the sagacity to appropriate to themselves all the arts and sciences of Europe; they have spread, over the whole of their population, more reason, more positive knowledge, more aptness to imbibe correct ideas, than is found in the mass of the people of any of the old nations of Europe. The liberty of America has developed and strengthened itself with its knowledge and virtue. No citizen of any other country has so many rights and so many securities; and those rights have never produced the abuses with which we are constantly threatened; no popular commotions, no insurrections, no civil wars; they have enjoyed perfect security in the midst of perfect liberty. What is now the result of this treble progression? At the beginning of the present century, the American population amounted to four or five millions; they are now eleven millions.† At the

\* The original says, "the greatest part," which is evidently a mistake. The portion of our population so situated, is, on the contrary, very small, compared to the whole.—*Translator.*

† The president of the United States, in his late inaugural speech, estimates our present population at twelve millions.—*Translator.*

beginning of this century, their towns were yet small and poor; they now vie in extent, in population, and in beauty, with the capitals of Europe. At the beginning of this century, the United States bore with difficulty the weight of their national debt; now their funds are no longer quoted at the London Exchange; their debt is reduced to almost nothing, and they are indebted only to themselves. At the beginning of this century, their commerce, their industry, and even their agriculture, were fed by British capitals: at present, notwithstanding the immensity of their undertakings, their own capitals are sufficient to support them; they overflow in the trade of Europe and India, they throng in the states of America that were lately Spanish, and impart to them all the arts of civilization. This is what the Americans have done during the last twenty-five years; they have advanced and are advancing: is it then to be wondered at that we should wish to advance likewise?

Unfortunately, it is not difficult to find, also, examples of the retrograde tendency. In order to offend as little as possible those who do not like to hear home truths, we shall chuse one of those examples at a distance from ourselves, in a country, the government of which does not disguise its intentions by hypocritical language. That country, situated between the three monarchies of Europe, that are styled empires, belongs properly to neither; but all three, by their protection, keep it in the situation in which it now is, and are determined that it shall so continue. It includes *Moldavia*, *Wallachia*, *Bulgaria* and *Servia*, four principalities on which nature has bestowed the richest soil in Europe, the most temperate climate, the noblest river, and the most ancient commercial road, that formerly connected the East and the West, and the civilization of Constantinople with that of Germany and France. But that country, where Providence had implanted the germ of every kind of prosperity calculated to produce happiness and glory, has constantly been under the retrograde system; and since Trajan, who made it flourish, since Charlemagne, who restored the communication between the two empires, it has never ceased to pursue a retrograde course. In those unfortunate provinces, there is no safety for persons, nor for property; there is neither commerce, nor industry, nor agriculture; the population is reduced below one twentieth of what the soil could maintain; it is more savage and more unhappy than the wild beasts that share with it the products

of the *valley of the Danube*. There is no country, (particularly Bulgaria and Servia), whence liberty, knowledge, and virtue, have been more carefully excluded; the peasantry are *serfs*, and their masters do not even protect them as their property; instruction there is impossible, for their language is not written; virtue is entirely unknown: it is not to be sought for in the peasantry;—men who have no rights to enjoy, have no duties to perform; and as to the noblemen, or *Boyards*, as they are called, the low debauchery of the men, and the shameless profligacy of the women, form a shocking contrast to the luxury with which they endeavour to surround themselves. The state of war, which for ages has continued without interruption in those principalities, occasions to their neighbours frequent losses, and requires from them constant watchfulness. Those neighbours are the most powerful monarchs of Europe: yet they have never called a congress; they never have even availed themselves of the influence secured to them by treaties, in order to stop the effusion of human blood, and put an end to the lawless state of society which exists in those countries. What is now the result which they have obtained from such a state of things? It is this:—To whatever degree of oppression the Wallachian or Moldavian peasant may be subjected, there is no apprehension that he will rise in rebellion: you may *impale* him, but you cannot compel him to defend himself. As to us, who have not the same interest, it is well now and then to cast our eyes on the Wallachian and Moldavian peasantry; if such is the end of the retrograde movement, surely we ought not to be disposed to retrace our steps.

Let us not suffer ourselves to be misled by those who employ other words to express the two opposite tendencies: those words have exercised a lamentable influence on the quarter of a century which we have just passed through, and have produced a great number of errors. The two parties have deceived themselves by assuming principles which did not well express their real sentiments; some have laid down, as an axiom, the principle of the *sovereignty of the people*, but this *dogma* (for such it is in fact) constantly led them into error.\* If they were obliged to give the name of *people* to the aggregation of all men, if they acknowledged in all

\* It must not be forgotten that this is written under a monarchical government.—*Translator.*

an equal right to govern, they themselves opposed the greatest obstacle to the progress of society, for the ignorant mass is far more numerous than the enlightened part of the community, it does not know what is good, and frequently rejects it; and the sovereign multitude has not shown itself less disposed to *retrograde* than despots. The adversaries of this party have opposed to this dogma that of *legitimacy*, which they attempted to make the foundation of the sovereign power. The inventor of this doctrine did not mean to make it the standard of the retrograde system throughout Europe; he only thought of France; and considering as tainted every power derived from revolutionary violence, he sought the right where it was before force was exercised; he recognized it in the sovereign as well as in the subject, by its most permanent sign, its regular and quiet transmission through several successive generations; in short, what jurists call *prescription*. But when the retrograde party laid hold of this term, they applied it in the most absurd manner to other countries and to other governments; even to those in which the principle of legitimacy had been most flagrantly violated. For, have they forgotten, who insist on legitimacy for Germany and Italy, that the legitimate constitution of the Holy Roman Empire, that which existed there prior to the revolution, founded on treaties, on a regular and quiet transmission of rights, in short, on prescription, gave to those two countries an elective sovereign, and a body of electors, three of whom were elective in their turn? That constitution has been entirely subverted; while all the rights, all the claims which this party contends for, are founded on the Revolution. The rest of Europe would not be less embarrassed to show in the powers to which they are now subjected, the character of legitimacy: almost every where the ancient laws, on which power was formerly founded, have been abolished.\*

After all, the partisans of the *retrograde system* need only a *watchword*, with or without meaning, to recognize each other by, while the friends of the *progressive system* are bound to use more precision. The dogma of the sovereignty of the people can serve but to perplex and confound them.† It is useless to go back to the origin of power, it must be con-

\* Witness Genoa, Venice, the Ionian Islands, Malta, part of Saxony, Poland, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, &c.—*Sismondi*.

† We find no such perplexity or confusion in this country.—*Translator*.

sidered as a *fact*; it exists; it has been instituted, therefore it has duties to perform: those duties are the advancement of the ends of human society, the happiness of the governed, their progress in virtue, in knowledge, in liberty; the fulfilment of these duties gives to governments the character of legitimacy, and is the noblest evidence of their title. Those duties are common to all, they may be fulfilled by all, whatever may be the form of the government. All forms, it is true, are not equally calculated to guaranty their fulfilment; but we must be contented with imperfect securities; those have not yet been found which could be adapted to all countries, and protect the just and reasonable rights of men united in society.

Having thus endeavoured to show what is the object of the struggle in which mankind has been engaged during this quarter of a century, we shall now proceed to estimate its results. No doubt, during that period, the human race has experienced great misfortunes and cruel catastrophes; yet it may still applaud itself for the progress it has made.

FRANCE, of course, is uppermost in our thoughts; France gave the impulse to all the other nations; France has dearly paid for her experience; conquering or conquered, she has seen professed, in her name, the most opposite doctrines; and she was forced to submit to the governments which were given to her by all the extreme parties. No doubt she may express her regret; no doubt she may still entertain fears; no doubt she may complain that recent periods have been strongly marked with a retrograde character; but if she places herself at the distance of twenty-five years back, and from that point of view considers what has taken place within this quarter of a century, she will perceive that she has gained more than she has lost. Ideas of justice and public order have been developed and strengthened; political knowledge has been universally spread; the two parties have in a great measure abandoned their prejudices; the classes which repelled constitutional forms have become attached to the power which they have acquired under them, even while they abused it. Morality, it is true, has suffered by the progress of hypocrisy and venality; knowledge, by the opposition which has been made to the best mode of public instruction,\* and liberty, by encroachments which it is unnecessary

\* The Lancasterian System.—*Translator.*

to recapitulate here. The efforts of corruption have been directed at the same time, as they always are, against the heart, against the mind, against the free exercise of the will; but the progress of prosperity has restored more to the French, than the abuse of power has taken from them. The advancement of every kind of industry, the general welfare, and the national wealth, have raised again the national character; for citizens can only feel their independence, and their moral dignity, when they are above want: the late improvement of the people's circumstances has given to all classes a greater desire of information, and more leisure to acquire it. And, lastly, by way of compensation for the part of her rights that she has lost, France is in possession of the **LIBERTY OF THE PRESS**; this valuable privilege secures the empire of thought, and of elevated sentiments, and is, consequently, the most powerful engine towards the improvement of the human race. Thus, notwithstanding her many reverses, France is in a progressive state of melioration. She has marched gloriously forward.

GERMANY has experienced a shock not less severe than that which visited France. During the greater part of this quarter of a century, her fields were the theatre of the war; she has seen all her institutions overthrown, all her states have received new denominations, new laws, or new boundaries; and if the epithet *legitimate* is applicable only to the order of things which preceded the convulsions of this quarter of a century, there remains nothing in that country entitled to it. But France made her own revolutions, while Germany only yielded to foreign impulses; therefore, instead of advancing, she has retrograded. At the beginning of this century, each state was endeavouring to amend its own institutions, to introduce into them somewhat more of liberty, a few more securities; each government wished to acquire the love of its subjects, which, in the common danger, was its only source of strength. The people, confiding in their princes, and in return obtaining their confidence, was proceeding forward in concert with them, with slow but sure steps. The universities were full of life and spirit; it was on the progress of science, on the development of the intellectual powers, that Germany wished to settle the foundation of her dignity; the greatest freedom existed in the department of public instruction. Nay, more, the universities were a political power; it

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was they, who after having enlightened and directed public opinion, undertook to disseminate and make it known; the press, saving direct questions of state policy, was almost entirely free; and the spirit of association which had taken its birth in Germany, and which the sovereigns had strongly encouraged, gave to the speculations of philosophers an immediate action on the mass of the people. All this has been changed: fear, as a principle of obedience, has been substituted for affection; morality has been impaired by the encouragement given to informers and spies, and still more by great and striking breaches of public faith, which have enriched those who thus violated their promises; literature and science have been checked in their noble progress; the universities have been fettered, the press is enslaved, and associations are punished as state offences; the ancient constitution, anomalous, indeed, and often barbarous, but which required only amendments, has been suppressed, without being replaced by any other; yet, faulty as it was, it restrained absolute power in a great degree; it accustomed sovereigns to speak of liberty; it secured the rights of electors, princes and prelates, of the immediate nobility, and of the free cities. Henceforth, there are no rights in any manner established, and Germany has ceased to be a nation. Nothing is now to be found there but princees more or less weak or powerful, and more or less trembling on their thrones before their subjects or their neighbours. The ancient country of war and politics has no longer any weight in the balance of Europe.

ITALY has been more unfortunate than Germany. In the course of these five-and-twenty years, Italy might well have entertained the fairest hopes. Awakened at last from the torpor and effeminate corruption in which she had forgotten her enslaved situation, she had risen through military virtue and patriotism to other virtues, and by applying herself to the science of government, she had felt anew the importance of study, and had restored the former elasticity to that intelligence with which her people is so eminently endowed. In the midst of this period, her government was changed, but the country did not abandon its hopes; for, in order to obtain the co-operation of the people, the most solemn promises had been lavished, that they should participate in the progress of the age. Those promises having been forgotten, two revolutions broke out at the two extremities of Italy, and in the

midst of those national fevers, always terrible, the improvement of the Italian nation might be perceived. Their revolutions were accomplished without effusion of blood, without pillage, without insult, without violence: in both of them, the presumptive heir to the throne put himself at the head of the reformers, and if this double experience is for ever to dissuade nations from *royal revolutions*, it also proves that the Italians knew how to unite gratitude for the past, with hope for the future. In the struggle with foreigners which followed, the retrograde system prevailed: Italy was punished for her wishes and her efforts by public executions: her proscribed citizens sought an asylum in all the cities of Europe; they were men distinguished by their knowledge, their virtues, and the sacrifices they had made for the happiness of their country: they were noblemen of high rank, who had devoted their fortunes and their talents to the introduction of new branches of useful industry, which they brought from other countries, to the founding of public schools, institutions for the deaf and dumb, and the publication of scientific journals. Military tribunals, police commissioners, still more terrible, annihilated all legal guarantees, made terror sit heavy on all classes of society: morality was attacked by the examples given of the contempt of oaths, by the encouragement offered to informers and domestic traitors, by the state of despair into which the minds of men were thrown, which made them seek to forget the public misfortunes by indulging in luxury and vice; knowledge was attacked, by taking away the means of instruction, by the suspension or suppression of lectures in the universities, by the proscription of foreign books, and the mutilation of those which were published in the country; war was declared against intellectual pursuits as openly as against liberty: the liberal sciences and the liberal arts shared in the proscription that was denounced against liberal ideas. Nevertheless, we believe that in the midst of these frightful reverses, Italy is still in a progressive state: institutions are corrupting, but reason is expanding; the nation is advancing, in spite of the efforts of power to drive it backwards: there is in Italy, at the present moment, more misfortune and more oppression, but there is also more virtue, more knowledge and more patriotism than there was in 1800. In proportion as it is compressed, the Italian mind seems to have acquired a greater elasticity.

The state of SPAIN is still more dreadful. This proudest of all nations was intoxicated by the applause which Europe bestowed upon her resistance to Napoleon. Beyond the Pyrenees, fanaticism had allied itself to liberty, for the defence of the country: in the rest of Europe, the partisans of the two systems, progressive and retrograde, had celebrated, in concert, successes for which the Spaniards were still more indebted to their climate and their poverty than to their bravery or their talents. All the passions were excited in the Peninsula, but they were subject to two opposite impulses. Spain could neither remain in her ancient barbarism under the yoke of every abuse and disgraced by every kind of ignominy, nor could she proceed forward, such was the disunion between the different classes of the nation. She, however, attempted a revolution; it was not soiled by any crime, neither was it signalized by any great national development of ability or talent. The only class which had made some progress, wished to advance still further; but the great mass of the population, which had been kept for ages in habits of ferocity, ignorance and abject dependence, repelled with stupid horror the advancement of morality, knowledge, and liberty. The populace never can comprehend the benefits that are intended for it until after it has been in the enjoyment of them: the revolutionists should, therefore, in the first place, have enabled it to participate in the benefits of the revolution, but they had neglected to secure the means of doing so. Confounding the equilibrium which preserves institutions with the power that establishes them, they had annihilated the government without daring to take it into their own hands: they kept the prince in subjection, but had not reserved to themselves any means to satisfy the people. As soon as they were attacked, they succumbed, because they had not a nation to back them; and that populace which they could not enlist on their side, now reigns over them. Let us not be deceived; Spain has now reached that period of the French revolution, which we cannot look upon without horror, the reign of all that is the most abject and the most ferocious in the nation; but she has come to it by the opposite road to that which the French followed; the tyranny of the lowest class is the result of a counter-revolution made by the ministers of kings, under the pretence, and no doubt with the intent, of serving the royal cause. They speak of a *furious Camarilla*,\* their fury is

\* "A back-stairs *junta*."—A secret council of courtiers and favourites, by

that of cowardice. The court sycophants, conscious of their insignificance, have sought every where for an auxiliary force, but they have found no other than the blind fury of the populace: they endeavour to lean upon that wretched rabble; they flatter them; they boast of sharing their passions; but it is doing too much honor to the *Camarilla* to suppose that they have passions; they are what they have always been, intriguing and abject before the power of the moment, and that power, they well know, no longer inhabits palaces, but dwells in lanes and blind alleys.

Nevertheless, the triumph of the *retrogrades* has been so complete in Spain, that they themselves are frightened at their own success. All that was formerly respected is now trodden under foot; religion is subjected to a disgrace from which she had until now been exempt; she is called in as auxiliary to the police, and the depositaries of the secrets of *confession* are ordered to give information of the most private thoughts of their *penitents*. It is strange that the court of Rome never should have protested against this sacrilegious ordinance: never was amore fatal blow given to her power. Besides, the *terrorist* government of Spain disgraces the magistrates as well as the priests; every where the courts of justice are called upon to issue proscriptions in lieu of sentences; and authority does nothing more than echo the language of the ferocious chiefs of the factions.

But, whatever grief we may feel for the condition of three illustrious nations, let us not, on that account, despair of the fate of the human race; let us not even despair of those nations themselves; the human race is marching forward while they are going back; it will continue to march on, it will raise them up and carry them along in its course.

And first, ENGLAND should alone be sufficient to re-animate our hopes; England, which has so nobly placed herself at the head of the progressive movement of the human mind; England, which teaches us how the developments of liberty, virtue, and knowledge, may be combined with all the ancient institutions, and the most deeply rooted habits of subordination. Let us not hearken to those morose men, who, among a thousand brilliant qualities, can only perceive defects; neither let us listen to those who, mistaking their jealousy for patriotism, think that they are raising France by lowering her rival

whom the king is governed, and whose plans are followed, in preference to those of his regular and ostensible counsellors.—*Translator.*

in the public estimation. We would have profited very little by the events that we have witnessed, if we had not learned that nations have ceased to be rivals; that they have now but one interest, being engaged in a common struggle against those who would wish to make them retrograde, and that consequently the progress of their neighbours is the commencement of their own success.

England, on her side, has but lately learned this lesson of the age: her cabinet, adhering to the ancient policy, of the fallacy of which many statesmen are yet hardly convinced, brought her to the brink of ruin, by attending to these absurd and immoral maxims of national rivalship. Long did it act under the persuasion that the enemies of its enemies were its friends: and England saw at Waterloo the reins of Europe fall from her hand. On the eve of that battle the English were the chiefs of the coalition; the next day, they were only its pay-masters. Those who for twenty years had been the allies of Great Britain, gave the British cabinet to understand that, being no longer in need of her assistance, they cared no more for her advice.

It was then, while groaning under the weight of an enormous debt, contracted more for the benefit of others than her own; it was in the midst of a commercial revolution which threatened the destruction of her riches, that England displayed the resources of a nation which had never ceased to develop, at the same time, her knowledge, her liberty, and her virtue. The sceptre of Europe, which she thought she had fast hold of, was broken in her hands; she grasped, in lieu of it, the torch with which she enlightens the whole of the universe. Asia, Africa, America, press forward to the scene of civilization, and for this they are indebted to the British nation.

We may, it is true, point out as defects in England, the excess of the inequality of ranks and fortunes, the corruption of elections, the increasing influence of ministers, the enormous expense of legal proceedings, by means of which the poor are in a manner excluded from courts of justice; but let it not be said that England is losing her liberty. We are far from denying the existence of abuses; we are far from wishing the postponement of reforms: those which have taken place render the others still more necessary; they exhibit, in a still more shocking point of view, the contrast between the wrecks of ancient barbarism, and the institutions

of an enlightened age; but such as she is, England holds the first rank among nations, by the union of liberty, knowledge, and virtue; by her long enjoyment of those prerogatives; by the progress in all three of them, that she has not ceased to make; by the empire of opinion which becomes every day more powerful in that country; by the spreading of national education, which daily calls more and still more numerous classes of people to know, and knowing, to understand, the interests of their country; to have, in respect to those interests, a will conformable to reason and virtue, and to manifest that will. Not only England is more free than she was five-and-twenty years ago, but she understands better what liberty is, she is disposed to make a better use of it, and has become enabled to acquire a greater degree of it.

The lesser states of Europe,—**SWEDEN**, which can only consolidate her new government by an intimate union with the people; **HOLLAND**, which is endeavouring to make noble and ancient recollections accord with recent experiments; **SWITZERLAND**, astonished at having slumbered five centuries after the generous efforts she made to free herself from tyranny,—are all likewise animated with a progressive impulse; but, perhaps, it is not expedient for weak nations to display too broadly the advantages which they have over the strong, or to show too clearly by their example, the intimate union of liberty, knowledge, and virtue, and that the development of the one, necessarily produces that of the two others.

The Colossus which sits heavy on Europe, is itself in a state of progression—**RUSSIA** sees increasing, with a prodigious rapidity, not only the number of her inhabitants, but their riches, their knowledge, their moral feelings, and even their rights. In the state of barbarism and absolute ignorance into which that country was plunged, it was not possible to put her immediately in possession of the prerogatives of civilized nations; it would have been dangerous to confer upon them too precipitately the rights of citizenship; but that is the reproach which *all* governments deserve the least: \* nevertheless, instruction is rapidly spreading in Russia, and the government favours it; the nobility, by their hopes, by their reading, and by their travels, take part in the general course of European improvement: the peasantry have been enlighten-

\* The author might have excepted the government of the United States.  
*Translator.*

ed in their turn, by a collision which they had little reason to expect: as soldiers, they have overrun Europe, and have beheld the advantages which the more civilized nations enjoyed; returning home, they brought with them, as prisoners, thousands of Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, who made the name of liberty resound in their ears; on the other hand, the government, by a hazardous experiment, is forming in its military colonies, a class of men who will have rights and force to assist them: morality must follow the progress of knowledge; in this respect, no doubt, the Russians are most backward; but if a gradual enfranchisement of the people take place, the moment will be at hand when the civil, military, and judicial organization of Russia will cease to be the most venal in the universe.

Notwithstanding her internal improvement, Russia has several times employed her strength and her influence in promoting and hastening the retrograde movement among other nations. She has been misled by a false policy, and other powers more enlightened than she is, have not been free from the same errors. Civilization may yet for some time fear the armies of Russia, but the progress itself of her strength must give reasonable hopes to the friends of humanity; because she must be advancing at the same time in the path of morality and liberty. The time is not far distant when the Russians will become a truly European nation, and when the caprice of a monarch will not be sufficient to employ them in stifling all knowledge, liberty, and virtue.

And lastly, GREECE is in Europe,—that glorious Greece, which, groaning under the most degrading and cruel oppression, sought in the first place *virtue*, by the sacrifice of all her interests to the preservation of the christian religion,—*knowledge*, in an intercourse with the European nations, and who will very soon be indebted to both for her *liberty*. Greece proves to us that the days of heroism are not at an end, and that the weakest nations, by a firm resolve, may be the arbiters of their own fate. What can be the object of those whose wishes are opposed to the success of the Greeks? Do they wish to encourage apostacy? The Turks, it is true, reward the apostate by granting to him a pardon for all the crimes he has committed, by admitting him to a share of honours and power. Do they wish that the sons and daughters of Greece should continue to be at the mercy of the Turks, in order to satiate their infamous passions? Do they

wish that the only distinction allowed to the Greeks should be that of the Fanariots,\* power purchased by perfidy, exercised by pillage, and soon to be lost by the fatal bow-string? Do they wish that commerce, the only means of acquiring property in Greece, should continue to be polluted by the avarice and bad faith which they themselves charge the Greeks with, and to which they have been reduced by the excess of oppression? Do they wish that, every other road to heroism being closed, no means should be left for the exercise of their courage but in the character of *klephths* or robbers? Do they wish that every distinction between right and wrong should be obliterated in the hearts of the subjects, by the venality which is known to be common to all the Turkish judges? Is it the morality of Greece that they wish to preserve, or is it her knowledge? they are the most ingenious people upon earth; they are the nation to whose ancestors we are indebted for all we know, and all we are; but since they have been under the dominion of that government, which they are now struggling to overturn, they have not added a single discovery to the intellectual riches of mankind; they have not advanced one step in the most innocent sciences, in medicine, chemistry, natural history; they have no longer any literature, academies or schools, and how could they do anything towards the general improvement of the human race? They are driven beyond the bounds of civilization, they are not permitted to approach the threshold of those sciences of which every one of us is in possession.

But, perhaps, the Turks care little for virtue and intelligence, the noblest prerogatives of our species,—and their friends would prefer for them more substantial advantages, such as peace and wealth. Is it, then, the peace of Greece that they wish to preserve; of Greece, where the scymetar of the Mussulman alone governs; where a barbarous soldiery has behaved during four centuries, and still behaves as in a town taken by storm; where large cities are reduced to heaps of ruins; where, during four hundred years, nothing has been built, nothing repaired, nothing planted, nothing cultivated; where the population does not reach the twentieth part of the

\* The more ancient and wealthy Greek families, who inhabit a part of Constantinople, called the *Fanar*, and from whom are selected the *Hospodars* of Moldavia and Wallachia.—*Translator.*

number of inhabitants that the soil might maintain; where there is no possible industry for the cultivator of the land, but the pasturing of sheep and goats in the wilderness? Surely we would have been afraid to calumniate the partisans of the retrograde system, if we had before-hand supposed that they took part with the Turks, and wished to assimilate to the government of Turkey those whose defence they undertook. Europe, in fact, is unanimous in her wishes for the deliverance of the Greeks, although most of those who dispose of her forces and her treasures refuse to apply them to that object. In two countries of Europe, only, that which has the least and that which enjoys the most liberty, some public journals have expressed an opinion in favour of the Turks. As to the *Austrian Observer*, his conscience is not his own, and he must not be held accountable for the opinions he expresses. In England, on the other hand, precisely in consequence of the liberty that exists there, degrading feelings and passions find suitable organs. Since there are men who will neither have virtue, liberty or knowledge, there must also be journals, such as the *New Times*, and sometimes the *Courier*, to express their sentiments. Thus, air-holes are made in mines in order to give a free passage to mephitic exhalations.

But the progress of civilization is no longer confined to Europe: the whole universe participates in it, and within this quarter of a century, its development has been prodigious. We have already shown\* how seventy millions of East Indians have begun to receive from the English East India Company the benefits of European cultivation. We will not speak here of that colony of *New South Wales*, still in its cradle, still contaminated by the impure elements of which it is composed, but which, established in a temperate climate, larger than Europe, aided by the vivifying power of England, appears as if it should one day cover its whole surface, and prove that from the refuse of the hulks may arise a free, enlightened, and virtuous nation. Neither shall we speak of the colonies destined to spread civilization over the vast continent of *Africa*, and which, from the *Cape of Good Hope* and *Siera Leone*, will gradually carry knowledge and virtue into the interior, in order to make amends for the long series of European crimes, and for the fatal consequences of the

\* Revue Encyclopédique, tom. xxiv. p. 635.

negro slave trade: their destiny is yet concealed under the veil of futurity.

The career which has been run by the new *Haytian Nation* at *St. Domingo*, is still a subject of greater triumph for humanity. There the sons of Africa have proved that they are men, that they deserve to be free, and that they know how to appreciate knowledge and virtue. A frightful crime of the Europeans transported the Africans into the islands of America; a series of crimes maintained them there in slavery, and made them ferocious; if they also committed crimes when they burst their fetters, the whole responsibility lies upon those who forged their chains. While slavery continued at St. Domingo, immorality and ignorance were in proportion to the absolute privation of liberty. In the islands where slavery still subsists, almost all the masters are openly opposed to the marriage of their slaves, to their conversion to the christian religion, and to the establishment of schools. Since *Hayti* has been free, and the blacks their own masters, their eagerness for instruction has even exceeded that which they had before shown for liberty. One quarter of a century has been sufficient to transform those who were considered as cattle in the human shape into a civilized people, among whom schools are opening on all sides, where thought makes a rapid progress; where every year, in spite of the climate, an evident improvement takes place in the morals of the people; where crimes are rare; where justice is administered with promptness and impartiality; where agriculture, industry and commerce prosper; where riches accumulate with rapidity, and where the population has increased two fold, even in the midst of the terrible wars that have accomplished and followed the emancipation. This is what *negroes* have been able to do in five-and-twenty years; while in the Eastern part of Europe, an all powerful government, repelling the knowledge of its neighbours, and disregarding its own experience, has detained, during four centuries, one half of its provinces in slavery, poverty and barbarism, because it is hostile to all improvements, even to those from which it derives its strength and its riches in the other half of the empire.\*

The most gigantic step, however, that humanity has made

\* Could not the same observation be applied to the conduct of another government in the *West* of Europe, towards a numerous and unfortunate class of their subjects.—*Translator.*

within the last year, is the emancipation of five great American republics, *Columbia, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, and Mexico*; each of them surpassing in extent the space which, three centuries ago, was occupied by ancient civilization. They have just burst into light, and already their power and their riches place them on an equality with the greatest states.

In those vast regions, which, by an absurd policy, their government endeavoured to retain in ignorance, poverty and barbarism, in order to secure their obedience, every European, even from a country in alliance with Spain, who landed without permission, was declared guilty of a capital crime; every vessel in distress, which, driven by adverse winds and storms, sought an asylum in their harbours, was confiscated, and her crew confined in dungeons for life. Now the ports of both Americas, on an extent of four thousand leagues of coast, are open to all nations: they are particularly frequented by the English and the *North Americans*, whose funds give animation to their industry, and who, with all the products of the arts, disseminate among them every sort of social and useful knowledge. Formerly, no American was entrusted with power, offices were sold at Madrid to the highest bidder: now, every career is opened, and employments are given to those who make the greatest efforts and prove themselves to be best entitled to the confidence of their fellow citizens. Formerly, no university, no public school, was allowed in those countries; no book was admitted without the approbation of the inquisition, and not five years ago, in Chili, a father was excommunicated for having made his daughters learn the French language: at present, every kind of study is encouraged, all the presses are free; all the states, all the provinces, vie with each other in establishing new seminaries of education. Formerly the culture of the vine and olive tree was prohibited, as well as the production and fabrication of every thing that might be imported from Spain: now every branch of industry and commerce is protected; and property increases in value from year to year to an astonishing degree. Formerly, bull fights, with refinements of cruelty unknown even in Spain, were encouraged by the Germans in all the large towns; and in 1820, Lima then resounded with the wild shouts of joy of men, women, and children, at the sight of the blood, the torments and the agonies of the bulls, the horses and the *Toreadores*, (bull fighters:) now, wherever the patriots have

triumphed, they have abolished those brutal spectacles. Formerly, the slavery of the Indians and negroes accustomed man to despise his fellow man, and to abuse the power he had over him: now, all the new republics have enacted laws for the abolition of slavery.

No doubt there remains much yet to be done for those new republics; but all could not be accomplished at once. It would have been absurd and unjust to require of a new government, that it should reach the end almost at the moment of departure. All that can be fairly expected, is, that it should advance and be disposed to continue advancing; it ought not to be blamed for proceeding slowly, if that slowness is commanded by prudence, and if there is danger of establishing nothing by making too rapid innovations.

The new American states find no longer in their government an obstacle to advancement in their noble career, but many still in the people: the ignorance, intolerance and ferocity, with which their ancient masters have impregnated and disgraced their character, cannot be dissipated in a moment. We must expect that the multitude will repel, for some time, many of the benefits with which civilization would bless them; but we must not be discouraged; the tree is planted in a fertile soil, it will blossom and fructify in due time.

By showing how the retrograde system has been, throughout the world, in hostile opposition to virtue, knowledge, and liberty, we do not mean to assert that its supporters intended all the mischief that they have done. Perhaps they were themselves deceived in the same manner that they deceive others, when they affirm that they are not inimical to the improvement of the human race; that they even wish it to be encouraged, but not with too much haste; they will take time to do good, and they would find even eternity too short. They approve of knowledge, provided it be confined to the first class of society, thus depriving even that class of the benefit of emulation, and denying reason to the common people. They profess great zeal for morality; but with such modifications that it may serve the purposes of the rulers, and be binding only on those who are governed.\* Perhaps they have deceived their

\* "Speak to the people of their duties, never of their rights," said one of Napoleon's ministers to the editor of a country newspaper. "Since you are writing upon politics," said the same minister on another occasion, "be very careful not to speak of the duties of the government to the people, but insist strongly on the rights of the chief magistrate of the state and

own judgment; but the germs of reason which God has implanted in the minds of men are not always to be thus misdirected. The Supreme Being indicates the road of improvement as the way to happiness; he has given noble faculties to man, and so united them that they must be developed or perish together; he has made man perfectible, that is to say, susceptible of becoming better, but also of becoming worse; and leaving men afterwards to re-act on each other, he has erected a wholesome limit against tyranny, on which humanity rests its hope; he has ordered, by an infallible decree, that every power which degrades those that are subjected to it, must thereby be weakened and ultimately fall.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

### PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

(Continued from page 157.)

THEY who have not resided abroad are very little aware how difficult it is to keep up with the state of public opinion at home. Letters and newspapers, which are rarely seen even by the richer traveller, on account of the immense expense of their transmission, scarcely do any thing more than tantalize the spirit, or administer food to the imagination. We gather the state of public opinion by ten thousand little circumstances which cannot, or only a few of which can, be communicated through any other channel of information. While on the spot, absence of calumny, or the fact of not hearing any thing disagreeable, is a proof of its non-existence: abroad, on the contrary, silence is ominous; the fancy is at work, and torments a sensitive man, whose reputation is public property, in a manner of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception: an approach is made to it by wilful seclusion, even within the four seas; hence the irritability of

his delegates, and on the obedience due from the subject." It was not thus that Sully, Fenelon, Massillon, thought and spoke; those noble models of counsellors, such as kings ought always to have in order to be great and just, and make their people happy. They knew how to make the monarch and his courtiers listen to the firm and severe language of truth. The power that fears knowledge, and will only have servile and obedient machines, wants a *fulcrum* to bear upon, and will succumb in the end.

*Note by M. Jullien;*

Wordsworth; hence, also, in a less degree, that of Southey, who mixes a little more with the world.

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been personally vain in any extraordinary degree, that is, not much more than men usually are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable*; and no person, whether from the beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown—Ah! (the spectator has exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen,) I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time.

His lameness, a slight mal-formation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity; it may perhaps account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*.

This was indeed the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual. Let no rich young man here, who is not living under

the surveillance of his relations or in fear of the public, let no such person turn up his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the continent,—the English, who in *speech* are the most modest people of the universe, and who, if you might trust their shy and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum*. Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost every other lord or esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron too was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently, he went to work with a headlong reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then left stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of the Elwes and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of *Don Juan*—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer*; he determined to distinguish himself by *action*. Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour, he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady, to whom, after the manners of Italy, he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his: even in Greece she would gladly have joined him; but his lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had “an ori-

ental twist in his imagination." He knew that the Greeks looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank would give him unlimited power, influence, and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathised deeply with bravery, suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations, led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron *excited*, and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration*; and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration*, there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost every body wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which, indeed, he often, I may say, generally was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron—he may be said here to be taken at the worst. Without being what I have called *excited*, his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness—grossness of the very broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again, like almost all his class—all of them that do not live either in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness, too, had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination, and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl, but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the  
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idea of "The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo." before his eyes, as unfortunately our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on. Few things are so charming as to see a great man without the paraphernalia of his greatness, without his being armed cap-a-pie for public contest, when every point is guarded, and every motion studied: when a man of reputation presents himself to the notice of the world, he must pretend to know every thing, or he will have credit for nothing—he must assume the air of infallibility, or the meanest creature that can read will discover that he is full of error; he must be supposed to have examined the subject in all its bearings, he must have consulted every authority, he must know what every body has said or thought previously on the matter, and he must anticipate what they can possibly say or think in future, or he will be voted a shallow writer, without information, who has produced a work of no value. Then as to style, it must be the abstract of language—it must be impersonal—unindividual—and just such as a literary machine which had the power of grinding thoughts might be supposed to utter. In short, the writer is every moment afraid of either committing himself or his friends; he is on his good behaviour; and natural freedom, grace, and truth, are out of the question. The writer for the public is as much unlike the real man as the traveller in a stage coach or as the guest at a public ball or dinner is like the lively, careless, rattling, witty, good-natured, fanciful pleasant creature, at his or her fire-side, among old friends, who know too much of the whole life and character to be alarmed at any little sally, and who are satisfied with such knowledge as their friend possesses, without requiring that he should know every thing. Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a common everyday way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society, and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was—but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancies ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time, (Trelawney, for instance,) it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly remarkable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable, and always unworthy of his great genius; but, as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct, and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song, or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing any thing; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print, and never met with any body that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied with the Greeks to write, and, indeed, had turned his attention very much to *action*, as has been observed. Don Juan he certainly intended to continue; and, I believe, that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalenia was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more veri-similitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in

danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends who knew him well used to predict that he would die a methodist; a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause, the preponderance of the imagination, there might have been some ground for the fear which beset his later moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind—strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence, yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated, and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion, or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner, even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and, though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society and the foundations of morals, and, by his experience of the passions of men, speculated ably upon human life; yet, withal, he was any thing but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means that he knew nothing scientifically: in politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or from some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantage of mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs—about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the press, for instance,

and in all questions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular, and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England, the Hon. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legislation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures, as agent of the Greek committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and, above all, by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of re-union in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say. Before the establishment of the press, the Greeks were working out their regeneration in various parts of Greece, but not as a whole—without unity of design, or unity of interest,—each centre was ignorant of the operations of all the other centres, except by accidental communication; and communication, from the nature of the country and from the circumstances in which it was placed, was rare and hazardous. The press has greatly assisted to establish one feeling throughout the country; not merely is information passed from one quarter to another by its means, but an interchange of sentiments takes place, and a sympathy is created, advice and encouragement reciprocated, enthusiasm kept alive, and useful principles disseminated through the whole commonwealth. Not only will the press thus accelerate the liberation of Greece, but will also, when that liberation is effected, prevent the separation and dissolution of the country into petty kingdoms and governments, which was the bane of ancient Greece. It is becoming to the body politic what the nerves are to the body physical, and will bind a set of dissected members into one corresponding and sensitive frame. As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation (50*l.*) to one paper, the *Greek Chronicle*, the most inde-

pendent of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the Greek Telegraph, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects, galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust. He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seriously entertain who knew as he well did the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings, and like them too, to be netted, knocked on the head, and left to die in heaps till the whole country-side is glutted with their carcasses.—The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed, that in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane notions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare and the life-and-death struggle of oppressed men for freedom are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier-mad: he had a helmet made, and other armour in which to lead the Suliotes to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but of guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks, would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment; but allowing for the romantic character of guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach; allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his lordship's hostility to

these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about too, in spite of his lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there, was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of *sallars* (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears. So that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed; was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of four thousand pounds from his lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty,) and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing to Missolonghi, as another vessel which contained his suite and his stores actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money too which charmed the Prince Mavrocordato, who did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, ~~as~~ more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his Lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; five thousand pounds would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an eclat on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing, it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the control of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthropy, but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament; and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drunk, or disposing them in any other way to show their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public: viz. that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society, and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the poet and the Corsair. He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathized deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in a great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a great capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompense which charity receives. They who understand the principle of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy, and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors, with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human nature; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his kind with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthropy. It is very remarkable that all your misanthropists, as painted by the poets, are the best men in the world—to be sure, they do not go much into company, but

they are always on the watch to do benevolent actions in secret, and no distress is ever suffered to remain long unrelieved in the neighbourhood of a hater of his fellow men. Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthropical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his own person, and all he did and thought of doing, inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nurse-maids. When he observed another man neglecting his wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind—he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's, in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions, and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points,—he was a poet. In his latter quality, it was his business to foster all these discontented feelings, for the public like in poetry nothing better than scorn, contempt, derision, indignation; and especially a kind of fierce mockery which distinguishes the transition from a disturbed state of the imagination to lunacy. Consequently, finding this mood take with the public, when he sat down to write he began by lashing himself up into this state, his first business being, like Jove, to compel all the black clouds together he could lay his hands on. Besides, there is much that is romantic and interesting in a moody and mysterious Beltenebros; it is not every body that can be sated with the most exquisite joys of society; a man to have had his appetite so palled must have had huge success, he must have been a man of consideration in the eyes of the beautiful and the rich. To *scorn* implies that you are very much better than those you scorn; that you are very good, or very great, or very wise, and that others are the direct contrary. To *despise* is another mark of superiority. To be *sad* and *silent* are proofs that much sensation, perhaps of the most impassioned kind, has been experienced, is departed, and is mourned: this is touching; and a man who wishes to attract attention cannot do better, if he be handsome and gen-

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teel, than look woful and affect taciturnity. Lord Byron was well aware of all this, and chose, for the purpose of exciting sympathy in his readers, to represent himself in the masquerade dress of Childe Harold. One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher, I like them better than men; they amuse and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. The genuine part he would certainly never have retained, if he had reflected a little more upon the nature of his own feelings, and the motives which actuate men in every the least action of their lives. Boys enter upon the world stuffed with school-boy notions, which their tutors think it necessary to fill them with, about generosity, disinterestedness, liberty, honour, and patriotism; and when in life they find nobody acting upon these, and that they never did and never can, they are disgusted, and consider themselves entitled to despise mankind, because they are under a delusion with respect to themselves and every body else. Some of them, if men of genius, turn poets and misanthropists; some sink into mere sensualists; and some, convinced of the hollowness of the things they have been taught to declaim about, unwisely conclude that no better system of morality is to be had, that there is nothing real but place, power, and profit, and become the willing instruments of the oppressors of mankind. The fault lies in EDUCATION, and if there is any good to be done in the world, that is the end to begin at.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry took its peculiar hue from the circumstances of his life,—such as his travels in Greece, which formed a most important epoch in the history of his mind. The "oriental twist in his imagination," was thence derived; his scenery, his imagery, his costume, and many of the materials of his stories, and a great deal of the character of his personages.—That country was the stimulant which excited his great powers; and much of the form in which they showed themselves is to be attributed to it. His great susceptibility to external impressions, his intense sympathy with the appearances of nature, which distinguished him, were the fruits either of original conformation, or a much earlier stage of his experience; but it was in Greece, the most beautiful and picturesque of countries, that he came to the full en-

joyment of himself. Certainly no poet, either before or since, so completely identified himself with nature, and gave to it all the animation and the intellection of a human being. Benjamin Constant, in his work on Religion, lately published in Paris, quotes this passage from the *Island*, and appends to it the observation which I shall copy at the end.

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring nature's universal throne,  
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense  
Reply of hers to our intelligence!  
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves  
Without a spirit? Are the drooping eaves  
Without a feeling in their silent tears?  
No—no—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,  
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before  
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.  
Strip off this fond and false identity!  
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sea?

*The Island.*

On this fine passage Benjamin Constant observes: "On nous assure que certains hommes accusent Lord Byron d'athéisme, et d'impiété. Il y a plus de religion dans ces douze vers que dans les écrits passés, presents, et futurs, de tous ces dénonciateurs mis ensemble." Such is the Frenchman's notion of religion; if it be correct, our poets must be as of old our priests again, and clergymen be dismissed for want of imagination. Lord Byron had not the dramatic talent, that is, he could not discriminate human characters and assume them; but he seems to have had this dramatic talent as applied, not to human beings, but to natural objects, in the greatest perfection. He could nicely discern their distinctive differences, adapt words and sentiments to them, and hold intercourse with them of a very refined and beautiful description. When he travelled, he communed with the hills, and the valleys, and the ocean. Certainly he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or Ætna, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned, he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see Stromboli, and when it happened that there was no eruption during

and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have, he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is the *personal character* of *Lord Byron*, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.

R. N.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. XIV.

*The Missouri Trapper.*

THE varied fortunes of those who bear the above cognomen, whatever may be their virtues or demerits, must, upon the common principles of humanity, claim our sympathy, while they cannot fail to awaken admiration. The hardships voluntarily encountered, and the privations manfully endured, by this hardy race in the exercise of their perilous calling, present abundant proofs of those peculiar characteristics which distinguish the American woodsmen. The trackless deserts of Missouri, the innumerable tributary streams of the Mississippi, the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, have all been explored by these bold adventurers; and the great and increasing importance of the Missouri fur trade, is an evidence, as well of their numbers, as of their skill and perseverance.

. The ingenious author of *Robinson Crusoe*, has shown, by an agreeable fiction, that man may exist in a desert, without the society or aid of his fellow creatures, and unassisted by those contrivances of art which are deemed indispensable in a state of civilized society; that nature will supply all his absolute wants, and that his own ingenuity will suggest ways and means of living which are not dreamt of in the philoso-

phy of polished circles. That which the novelist deemed barely possible, and which a large portion of his readers have always considered as marvellously incredible, is now daily and hourly reduced to practice in our western forests. Here may be found many a Crusoe clad in skins, and contentedly keeping "bachelor's hall" in the wild woods, unblest by the smile of beauty, uncheered by the voice of humanity—without even a "man Friday" for company, and ignorant of the busy world, its cares, its pleasures, or its comforts.

But the solitary wight whose cabin is pitched in the deepest recess of the forest, whose gun supplies his table, and whose dog is his only comrade, enjoys ease and comfort, in comparison with the trapper whose erratic steps lead him continually into new toils and dangers. Being compelled to procure his subsistence by very precarious means from day to day, in those immense regions of wilderness into which he fearlessly penetrates, he is sometimes known to live for a considerable period upon food over which the hungry wolf would pause for a polite interval before carving. The ordinary food of a trapper is corn and buffaloe-tallow, and although his rifle frequently procures more dainty viands, he is often, on the other hand, forced to devour his peltry, and gnaw his moccasins.

An old man arrived at Fort Atkinson in June last, from the upper Missouri, who was instantly recognized by some of the officers of the garrison, as an individual supposed some time since to have been devoured by a white bear, but more recently reported to have been slain by the Arickara Indians. His name is Hugh Glass. Whether old Ireland, or Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania, claims the honour of his nativity, I have not ascertained with precision, nor do I suppose that the humble fortunes of the hardy adventurer will excite a rivalry on the subject similar to that respecting the birth-place of Homer. The following is his own account of himself for the last ten months of his perilous career:

He was employed by Major Henry as a *trapper*, and was attached to his command before the Arickara towns. After the flight of these Indians, the major and his party set out for the Yellow-Stone River. Their route lay up the Grand River, and through a prairie country, occasionally interspersed with thickets of brush-wood, dwarf-plum trees, and

other shrubs, indigenous to a sandy barren soil. As these adventurers usually draw their food, as well as their raiment, from Nature's spacious warehouse, it is usual for one or two hunters to precede the party in search of game, that the whole may not be forced, at night, to lie down supperless. The rifle of Hugh Glass being esteemed as among the most unerring, he was on one occasion detached for supplies. He was a short distance in advance of the party, and forcing his way through a thicket, when a white bear that had imbedded herself in the sand, arose within three yards of him, and before he could "set his triggers," or turn to retreat, he was seized by the throat, and raised from the ground. Casting him again upon the earth, his grim adversary tore out a mouthful of the cannibal food which had excited her appetite, and retired to submit the sample to her yearling cubs, which were near at hand. The sufferer now made an effort to escape, but the bear immediately returned with a reinforcement, and seized him again at the shoulder; she also lacerated his left arm very much, and inflicted a severe wound on the back of his head. In this second attack, the cubs were prevented from participating by one of the party who had rushed forward to the relief of his comrade. One of the cubs, however, forced the new-comer to retreat into the river, where, standing to the middle in water, he gave his foe a mortal shot, or to use his own language—"I burst the varment." Meantime, the main body of trappers having arrived, advanced to the relief of Glass, and delivered seven or eight shots with such unerring aim as to terminate hostilities, by despatching the bear as she stood over her victim.

Glass was thus snatched from the grasp of the ferocious animal, yet his condition was far from being enviable. He had received several dangerous wounds, his whole body was bruised and mangled, and he lay weltering in his blood, in exquisite torment. To procure surgical aid, now so desirable, was impossible; and to remove the sufferer was equally so. The safety of the whole party—being now in the country of hostile Indians—depended on the celerity of their movements. To remove the lacerated and helpless Glass, seemed certain death to him—and to the rest of the party such a measure would have been fraught with danger. Under these circumstances, Major Henry, by offering an extravagant reward, induced two of his party to remain with the wounded man

until he should expire, or until he could so far recover as to bear removal to some of the trading establishments in that country. They remained with their patient five days, and supposing his recovery no longer possible, they cruelly abandoned him, taking with them his rifle, shot-pouch, &c. and leaving him no means of either making fire or procuring food. These unprincipled wretches proceeded on the trail of their employer; and when they overtook him, reported that Glass had died of his wounds, and that they had interred him in the best manner possible. They produced his effects in confirmation of their assertions, and readily obtained credence.

Meanwhile poor Glass, retaining a slight hold upon life, when he found himself abandoned, crawled with great difficulty to a spring which was within a few yards, where he lay ten days. During this period he subsisted upon cherries that hung over the spring, and *grains des bœufs*, or buffaloe-berries, that were within his reach. Acquiring, by slow degrees, a little strength, he now set off for Fort Kiawa, a trading establishment on the Missouri River, about three hundred and fifty miles distant. It required no ordinary portion of fortitude to crawl to the end of such a journey through a hostile country, without fire-arms, with scarcely strength to drag one limb after another, and with almost no other subsistence than wild berries. He had, however, the good fortune one day to be "in at the death of a buffaloe calf" which was overtaken and slain by a pack of wolves. He permitted the assailants to carry on the war until no signs of life remained in their victim, and then interfered and took possession of the "*fatted calf*"; but as he had no means of striking fire, we may infer that he did not make a very *prodigal* use of the veal thus obtained. With indefatigable industry he continued to crawl until he reached Fort Kiawa.

Before his wounds were entirely healed, the chivalry of Glass was awakened, and he joined a party of five *engagés*, who were bound, in a *pirogue*, to Yellow Stone River. The primary object of this voyage was declared to be the recovery of his arms, and vengeance on the recreant who had robbed and abandoned him in his hour of peril. When the party had ascended to within a few miles of the old Mandan village, our trapper, of hair breadth 'scapes, landed for the purpose of proceeding to Tilton's Fort at that place, by a nearer route than that of the river. On the following days, all the

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companions of his voyage were massacred by the Arickara Indians. Approaching the fort with some caution, he observed two squaws whom he recognised as Arickaras, and who, discovering him at the same time, turned and fled. This was the first intelligence which he obtained of the fact, that the Arickaras had taken post at the Mandan village, and he at once perceived the danger of his situation. The squaws were not long in rallying the warriors of the tribe, who immediately commenced the pursuit. Suffering still under the severity of his recent wounds, the poor fugitive made but a feeble essay at flight, and his enemies were within rifle shot of him, when two Mandan mounted warriors rushed forward and seized him. Instead of despatching their prisoner, as he had anticipated, they mounted him on a fleet horse, which they had brought out for that purpose, and carried him into Tilton's Fort without injury.

The same evening, Glass crept out of the fort, and after travelling thirty-eight days, alone, and through the country of hostile Indians, he arrived at Henry's establishment.

Finding that the trapper he was in pursuit of had gone to Fort Atkinson, Glass readily consented to be the bearer of letters for that post, and accordingly left Henry's Fort on the Big Horn River, on the 29th of February, 1824. Four men accompanied him. They travelled across to Powder river which empties itself into the Yellow Stone, below the mouth of the Horn. They pursued their route up the Powder to its source, and thence across to the Platte. Here they constructed skin boats, and descended in them to the lower end of *Les Cotes Noirs* (the Black Hills) where they discovered thirty-eight lodges of Arickara Indians. This was the encampment of *Gray-eyes*' band. That chief had been killed in the attack of the American troops upon his village, and the tribe was now under the command of *Langue de Bicke*, (Elk's Tongue.) This warrior came down and invited our little party ashore, and, by many professions of friendship, induced them to believe him to be sincere. Glass had once resided with this *tonguey* old politician during a long winter, had joined him in the chase, and smoked his pipe, and cracked many a bottle by the genial fire of his wigwam; and when he landed the savage chief embraced him with the cordiality of an old friend. The whites were thrown off their guard and accepted an invitation to smoke in the Indian's lodge.

While engaged in passing the hospitable pipe, a small child was heard to utter a suspicious scream. Glass looked towards the door of the lodge and beheld the squaws of the tribe bearing off the arms and other effects of his party. This was the signal for a general movement;—the guests sprang from their seats and fled with precipitation, pursued by their treacherous entertainers:—the whites ran for life; the red warriors for blood. Two of the party were overtaken and put to death: one of them within a few yards of Glass, who had gained a point of rocks unperceived and lay concealed from the view of his pursuers. Versed in all the arts of border warfare, our adventurer was enabled to practice them in the present crisis, with such success, as to baffle his blood-thirsty enemies; and he remained in his lurking place until the search was abandoned in despair. Breathing once more a free air, he sallied forth under cover of the night, and resumed his line of march towards Fort Kiawa. The buffaloe calves, at that season of the year, were generally but a few days old; and as the country through which he travelled was abundantly stocked with them, he found it no difficult task to overtake one as often as his appetite admonished him to task his speed for that purpose. “Although,” said he, “I had lost my rifle and all my *plunder*, I felt quite rich when I found my knife, flint, and steel, in my shot-pouch. These little fixens,” he added, “make a man feel righ *peart*, when he is three or four hundred miles *from any body or any place*—all alone among the *painters* and wild *varments*.”

A journey of fifteen days brought him to Fort Kiawa. Thence he descended to Fort Atkinson, at the Council Bluffs, where he found his old traitorous acquaintance in the garb of a private soldier. This shielded the delinquent from chastisement. The commanding officer at the post ordered his rifle to be restored; and the veteran trapper was furnished with such other appliances, or *fixens*, as he would term them, as put him in plight again to take the field. This appeased the wrath of Hugh Glass, whom my informant left, astounding, with his wonderful narration, the gaping rank and file of the garrison.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society: with selections from the most approved authors; adapted to the use of the Practical Farmers of the United States.* 1824. J. S. Skinner. Philadelphia, pp. 322, 8vo.

WE are much gratified to find that in our growing nation, there are some men, who, perceiving the defects of former practices, are willing to devote their time and talents to the improvement of this highly interesting science. To the United States, agriculture must become the most important of the civil arts; indeed, at the present time, it is not confined to the uneducated labourer whose ambition has never been directed by literature to the higher walks of life: but many who have revelled in the field of science, have been able to find some charms also in the fields of husbandry. At present, our professions are so filled in point of number, at least, that there is little inducement to study, with a view to profit. In addition to this fact, a late importation of professors for the *Central University of Virginia*, under the auspices of Mr. Jefferson, seems to display an intention on the part of the patrons of science not to encourage philosophers of domestic manufacture; so that the genius of America must shine in some other garb than that of science and literature.

To those who have confined their attention to the cultivation of the soil, the present work may be very useful. It has been customary in every country to consider agriculture as a simple art, requiring no assistance from the sciences; and it cannot be denied that a great many honest men have toiled peaceably through life, without having meddled with such things as books. Nevertheless, the progress of chemistry has unfolded many valuable facts, with regard to the nature of soils, and, consequently, has directed the kinds of manure necessary for their preservation and renovation. An analysis of the soil will also enable us, in many instances, to select the kind of grain which will best thrive in it. It is not our intention to erect a system of agriculture solely upon the foundation of chemistry; not that this science will in every instance teach us the best use that can be made of any given kind of soil. On the contrary, it very frequently happens that the most important question respecting the most advantageous

method of cultivating a particular spot, arises from the peculiar circumstances of its location, independently of the nature of the soil, &c. It is admitted that practical experience is essential to the success of the agriculturist, and in recommending the study of those sciences which are subordinate to agriculture, all the benefit which we propose is, that the farmer may be enabled to trace his failures to their proper causes, and have some direction to the most appropriate remedies. Much property, as well as time and labour, have been sacrificed by a stubborn adherence to established practices, and to fanciful experiments, projected without regard to fixed principles, and conducted without economy. This is an important consideration. Perhaps there is no circumstance more immediately pernicious to agricultural improvement, than the futile attempts which are made by ignorant projectors, to change their crops and general systems of farming, without that kind of knowledge which would, in the first place, teach the propriety of a change; and secondly, the circumstances necessary to the success of the proposed new system, a cursory glance at the fields and habitations that present themselves in the course of a day's journey, will convince us of the truth of this remark. The soil and climate being the same, why does one farm make a bankrupt of its proprietor, while another supports its tenant in all the comforts of independence?

The difference is observed not only between neighbouring individuals, but the defect of general agricultural science is remarkably striking to the traveller in our country, especially if he has had an opportunity of contrasting the northern with the southern states. In the former, he will find that the inhabitants, depending in a great measure upon their own soil for the necessities of life, as well as for most of their luxuries, cultivate a great variety of grains, grasses and esculent vegetables, and rear the finest animals. While our southern planters, taking advantage of the fitness of their climate for a peculiar crop, devote their attention to it so exclusively, that they not only deprive themselves of many of the conveniences and luxuries of life, which are quite within their reach, but also depend upon a foreign source for many of their necessaries, in their zeal for the cultivation of cotton. What is still more to be lamented, they pay little or no attention to the improvement of their soil. Contented for the present with the largest

crop which they can force from an extensive and half-cultivated surface, they are obliged frequently, in the course of one generation, to abandon their exhausted fields to the sedge and wild brier, and seek the new grounds of the forest, which, in its turn, soon becomes a barren waste, refusing sustenance to the authors of its ruin.

There are various methods of improving soil, and preserving it in a state of vigorous fertility. The application of animal manure is perhaps, the best, with regard to the ultimate effect, but it is one which cannot be universally practised. It is suited only to countries in which the grasses flourish, for the support of live stock. In the state of Georgia, grasses do not succeed. Hence, in that district, the produce in cattle and horses is not abundant; and, consequently, the manuring system cannot be practised to any great extent. In circumstances of this kind, other means of preservation and improvement of soil may be resorted to. The most important and practicable of these are, rotation of crops and proper tillage of the soil. Throughout the "upper country" of Georgia and South Carolina, the soil is *thin*. Hence the prevalent fashion is to plough it to very little depth, and instead of turning the whole of the surface, to confine the *plough* (as they term their trifling scarificator,) to the rows in which the seed is to be deposited. This practice is predicated upon the principle, that "when heavy rains fall, the water washes off the soil, and therefore, if they were to plough deeply, they would run the risk of losing all the productive surface of the land during a single storm." But in this theory the circumstance is not considered, that the rain will never begin to *wash away* the soil until it has ceased to *sink into* it; and that many rains, which would wash away a thin soil, resting on an impervious substratum, would be entirely absorbed by a loose soil of greater depth, and not only not remove the deep soil, but really fertilize it.

The desire, also, of raising a particular crop, for which there is always a *cash* market, is so seducing, that independently of the privations to which many subject themselves, by their exclusive attention to the staple crop, they do not consider that the articles of bread, beef, and pork, necessary to the support of their families, must be purchased; and sometimes at such prices as to make the staple crop unproductive of ultimate profit, independently of the impoverishment of the soil.

consequent to an uninterrupted routine of similar and unskillful cultivation. Thus, in Georgia, many planters, devoting themselves exclusively to the culture of cotton, depend on the drovers of Kentucky and Tennessee for their beef and pork; and on the northern states for their wheat and whiskey. In a political point of view this state of things may be well enough —the stability of our Federal compact is undoubtedly confirmed by this kind of mutual dependence between various states, exchanging with each other their peculiar productions. But this is not the object of agriculture, whose aim is, the perfect independence of every spot of earth which is not oppressed with an intolerable population.

With the advantages of climate which our southern states possess, we see no other reason for the paucity of their productions than imperfection in the agricultural system which is there in vogue.

But it is not our intention to dwell on localities. Agriculture may be considered both as an art and a science, depending upon innumerable sources for its perfection, and applicable to every spot of earth inhabited by man: and no individual can acquire, by his own experience, more than a limited degree of knowledge on the subject.

Societies, formed by practical farmers, offer the great advantage of opportunity for the interchange of experience and opinion, by which every individual may possess himself of the combined observations of a great number, with whose interest his own is identified.

We were forcibly impressed with this idea by the contents of the interesting volume which has excited these remarks. Laying aside all idle speculation, by which the mere closet philosopher has so often and justly excited the ridicule of the practical agriculturist, the compiler of this work has made a judicious selection of communications to the Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania, from practical men, on *practicable* subjects. These contain the results of actual experiments, in many instances accompanied by calculations which will enable others to repeat them under the advantage of a previous estimation of their expense, and of the profits likely to arise from them.

We find, in this volume, a number of very interesting papers, principally by Mr. Powel of Powelton, on the subject of improving the breeds of sheep and black cattle, for all the variety of purposes for which these kinds of stock are bred.

We think it but just to render to this gentleman at least a passing tribute of praise for his well directed and philanthropic exertions for the introduction of the best breeds of these very useful animals into our country.

Few persons, we apprehend, will read the papers contained in this volume, without being strongly impressed with the importance of the art, which has been so unaccountably neglected in all parts of our country, of improving the breeds of domestic animals. This woful indifference cannot be attributed to any deficiency in our soil or climate;—or to want of enterprise and capacity in its inhabitants: for success has generally crowned the experiments which have been made with this view. For example, our horses, in many parts of the United States, can compete with any in the world, and are superior to those of any country but England; and when we are stimulated by the ambition of the turf, we have proved that our soil and climate and our veterinary skill, is not unequal to the production of the strongest and the fleetest animals. In New York, the horse *Eclipse* ran four miles in less time than was ever occupied in a similar performance.

Our success with one species ought to stimulate us to the improvement of others far more valuable to the community generally. Without disparagement to the noble animal whose usefulness on the one hand, and beauty of figure on the other, have attracted the admiration of all classes of men, we cannot but express our surprise that the improvement of his species should have been more attended to, in a country like ours, than that of animals evidently more important to us:—the cow and the sheep, who furnish us with food and clothing, and whose simple habits peculiarly adapt them to the limited resources of the poorest peasantry.

In England, where a knowledge of the value of sheep and black cattle has been acquired by long experience, vast sums are given for the opportunity of improving the blood of a flock.

We select from the "Memoirs" before us, a few examples illustrative of the high estimation in which these animals are held in a country, where, what would appear to us as an extravagant indulgence of a passion for fine looking animals, is, in fact, the result of practical economy. We have taken from a list of short horned cattle, sold by Mr. Colling, in Kenton, England, in the year 1810, five cows, and as many bulls and heifers, with the prices for which they are sold.

## COWS.

One sold for 410 guineas.  
 Do. do. do. 400 do.  
 Do. do. do. 210 do.  
 Do. do. do. 206 do.  
 Do. do. do. 200 do.

## BULLS.

One sold for 1000 guineas.  
 Do. do. do. 365 do.  
 Do. do. do. 145 do.  
 Do. do. do. 170 do.  
 Do. do. do. 200 do.

## HEIFERS.

One sold for 105 guineas.  
 Do. do. do. 183 do.  
 Do. do. do. 206 do.  
 Do. do. do. 136 do.  
 Do. do. do. 132 do.  
 And a calf for 106 do.

This statement is certainly calculated to enlarge our ideas of the value of those animals, which, when neglected, as they commonly are, exhibit but a melancholy proof of the consequences of carrying on husbandry without system.

There are also several very interesting papers, in the present volume, on the several subjects of smut in wheat, on millet, and mangel wortzel, as crops for the sustenance of cattle, specimens of agricultural machinery, &c. a full consideration of which is evidently inconsistent with the limits of our work. We would therefore earnestly recommend these "*memoirs*" to the diligent perusal of every farmer, under the conviction that he would gain from them a mass of instruction calculated to enrich both him and his country. Numerous efforts have been made, at different times, to disseminate information in this useful branch of knowledge, by means of societies; but they have generally failed; chiefly, we fear, because the leading men in these institutions, were more ambitious of personal distinction than desirous of the general weal. To publish a volume, with the names prefixed of certain officers, duly garnished with a score of cabalistical letters, indicative of membership in various other societies, is the *ne plus ultra*. If a communication is made to some of these divans, no matter how important it may be to the community, or to the reputation of the author, it is immediately put under lock and key; and they will obey to the fullest extent, the rule laid down by Horace, twice over, if necessary, rather than publish it before enough is collected to make a VOLUME!

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The present volume is the first production of a society which has lately been instituted. It demonstrates a spirit of activity and enterprise from which the most beneficial results may reasonably be anticipated. With regard to the authenticity of the facts which it publishes, the names of its contributors are a sufficient guaranty for the correctness of their communications.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.

THE subject of internal improvement is highly interesting to the people of the United States, whether it is regarded as a source of power and wealth, or as an additional cement of our national union. We cannot, therefore, bestow too critical an examination upon all plans for roads and canals, which may be offered to public attention; nor be too careful that the several schemes may be not only possible, but useful: for we may safely pronounce all projects of this description, which are not more than possible, to be worse than useless.

The canal to unite the east with the west, and to overcome the barrier of the Alleghany, is one of those which are attended with the important consequences which have been mentioned. It will be a source of profit, and a link of union between distant parts of the country, if the route is judiciously chosen and successfully prosecuted, or it will occasion a loss of much wealth, and weaken the public spirit in case of a failure. All local considerations should therefore be avoided in the contemplation of such a measure; and the route which offers the greatest advantages, should be preferred.

Considered on the broad basis of a national work, the great points to be united are the Chesapeake and the Ohio, by whichsoever vallies shall be found to be the most eligible. It is, therefore, seriously to be regretted, that the government in its instructions to the board of internal improvement, as we find in the "Report," lately published, confined its attention to a connexion between the vallies of the Potomac

and the Ohio.\* All the routes, and there are several, should be carefully examined, before any choice is made, and that one only adopted which may be found to combine the greatest economy of construction, with the greatest dynamic effect. But if we might judge from the incipient measures already taken by the states of Virginia and Maryland, and also by the general government, no comparison and choice of route is to be made, but that by the valley of the Potomac, however extraordinary some of its features as exposed in the report of the board, or however disproportionate the enormous expenses which it cannot fail to occasion, to its probable utility, is to be forced upon us.

The route by the Juniata, it appears, was examined, and although "further investigations are necessary to the definitive settlement of this question," yet, as the board believe in the "possibility" of this route, it should be more minutely surveyed. What beyond a bare supposition of its possibility did the government possess previous to the surveys of the past summer relative to the Potomac route, and as this was sufficient to authorise the work on that route, why should it not be on another?

But although the route by the Juniata has its advantages, there are others which are considered as preferable.

The chief difficulty of uniting the waters of the Chesapeake with those of the Ohio, consists in the barriers which the numerous ridges of the Alleghany throw between them. The great object of investigation, should be some natural passage through these, to avoid the expense of tunnels, to reduce as much as possible the number of locks, which would not only lessen the expense, but also greatly facilitate the navigation, and to command the various streams required to feed the canal. Now the Susquehanna, by its western branch, breaks through the whole of these ridges, and rises in the "western country." And by authentic accounts, it is represented as a gentle and wide stream for nearly the whole of its extent above Harrisburg. The distance between its head waters, and those of Toby's creek, which falls into the Alleghany, is about fourteen miles. Here then is a passage formed by nature, overcoming, without the aid of art, the impediments created by the Alleghany, penetrating to the

\* See a "Message from the President of the United States, transmitting a Report of the examination which has been made by the board of engineers, with a view to internal improvement, &c." Washington, 1825.

west of all its ridges, and joining its waters to within fourteen miles of those which fall into the Ohio. This distance might be considered as the summit level of a canal passing this route. What would be the difficulties of this summit we cannot state, but, a route offering such apparent conveniences, requiring no tunnelling, and comparatively with that by the Potomac, so few locks, certainly deserves a very critical examination. Justice to itself should compel the government to make it, and we venture to submit, whether the state of Pennsylvania ought not to oppose appropriations from the general funds, for any canal across the Alleghany, until not only this, but any other probable route shall be thoroughly examined. From Harrisburg, the connexion with the Chesapeake could be completed, by continuing in the valley of the Susquehanna to Havre de Grace, on the line already surveyed. Thence it might be conducted to Baltimore or to Philadelphia, by means of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal; thus offering to the products of the west, the advantages of these two markets.

The Report of the board embraces the details of several canals; but, as our present object is to treat only of that by which it is proposed to connect the waters of the east with those of the west, we shall confine ourselves to such extracts from the Report, which will enable us to present the opinions of the board intelligibly to our readers, to which we shall take the liberty of adding a few remarks.

The canal approaches the summit level on the one side by the valley of the Potomac to the mouth of the Savage river; and by that of the Youghiogheny to the mouth of Bear creek on the other. To these points no great difficulties are supposed to exist; or in other words, between these all difficulties lie. They constitute the limits of our extracts and observations, and the parts lying between them, are distinguished in the Report as the "*middle section,*" and embrace the summit level.

"To conduct the canal across this summit ground, we must (p. 22 of the Report.) 1st. Select the best passage for it through the little Back Bone, by leading it either from the valley of Savage river, to that of Deep creek, and from that of Crab-tree, to the same, or from the valley of the Crab-tree to that of the little Youghiogheny. 2d. Ascertain which of these passages presents the shortest route from the mouth of the Savage to that of Bear creek. 3d. Ascertain, as the most essential element of the whole project, whether a supply of water sufficient for all the purposes of the canal, can be procured at this elevation."

After stating the various routes by which the connexion between the Savage and Bear creek might be formed, and comparing each, the board reduce themselves to a choice between two, one called the "Youghioghaney route," the other the "Deep creek route."

"The first pursues its course from the mouth of the Savage along its valley, and ascends along Crab-tree creek, till it reaches two miles above Swan's mill, where it encounters the eastern extremity of the tunnel of Crabby's arm, three miles one thousand five hundred and thirty-eight yards long. Passing through this tunnel it would descend the valleys of the little and great Youghioghaney, winding along their eastern side to the mouth of Deep creek. From the mouth of Deep creek it would keep on the eastern side of the Great Youghioghaney, crossing its tributaries on aqueducts, to the mouth of Bear creek. These tributaries are Hoys run, Steep run, Long run, Gap run, and Bear creek, which are not above two hundred to three hundred feet wide at their mouths. This route is supposed to be fifty miles one thousand one hundred and seventy-two yards long.

"The second ascends by the Savage, Crab-tree creek, a ravine of Crabby's arm, Dewickman's arm, North fork and Deep creek. At Dewickman's arm it would pass through a tunnel one mile six hundred and eighty-three yards, with the greatest height of the ridge above its bed, two hundred and twenty-seven feet. Then descending the valley of Deep creek from the base mark, and keeping on the eastern shore of the Youghioghaney, across its tributaries to Bear creek, making a total length of forty-one miles seven hundred and eighteen yards.

"To decide between these two routes, (p. 30.) which alone can enter in competition, we must compare their length, and the time, expense, difficulties, and trouble of their construction.

"The length of the Deep creek route is forty-one miles seven hundred and eighteen yards, that of the Youghioghaney route, thirty miles one thousand one hundred and seventy-two yards, the former is therefore shorter by nine miles than the latter.

"The tunnel from Dewickman's arm on the Deep creek route, is one mile six hundred and eighty-three yards long, and the height of the ridge above its bed, two hundred and twenty-seven feet. The tunnel betwixt Crabby's arm and the little Youghioghaney, on the Youghioghaney route, is three miles one thousand five hundred and thirty-eight yards in length, and the height of the ridge above its bed, four hundred and sixty-four feet. The former requires two miles eight hundred and fifty-five yards less tunnelling, and the height of the ridge above the bed of its tunnel, is two hundred and thirty-seven feet less.

"The deep cut at the western extremity of the tunnel towards the little Youghioghaney, is two miles nine hundred and thirty yards in length. That at its eastern extremity, towards Crabby's arm, is nine hundred yards. The whole deep cutting on the Youghioghaney route, is thus three miles seventy yards.

"The deep cut at the western extremity of the other tunnel towards Deep creek, extends five miles one thousand and ninety-six yards. The deep cut at its eastern extremity towards Dewickman's arm, five hundred and seventy-two yards. Total five miles one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight yards.

"The Youghioghaney route will therefore require two miles one thousand five hundred and ninety-eight yards less of deep cutting than the other, at

the extremities of its tunnels. But this advantage is not to be weighed with the expense of two miles eight hundred and fifty-five yards more of tunnelling.

"In comparing the nature of the soil on each of these routes, and the obstacles which it may present, it must be remembered that their eastern portion, from Savage river to Crabby's arm, and their western portion, from the mouth of Deep creek, to that of Bear creek, are the same. In the intermediate space, the ground is equally favourable and easy to work on both routes.

"On the whole comparison of their lengths, of the time necessary to pass through the one or the other, of the obstacles which they meet, and the expense and probable trouble of their construction, we believe the deep creek route preferable to the route by the (little) Youghiogheny.

"Our next task must be to compare the supplies of water which the canal may receive on either of these routes, and this will lead us to a detailed investigation of the resources which are offered by the water courses of the country, to feed the middle section and summit level of the canal."

The Report divides the middle section into three parts; the eastern, summit level, and western; each of which it considers in relation to its supply of water.

First, as to the eastern part. From the end of the tunnel to the mouth of Crab-tree creek, in a distance of nine and a half miles, there is a supply of 2.26 cubic feet per second; and from thence to the outlet of the Savage into the Potomac, in a distance of five and a half miles, a supply of 17.73 cubic feet per second. As the water for the service of the locks is to be supplied entirely from the summit level, these resources are merely to meet the losses occasioned in this part by filtration and evaporation. For as much of it as lies between the mouth of the Crab-tree and that of the Savage, the quantity appears very ample, but for the nine and a half miles between the mouth of the Crab-tree and the eastern extremity of the tunnel, we are inclined to think that the quantity of water is somewhat deficient.

Assuming the losses in this distance to be in proportion to those used in the Report for the summit level,—and they will not be less—there will be required to compensate them, a supply of 324.400 cubit yards per month. But for the nine and a half miles in question, the water at command is only 2.26 cubic feet per second; or, (using 2.25 for even calculation,) 216.000 cubio yards per month, making a deficiency of 108.400 cubic yards per month. Now this deficiency can be supplied only by constructing large reservoirs, or from the surplus water of the summit level. The latter, in the opinion of the Report, will prove ample for these deficiencies. But

we will see, by and by, how this opinion will bear the test of calculation.

In describing the western part of the middle section, it is said,

"This portion of the canal begins in Deep creek, five miles below the base mark, and ends at the mouth of Bear creek. The length is fourteen and three quarter miles, and like the eastern part, it will receive from the summit level, the waters required for its lockage." P. 32.

After noticing several small streams, the Report remarks that

"Deep creek is the only stream of importance whose waters may supply the losses of this branch from filtrations and evaporation. For this purpose, a reservoir would have to be formed by erecting a dam across the creek, five miles below the base mark, one hundred and thirty-six yards long, and twenty-three and a half feet high." *Ib.*

From this reservoir the Report estimates a minimum monthly supply of 492.034 cubic yards. It then proceeds to estimate the losses of this part of the canal. Referring to that of Narbonne in France, which, after a lapse of twelve years, still lost the value of its prism in eighteen days, and reasoning upon the more advantageous ground through which this part will pass, and the consequences of a careful construction, the Report assumes as a safe rule, the loss of the cube of its prism in one month, as a maximum. Now we are disposed to question this rule, and we deny that facts connected with the history of any canal will justify so small a rate of loss, while it is yet new, and few become reduced to that, after many years operation. But granting all that is required, it appears by the Report itself, that the minimum supply is 492.034 cubic yards of water, and the maximum loss 519.200. It should also be recollect that no allowance is here made for the losses of the reservoir itself, which are always found to be great. Now when we take into consideration, how frequently the most experienced on these subjects have been deceived, and that there is scarcely an instance in which the quantity of water anticipated has not fallen far short of the calculations, we feel ourselves justified in asserting that rule as unsafe which does not exhibit the minimum supply of water, at least equal the maximum of demand. Applying this rule to the present case, will there not be a great deficiency, and ought a canal to be constructed upon evidence of so limited a supply?

The next part treated of is the summit level. This, by the Deep creek route, is eleven miles one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight yards long, and by the Youghioghaney route, twenty miles one thousand five hundred and eighty yards. A choice is to be made between these two; to effect which the Report (p. 35.) proceeds to examine,

"First, what means exist to find these summit levels; second, what each of these requires to supply all its wants and losses; third, what are the respective advantages of one and the other, and which is the most advantageous with respect to that question?

The Great and Little Youghioghanies and their upper tributaries, are the only streams of any importance, which can feed either of these summit levels. Their levels, with respect to the base mark, are as follow:

Level of the Great Youghioghaney, at the mouth of	ft.
Deep creek below the base mark of Deep creek, -	250.
Do. at the head of Swallow falls	do. - 140.81
Do. one mile above the mouth of Indian run, do.	- 70.50
Do. two miles	do. - 64.
Do. at the mouth of Little Youghioghaney, do.	- 53.
Do. mouth of Snow creek two miles above the bridge,	do. - 36.69
Do. Charles Glade's run,	do. - 28.72
Do. mouth of Cherry creek,	do. - 26.18
Do. Little Youghioghaney, where crossed by the state road,	do. - 44.00

These levels being all below the base mark, prove that whichever summit level we adopt, we must elevate the waters of the two Youghioghanies by throwing great dams across them. The two routes are supposed upon a level."

The Report then proceeds to enumerate the various reservoirs to be formed for the supply of these routes as follow: p. 36.

No. I. "Might be formed in the main branch of the Great Youghioghaney, by throwing a dam across it, above the mouth of Cherry-tree creek. It should be forty feet high to raise the water six feet above the summit level, and allow to the feeder a descent of six inches per mile—height of its dam forty feet, and length of its feeder to the dam in Deep creek, sixteen miles.

Area of the reservoir exposed to evaporation, 2,894,333 sq. yds.  
Its prism, or capacity of water, above the base mark, 5,523,370 cubic yds.  
No. II. Might be formed in Cherry creek by throwing a dam across it above its mouth. For this and all the following reservoirs, we shall allow the same data, six feet above the base mark, and six inches descent per mile for their feeders.

Height of the dam,	- - - -	40 ft.
Length of the feeder,	- - - -	16 miles.
Area,	- - - -	1,752,000 sq. yds.
Prism,	- - - -	3,170,148 cub. yds.

No. III.	Might be formed in the Youghioghaney, between Cherry and Snowy creek, by throwing a dam across it above the mouth of Snowy creek.
Height,	50 ft.
Length of feeder,	14 miles.
Area,	1,475,444 sq. yds.
Prism,	2,796,518 cub. yds.
No. IV.	Receiving Land creek and Snowy creek, might be formed by throwing a dam across the latter above its mouth.
Height of the dam,	50 ft.
Length of its feeder,	14 miles.
Area,	3,444,444 sq. yds.
Prism,	6,536,666 cub. yds.
No. V.	Might be formed in the great Youghioghaney by throwing a dam across it above the mouth of Little Youghioghaney.
Height of the dam,	67 ft.
Length of the feeder,	10½ miles.
Area,	2,833,332 sq. yds.
Prism,	5,555,555 cub. yds.
No. VI.	Might be formed in the Little Youghioghaney by throwing a dam across its mouth.
Height of the dam,	67 ft.
Length of the feeder,	11 miles.
Area,	53,375 sq. yds.
Prism,	106,750 cubic yds.
No. VII.	Might be formed in Drinker's lick, by throwing a dam across it above its mouth.
Height of the dam,	75 ft.
Length of the feeder,	9 miles.
Area,	1,055,555 sq. yds.
Prism,	1,851,851 cub. yds.
No. VIII.	Might be formed in the Great Youghioghaney, between the mouth of the Little Youghioghaney and the ledge, by throwing a dam across the ledge.
Height of the dam,	94½ ft.
Length of the feeder,	6½ miles.
Area,	2,770,666 sq. yds.
Prism,	5,301,555 cub. yds.
Areas of all the reservoirs,	16,279,149 sq. yds.
Prisms of do.	30,844,413 cub. yds.

P. 37.

We should consider the detail of these reservoirs, as conclusive, upon the unfortunate choice of the route: such immense and costly dams, such vast areas exposed to the effects of filtration and evaporation, such a length of feeders, and so small a quantity of water at command in the reservoirs. One of them appears to us particularly faulty, viz. No. VI. which, with an enormous dam of sixty-seven feet in perpendicular height, retains only 106.750 cubic yards of available water, which has to pass through a feeder of eleven miles.

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**The losses in the reservoirs by filtration and evaporation, are to be compensated by raising the dams.**

"Dispensing with the two last reservoirs, the dams of which are the highest and most expensive, the five remaining reservoirs above the mouth of the Little Youghiogheny will embrace an area of 12,452,928 square yards, and will supply the summit level with 23,689,007 cubic yards of water. P. 37.

We must bear in mind, that this quantity of water, for the use of the summit level, can be taken only from the upper parts of the reservoirs when full; for when the water in these is about six feet below the height of their dams, it is too low for the use of the canal, and to raise it to the desired point, the immense basins which the dams create have first to be filled. The total quantity of water which these basins might hold, is estimated in the report at 100,000,000 cubic yards.

"As to the time necessary to fill them, from observations taken with care, from 1817 to 1824 inclusively, by Mr. Lewis Brantz, in the vicinity of Baltimore, we have the following results: In the course of eight years from 1817 to 1824, there fell on a mean average yearly, 39 89-100 inches. In 1822, there fell the smallest quantity, the summer was dry, vegetation deficient, the crops of grain were short. The quantity of rain which fell that year, was 29.20 inches. The greatest quantity which fell was in 1817. It amounted to 48.55 inches. Applying these data to the country round the summit level, and using only the results of 1822, the rain which fell in the three first and three last months of this year, amounted to 16.70 inches, whilst that which fell in the same months, in 1817, amounted to 18.40. These 16.70 inches are equivalent to 0,465 cubic yards. Thus, during the three first and last months of each year, there will fall at least 0,46 cubic yards of rain on each square yard of the heads of the Youghiogheny, and an area of 217,391,304 square yards would be required to collect water to fill the 100,000,000 cubic yards of the reservoirs. This area amounts to 70 18-000 square miles, and the area of the valleys of the two Youghiognanies above their junction, and the surface of the reservoirs, amounts to much more. Besides, the heads of Cheat river could, perhaps, be brought to feed the reservoirs. These reservoirs once filled, the mean of water which lies lower than the heads of the feeders, will never alter, and the upper part which feeds the summit level will alone require to be renewed every year." P. 38.

The filling of these reservoirs is the "key-stone of the arch," without which the whole must fall to the ground. Nor is the difficulty of filling them lessened by the considerations that they will have to be filled not merely to the height of the dams at present contemplated, but as much higher as will be necessary to contain sufficient water to compensate for their losses by filtration and evaporation, and that these laws of Nature will act during the six months required to fill them, continually to retard the work.

The surface, from which the water is to be collected, should exceed vastly the seventy square miles above stated. The

Report reasons as if the whole of the rain, falling within a given space, would flow into these reservoirs, and no part of it filtrate into the soil upon which it may fall; but this we know cannot be the case; the usual quantities absorbed and evaporated will again follow the same laws, and the remainder only feed the reservoirs.

Here, then, arises an important question. Is the surface which may yield its waters to these reservoirs, so extensive that, under all the circumstances stated, this remainder will be sufficient to fill them? It may be considered doubtful from the Report; but it should not remain so. Every preliminary examination should be made to establish the fact, whether this remainder is, or is not, sufficient; for upon this question rests the practicability of the canal. Unlike all other canals, it cannot be used with the reservoirs partially filled; they must be full to the brim, as the supplies have to be drawn from within a few feet of their surfaces.

The Report, p. 39, then pursues its comparison between the two summit levels as follows:

"They will both require the same expense of water for lockage. We know that two locks full is the maximum of expense for raising or lowering a boat; and eight minutes are required for its passage through a lock of thirty yards in length, 5 1-3 yards in breadth, and 2 2-3 yards of lift. Such a lock will contain 426.64 cubic feet, without deducting from it the draught of water of the boat, and its passage (at the maximum) will thus consume 853.32, or 854 cubic yards. Now if the canal is navigated nine months, or 270 days a year, at ten hours a day, and that the locks of the summit level be kept in constant operation all that time, there might pass, allowing eight minutes for each boat, 20,250 boats, at an expense of water equal to 17,293,500 cubic yards, for nine months, or 1,921,500 cubic yards a month. This maximum of water for the expense of lockage, is 658,980 cubic yards less than the minimum which the reservoirs will receive during that time.

"The expense of water for lockage being 17,293,500 cubic yards, and the reservoirs containing 23,689,007 cubic yards, there will remain in reserve, to supply the losses of the summit level from filtration and evaporation, 6,395,507 cubic yards.

"The summit level of Deep creek, extending eleven miles and three-quarters in length, will require 413,600 cubic yards to fill it; and supposing that it loses by filtration and evaporation the value of its prism every month, or nine times in the (working) year, it will expend 3,722,400 cubic yards. The profile of its feeder having a supposed area of ten square yards, and a length of ten and a half miles, it will consume, at the same rate, 1,663,200 cubic yards. Total consumption for nine months, 5,385,600 cubic yards. Retrenching this quantity from the surplus mass of the reservoirs, there will still remain 1,009,907 cubic yards, which, after supplying all the waste

of lockage, and the losses of the summit level, will serve as an additional supply to repair those of the eastern and western branches of the middle section.

"The Youghiogheny summit level, extending twenty-one miles in length, will lose from filtration and evaporation, on the same principle, 739,200 cubic yards a month, the value of its prism, and 6,652,800 cubic yards in nine months. It would thus absorb the whole surplus mass of the reservoirs, after the waste of lockage, and require a much greater expenditure of water than the Deep creek summit level.

"Thus the important advantage of a greater supply of water, by a length shorter by nine miles, of a tunnel shorter by two and a-half miles, render the Deep creek route superior to the other; though the final surveys only can settle that point, yet, at this stage of our operations, we would recommend that route in preference. However, the analysis, which we have just concluded, is a convincing proof that a canal, by either of these routes, over the chain of the Alleghanies between the mouths of Savage river and Bear creek, is perfectly practicable. The total distance from the mouth of Savage river to that of Bear creek will be forty-one miles at least, the rise from the mouth of Savage river to the base mark, 1432 feet, and the fall from the base mark to the mouth of Bear creek, 956 35-100 feet, total of lockage, 2,388 35-100."

The total lockage from tide water on the Potomac to Pittsburgh, is 3887 feet. There is a remark in the foregoing extract which it may be proper to notice. We allude to the assertion: "This maximum of water for the expense of lockage is 658,980 cubic yards less than the minimum which the reservoirs will receive during that time." The true principle of comparison is not what the reservoirs will receive, but what they will deliver after a passage through their several feeders into the canal for its use, as this only is the profitable water.

But there appears to us, in the same extract, more important errors, upon which we shall take the liberty to make a few observations.

One is, that the Report assumes for the feeder no greater ratio of loss than for the canal. Now this is contrary to experience. Every fact which has been collected on these questions, goes to prove that the loss in feeders very much exceeds the loss in canals.

Another mistake is, that while it uses the water of five reservoirs, it allows for losses for the feeder of only one. Now it certainly appears to us no more than correct, that as in using the water of these reservoirs it has to pass through the various feeders, the losses in these feeders should be taken into the account, and particularly, as they will certainly have their influence upon the supply.

Adopting these two corrections, and applying to the feeders a loss in proportion, greater, as found by experience, than that of the canal, we prove a very great deficiency of water.

Considering this question, however, on the very data of the Report, and allowing no greater losses in the feeders than are allowed by the Report, but applying these losses, as we conceive they must be, to the total development of the feeders of all the reservoirs used, we still make a deficiency.

The Report calculates a loss on a feeder of ten and a half miles only, while it uses the water of five reservoirs, the feeders of which form together a length of eighty-one and a-half miles. Now applying to this distance the rate of loss allowed by the Report for the ten and a-half miles, the whole loss will be 12,909,600 cubic yards, which added to the 21,015,900 of cubic yards required for the summit level and the locks, makes a total of 33,925,500 cubic yards. But as the whole quantity of water is 23,689,007, it leaves a deficiency of 10,236,493 cubic yards.

Let us suppose, however, that the whole of these enormous dams are constructed, and that they all furnish their supplies to the summit level, the aggregate quantity of water thus at command will be 30,844,413 cubic yards. But the addition of these two reservoirs will increase the development of the feeders to ninety-seven miles, the loss in which length, by the data of the Report, will be 15,364,800 cubic yards. Add now to this, the quantity required for use, and compare the result with that which the whole seven reservoirs may furnish, and there will still be a deficiency of 8,209,394 cubic yards.

Objections of great weight could also be raised to this route, from the number of locks which will have to be collected in so small an extent. But, as to our understanding, we have shown how limited are all the anticipated supplies of water, we consider objections to any other point as unnecessary.

Feeling, as we do, the highest respect for the gentlemen whose names are attached to this Report, it was with no slight regret that we found our judgment not in union with their conclusions; and the remarks which we have hazarded on the subject, are not published with a view to place them in the wrong, or to show any fancied superiority in our-

selves. The Report is public property, and the subject of it immediately interesting to the whole community. There is a right, therefore, in all to examine it, and a duty in any one who may think he discovers any, to state its defects. And if those which appear to us as such really exist, there is, *in the first place*, a deficiency of water in the eastern part of the middle section. *In the second place*, a deficiency in the western part. *In the third place*, much doubt whether the reservoirs for the summit level will ever be filled; and, *in the fourth place*, an evident deficiency of water, even if they should be. With these impressions, although we cannot deny to the Report the correctness of its assertion, that a canal by this route is "practicable," yet we must add, that, in our opinion, its advantages are extremely doubtful.

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE ALBUM. No. V.

PETRARCH, Casa, Bembo, and other distinguished poets, often bestowed the labour of months upon one sonnet; and, in latter years, Lazzarini and Ghedino were not less industrious. It is said of Bembo, that he had a desk with forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession before they were published; and at each transition they received some correction.

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The Edinburg Review quotes the remark of the great founder of physical philosophy—Bacon—that to make experiments, however numerous, or however pretty, is merely to grope in the dark, and can scarcely ever lead to valuable or certain conclusions,—and apply it to Dr. Priestley, the greater part of whose experiments they represent as being exactly of this description. They add, moreover, "that there is about as much philosophy in them, as in sweeping the sky for comets."

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An eloquent writer, of no distant day, who dwells with admiration upon the lofty qualifications of a great minister, employs a language which might be applied to our own Hamilton.—"We will not expatiate on those stupendous

talents, of which even the most ordinary exercise was a source of wonder and delight; which resembled, in the mightiness of their force, the elementary powers of nature, and, in the truth and precision of their movements, the most exquisite processes of art. Nor will we dwell with fond recollection upon the milder lustre of those private virtues by which all that was admirable and awful in the constitution of his mind was softened and subdued; upon his careless magnanimity; his unsuspecting innocence, and singleness of thought; his facility of intercourse; his oblivion of self; his warmth and constancy of friendship; his slowness to perceive offence; and his absolute incapability of harbouring durable resentment:—a character, disappointing by its blamelessness that envy which it provoked by its grandeur; and exhibiting, in contradiction to the standing maxims of speculative morality, an instance in which power, early acquired and long enjoyed, instead of hardening and corrupting the heart, appeared rather to have fenced and guarded it against the rubs and injuries of common life, and to have preserved it, as it came from the hand of nature, in its original tenderness and purity.”

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### THE BRITISH CODE OF DUEL.

*The British Code of Duel: a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentlemen. London. 1824. The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum, being a Salutary Treatise on Duelling. London. [From the London Magazine.]*

As a great yearly sum of absurdity is ascribable to the uncertainty in which certain points of honour are involved, we looked with some curiosity into this little treatise, which professes to instruct the fighting world on these important subjects. The table of contents promised well, as we found in it several pithy queries, the satisfactory solution of which would prove an unspeakable advantage to society, and save many of those painful displays of spirit which grievously trouble the parties concerned, and exceedingly amuse the indifferent world. For instance, we perceived the great question, “*What is honour?*” standing conspicuously on the list of contents, and also saw with infinite satisfaction

that it was canvassed in one page, while its laws have not even that space allotted to them; here, then, we thought, the main point is to be found in a nut shell, this is the very kernel of the argument; and, accordingly, we turned with an eager hand to the leaf which promised to lay honour, in its common acceptation, open to our view, and to discover the marks, signs, and tokens, by which it may be known. We cannot, however, say that the following perspicuous definition has much enlightened us on this head: "It may be safely agreed, with all, that honour is a principle generated by virtue, as demonstrated in useful and agreeable services to a community; and from the appreciation of which arose those exterior distinctions to which it gives name, for the purpose of their preservation to posterity." If this rigmarole gives no sort of idea of what honour is, it makes amends for the deficiency by conveying a very just notion of what nonsense is, and we should recommend the author to refer to it under that head, were it not, that on a closer examination, we find the whole book stuffed with the same description of jargon. It is certainly, however, highly desirable that men should be brought acquainted with the nature of that inestimable treasure which causes so many big words and hard blows in the world. We hear every day that honour is wounded, that honour is lost, and that honour is gained; and yet no two men can agree as to the precise nature of that thing which they thus confidently pronounce wounded, lost, or gained: it seems, indeed, by the common consent of mankind, considered as a mystery, like the spleen, in our animal economy, only good to make us quarrelsome. Every one prides himself on having got an honour to take care of, and complains loudly when it is hurt, but how he came by it, and what it is like, the owner can seldom tell; and, indeed, he generally neither thinks nor talks about it until it is lost, when from his ignorance concerning all that relates to this jewel, he can take no measures to recover it. When a man loses his pointer dog, he advertises that it has a brown spot here, and a liver mark there, and that it answers to the name of Ponto; but ask a man suffering under the loss of his honour what it was like, and not one particular can he give you touching the thing he bewails, or he defines it by negatives: it was very unlike a kick, or did not relish the lie, or it could not abide the lash of a horse-whip; but as for any positive character of it he can give none. In all quarrels, the ground of complaint

is the injury which honour has received; let us then have a fair view of the sufferer, and before we proceed to consider the wound let us see the patient. In nine cases out of ten, however, this word of all work is merely used to express some vague feeling of injury in the party which he does not himself very well understand, or know how to explain in more meaning language; just as nerves are made answerable for all the odd aches and pains of valetudinarians, which cannot be laid to the account of lumbago, rheumatism, gout, &c. To paraphrase a very vulgar distich:

The man has a wound, and he does not know where,  
He looks to his honour and finds it is there.

Affairs of honour, like causes in Chancery, are not all white or black; there are many brown: in cases where a gross insult has been offered, the phrase “injured honour” may be used in an intelligible sense; but the greater number of disputes which occur are of a purely fanciful nature, and were any rational test applied to the alleged grounds of these quarrels, much unnecessary discussion, and many late duels, which end, at last, in very innocent smoke and the ridicule of the world, might be spared. “*What are we angry about?*” is the question which a rioter asks in one of Foote’s Farces, and it is a query, which few men who wage notes with each other, or take the morning air at Chalk Farm, are prepared to answer.

As gentlemen only can call each other to account, it is a matter of some moment to ascertain the sort of person qualified to shoot, or be shot at by his peers—what estate, or what qualities, confer on men the privilege of homicide? The Code of Duel professes to inform us on this point, and gives a page to the question, “Who is a gentleman?” which it resolves as happily as that touching the nature of honour: “One honourable in himself, in course, possessed of all the generous virtues and graces so implied, with full means for their exercise, without occasion to descend to offices incompatible with the generosity of his character; or of parentage, from whom those excellencies have descended to him, to be preserved.” Can any one tell what all this means, or what species of monster is here described? But definitions of both honour and gentleman might puzzle a better head than that of the author of this treatise, we will therefore try him on another ground—Parliamentary quarrels.

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Among our many beautiful fictions, there is none more worthy of admiration than that which has obtained touching public and personal character. Every man embarked in politics has three characters—a private character, which is always excellent in proportion to its privacy, and most perfect when the world knows nothing about it; for by private virtues, people often mean virtues which never appear: he has a public character bestowed on him by those of his own side of the question; and another public character attributed to him by men of the opposite party. The opponents of a public man are, indeed, wont to dress up his character as boys dress up their Guy Fauxes; they fashion a thing of straw merely for the sake of calling it foul names, bawling about it, and making a parade of their own patriotic sentiments; occasionally, the original, touched probably by some traits of likeness to himself in this abused effigy, takes fire at seeing the indignities heaped on his own image, and, identifying himself with his abused public character, calls the aggressor to account; then the beautiful fiction to which we have alluded furnishes a saving distinction, and preserves the integrity of men's skins.

—“ ‘Tis true, I called my honourable friend’s public character, sychophant, liar, spoiler, unprincipled peculator, and so forth; but nothing was more distant from my purpose than to cast any reflection on him *personally*; there is no man in the world for whom I entertain a higher respect than for my honourable friend, for so I am proud to call him.” This sort of apology, founded on the distinction we have noted, is certainly rather like the excuse of the pampered hog in Gay’s Fable, which, being upbraided by the gardener for destroying his darling tulips, *satisfactorily explains* by saying—

Explain, Sir, why your anger burns?  
See here untouch’d your tulips strown,  
For I devour’d the roots alone.

The political adversary, like the hog, only makes free with a part of the public man’s character, but that part is the root. But this *amende*, such as it is, seldom fails to propitiate the party concerned. Generally speaking, the rule is, that a man’s public character is like his coat on a clothes-horse, which any one may beat, without ill will to the owner, as tender parents beat a child merely for its good; but when he slips himself into it, dusting the coat becomes *personal*—it

is caning the man. In such a case, if a smart stroke or two of the ratan may have fallen on the back of the party, the excuse of the servant in parliamentary phrase would be, "Sir, I meant nothing disrespectful to your shoulders, what I did was done out of regard for your apparel, and I hope you will not think of identifying yourself with your coat." The great utility of these distinctions having been perceived by the world in general, they have been made to avail by Lord Peter's logic, even where there is no public character to serve as a scape-goat; and after the most injurious language has been applied to an individual, peace may be made by the assurance that nothing personal was meant. Disavow personality, and you may kick some men from London to York. In a book professing to instruct the world on affairs of honour, we certainly expected to find these refinements canvassed with some nicety, and to see the nature of personal affronts clearly defined, so that the fighting public might know the exact point at which a man should begin to be personally sensitive; what measure of foul words—liar, scoundrel, &c., and how many cuts of a whip, and of what force, amount to a personality. Respecting all these matters, however, The British Code of Duel leaves the reader in the dark, and even on the subject of Parliamentary quarrels, it contents itself with informing us that great men in the House of Commons, use very bad words. "Buz, buz, we know it."

With regard to "*Pasting, Horse-whipping, and Pulling the Nose,*" the author assures us that these courses are seldom resorted to by honourable men; because the individual who executes such delicate offices usurps to himself the prerogative of the crown, as the origin of these respectable customs may be traced to the form used in the degradation of knights. Of a truth, people little dreamed that pulling a man's nose was an usurpation of the royal prerogative, and that his majesty alone is privileged to handle such nice matters. Another argument is, however, urged against the two first measures, which will probably prove more potent than the preceding with an unchivalrous generation, namely, that they render the parties amenable to the law.

(*To be continued.*)

**EMBELLISHMENTS.**

THE first embellishment of this number is a portrait of the **AMERICAN BISON**, from a drawing by C. A. Lesueur, engraved by F. Kearny. It was executed for Dr. Godman's work on "American Natural History," which will be published, in Philadelphia, in the course of a few months, from the press of Mr. Robert Wright.

A second embellishment in this number represents the **DAM AT THE FAIR MOUNT WATER WORKS**, from which the city of Philadelphia is supplied with water. Of this important enterprise we shall endeavour to give some account on a future occasion.

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**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.****LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**

We very briefly announced, in a late number, the splendid work on "American Natural History," by Dr. J. D. GODMAN, which is now in the press in this city. Desirous of promoting the success of this enterprise, to as great a degree as possible, we publish, in the present number of the Port Folio, a portrait of the American Bison, from the drawing made for this work, and we are assured that this may be regarded as a fair specimen of the style in which the volumes will be embellished. As it will require large funds to bring out this history in a manner sufficiently creditable to the arts and literature of the country, we shall proceed to indicate more minutely the claims which it will have to public confidence. The author, one of the professors of the Philadelphia Museum, has been for some time well known as a teacher of anatomy; and is one of the conductors of the Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal. His descriptions will be illustrated by a great variety of highly finished engravings, principally done from original drawings, made from the life, by Mr. C. A. Lesueur, an artist and a naturalist whose character has long been established. Some of

the designs have been furnished by *Mr. Rider*, who, from many years' practice, has acquired great skill in this branch of art.

*Mr. W. W. Wood* has also aided in this part of the work; and no better proof of his skill need be cited than his plate of Dr. Harlan's new genus—*Clamyphorus*, lately published in the "New York Lyceum." The author enjoys the advantage of almost daily communion with several of the most eminent naturalists in our country, who doubtless will give every assistance to his undertaking. Among them may be named Mr. Say, M. Charles Bonaparte, Dr. Dekay, Mr. George Ord, Dr. Mitchell, and Dr. Harlan:—all of whom have acquired distinction, both at home and abroad, by their zeal and the excellence of their scientific attainments.

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Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, a collection of pieces, in verse and prose, composed chiefly by Mr. Dennie and that association of wits who assisted him in his literary labours. As nearly all these gentlemen were natives of this city, the compilation is entitled *The Philadelphia Souvenir*. It will comprise the writings of about thirty persons, most of whom are well known to all who pay any attention to our domestic literature. Some are gone to that bourne "where the weary are at rest;" while others may yet be seen, usefully and honourably employed in the bustling scenes of life. Critical and biographical notes will be interspersed, and the names of the writers will be given, where they may be disclosed without impropriety. If we are enabled to publish this work, we shall not be afraid to place it by the side of similar publications which are now so popular in London. One of our booksellers has ordered five hundred copies of the "Forget me not," having a moiety of that number actually engaged. While the productions of a foreign press are sought with avidity, may we not hope that the public will not be insensible to the pretensions of a volume which possesses such claims to American patronage as *The Philadelphia Souvenir*! The fact ought not to be suppressed, that whilst the labours of American writers are treated with the most chilling apathy, booksellers are enriched by printing and vending foreign works that are loaded with the grossest misrepresentations of our national and individual character. The speeches of Ames and Harper, treasures of political wisdom, and of the very first order in point of lite-

rary merit,—are mouldering in the stores, while the press groans under repeated editions of the vapid and frothy declamations of Counsellor Phillips. The obscenity of Lady Morgan, the prattle of Madam Campan, the contemptible catch-pennies which adopt the name of Byron as a lure—these are to be found on every table. It may be asserted that the publishers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews have derived more profit from those works than has been received by all the editors of American magazines since the days of Dennie. We are not to be suspected of speaking from personal feeling, since we have enjoyed, through the patronage of the public, a prosperous, and, what is really, in this country, a long career. We sympathise with many worthy men who have laboured in this vocation, with high qualifications, but with no reward. Let us hope for better days. The republication of Blackwood was abandoned, just in time to avoid a loss: that of Phillips's Monthly was a sad concern: the persons who commenced the circulation of Campbell's Monthly rejoiced when they got rid of it: even the milliners turned up their pretty little noses at *La Belle Assemblée*: and the number of subscribers to the Quarterly and Edinburgh diminishes with a rapidity which indicates the awakening of proper feelings in regard to their insolent diatribes. Blackwood spoke with no little complacency of the republication of his journal in the United States; but he must be very ignorant of the state of our morals and taste, if he thinks we can be pleased with such trash as is concocted in his pages. His new recruit will injure him in the estimation of every honourable man; and even the baser sort, for whose meridian his work seems to be intended, must be ashamed of an association with a creature who earns his bread by defaming his native land. But

*Let recreant Neale his country's fame forsake  
His pen can ne'er enlighten nor obscure.\**

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Hadad, a dramatic poem, by James A. Hillhouse, is a performance of much merit; but we do not like to see the Bible employed for such purposes.

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Dr. Harlan's view of the Mammiferous Animals of North America, will be published shortly.

\* Anon. in the *Boston Gazette*.

M. Ch. Bonaparte has in the press a new work on American Ornithology. We have not seen any of his plates, but are informed that they are done by Lawson, in his best manner, from designs by Titian Peale; the letter-press corresponds with that of Wilson's work.

Mr. Schoolcraft has published a volume of Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley: comprising Observations on its Mineral Geography, Internal Resources, and Aboriginal Population. These Travels, as we learn from the work itself, were performed in the year 1821, under the sanction of our government. In the same manner, the public were left to be informed, by the individuals themselves, of Major Long's exploratory labours. Mr. Jefferson deemed the services of Lewis and Clarke, and Pike, worthy of public mention; and we think the late secretary of war should have followed his example. No doubt the tours of Messrs. Schoolcraft and Major Long were planned by themselves, and not by the department which engrosses the credit of the measure. We repeat that the hardihood, enterprize, and devotion to the public service, manifested by these gentlemen, entitle them to official commemoration. In England such achievements are rewarded by pensions and promotions.

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*Essays on Education. By the Rev. William Barrow,  
LL.D., F.A.S. Philadelphia. Harrison Hall, 1825.  
150 cts. [From the Monthly Review.]*

IN the business of Education, systems are constructed partly by those who theorize in their closets on the powers and capacities of youth, and partly by those who have learned from their own experience the nature of those powers, and the most effectual method of imparting to them their proper force and expansion. But, much as we may approve the plans of the speculator *i priori*, we listen with peculiar deference to those who have made the experiment, and have taken an active share in the arduous employment of teaching. On this account the ESSAYS ON EDUCATION are entitled to the attention of all who consult the interests of the rising generation, since the author long presided with credit and success over one of the principal academies in London, and, as

he himself informs us in his preface—long had it in contemplation to communicate to the world his sentiments on this subject. After he retired from public life, he committed his thoughts to paper; regretting that he had not formerly begun to treasure up for future use, those observations which occurred to him in the busy scene of action, because he might thus have presented his readers with a more exact and copious detail than that which his memory is able to retrace. A perusal of the work, however, shows that his memory was sufficiently correct to furnish many important and valuable counsels; and it is written with correctness and precision, evidently proceeding from the pen of a scholar and a gentleman, and free from any admixture of that affectation and pedantry which almost naturally attach to those who live apart from the world, and are long accustomed to be regarded as the oracle, “*quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*” It has long been regarded as a production of singular merit; being more practical and less indebted to fancy than such books usually have been.

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### COMPLIMENTS.

It is a great folly to be taken with outward marks of respect, which signify nothing; for what true or real pleasure can one man find in another's standing bare, or making legs\* to him? Will the bending another man's knees give ease to your's? And will the head's being bare cure the madness of your's? And yet it is wonderful to see how this false notion of pleasure bewitches many, who delight themselves with the fancy of their nobility, and are pleased with this conceit, that they are descended from ancestors, who have been held for some successions, rich, and who have had great possessions, for this is all that makes nobility at present; yet they do not think themselves a whit less noble, though their immediate parents have left none of this wealth to them, or though they themselves have squandered it away.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA.

\* An old expression for bowing, or making obeisance, probably from a custom of drawing the leg back: [or rather, from the custom of advancing the leg, as we should guess. ED. P. F.]

“Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame,  
Obsequious Hermes did the same.”

PRIOR'S TALE—*The Ladle.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GLORY.

*From the Italian of Giulio Bussi.*

What art thou **GLORY**? thou for whom the brave  
Rush to the doubtful field with daring breast,  
Bartering their lives for laurels and a grave,  
And if they win thee, dying fancy,—blest!

What art thou?—say!—by equal ills opprest,  
Who wishes, and who wins thee, loses peace:  
Sought with much care—if won—with loss of rest,  
If lost—the source of griefs that never cease:

What art thou **GLORY**, but a fraud on thought—  
The scourge of human pride:—through blood and tears  
Still followed though unfound:—the living nought  
Enjoy thee, since to **ENVY**'s tongue and ears  
Though art a whetstone: for the dead, though fraught  
Thy trump with praise, 'tis Music no one hears!

April, 1819.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET FROM CAMOENS.

*Con razon os vays aguas fatigando.*

Flow on silver stream to the ocean!  
Through thy margin of oziers and willows,  
Thou fleest with eager and tremulous motion  
To court the embrace of its billows,  
Till thou sinkest at length on their bosoms to bliss  
And they welcome their wanderer home with a kiss!

Thou, however thy current meanders,  
Through mazes toward pleasure art winding,  
But alas! for my sad heart that wanders,  
Still seeking and yet never finding,  
Vain hopes and lost joys, for a moment possest,  
And all that once soothed, and now rob it of rest!

March, 1820.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

*From the Italian of G. Giuseffo Orsi.*

Hourly, the wretch condemned, a galley slave,  
Chains on his feet—the hard oar in his hand,  
While his winged prison tosses on the wave,  
Sighs, but in vain, for liberty and land:

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And yet if freed, unable to withstand  
 Inveterate habit, for his oar again  
 He longs while wandering listless on the strand,  
 And sells himself to his accustomed chain.

CYNTHIA! that wretch am I; though thy deceit  
 My heart and vows asunder often clave,  
 Unto thy chains I offer still my feet,  
 Returning, like that abject foolish knave,  
 Nay, worse than him, for no reward I meet,  
 He sold his liberty, and mine I gave.

*August, 1821.*

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### PETRARCH.

###### *Sonnet 81.*

Great Cæsar, when the Egyptian traitor brought  
 The bloody gift of Pompey's honoured head,  
 Wept outward from the eyes, as it is said,  
 Hiding his inward joyfulness of thought:

And Hannibal, when adverse fortune wrought  
 The ruin of the band his brother led,  
 Smiled bitterly, though every hope had fled,  
 Marking the grief with which his heart was fraught.

And thus the soul, to veil it's real feeling,  
 Feigns grief in joy, and joy in grief agen,  
 By falsehood oftentimes the truth revealing,  
 And hence it is that I, like other men,  
 In careless smiles a ceaseless care concealing  
 Dissemble woes beyond all power of healing!

*April, 1820.*

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### AIR.—*Life let us cherish.*

Lady! when that strain I hear,  
 Its notes break sadly on my ear,  
 While mournful visions, hover near,  
 Of days that now are gone!  
 For tho' the song is light as air,  
 To me it sounds like dark despair;  
 For ev'ry swell is like the knell  
 Of joys forever flown!  
 Cease not then to touch the string,  
 But lady! cease that strain to sing,  
 For mournful visions still they bring,  
 Of joys that now are gone!

Could their softly flowing rhyme  
 Delight the ear of death or time,  
 Or waft me to my native clime,  
 I then might court their power.  
 But, ah! how vain the sweetest lays,  
 To wake again departed days!  
 Or wake the glance that kindled once  
 O'er beauty's wither'd flow'r.  
 Cease not then to touch the string,  
 But lady cease those notes to sing,  
 And let some other measure ring  
 To charm the passing hour.

Music still my heart can please;  
 It's soothing pow'r can never cease:  
 Oh! touch some air that whispers peace  
 And sings of calm repose—  
 For more such strains the ear beguile,  
 When breath'd from beauty's angel smile,  
 Her radiant eye and thrilling sigh  
 That mark each plaintive close—  
 All are spells whose gentle sway  
 Give soul to music's magic lay,  
 Our captive heart to charm away  
 And banish all our woes.

V.

## THE GIPSEY'S PROPHECY.

Ladye, throw back thy raven hair,  
 Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,  
 I will look on the stars and look on thee  
 And read the page of thy destiny.

Little thanks shall I have for my tale,  
 Even in youth thy cheek will be pale;  
 By thy side is a red rose tree,—  
 One bud droops wither'd,—so thou wilt be!

Round thy neck is a ruby chain,  
 One of the rubies is broken in twain;  
 Throw on the ground each shattered part,  
 Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.

Mark yon star,—it shone at thy birth;  
 Look again,—it has fallen to earth!  
 Its glory has pass'd like a thought away,—  
 So soon, or yet sooner wilt thou decay.

Over yon fountain's silver fall,  
 Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;  
 It's hues of light will melt in tears,—  
 Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazel eyes,  
 For the long dark lash that over them lies:

So in my art I can but see  
One shadow of night in thy destiny.

I can give thee but dark revealings  
Of passionate hopes, and wasted feelings,  
Of love that past like the lava wave,  
Of a broken heart and an early grave.

[Some of the rustic pursuits and pleasures, at the close of the year, are beautifully described in Bamfyld's Sonnet on Christmas.]

With footstep slow, in fury pall yclad,  
With brows enwreath'd with holly never sere,  
Old Christmas comes, to close the wained year;  
And aye, the shepherd's heart to make right glad;  
Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had,  
To blazing hearth repairs, and nut-brown beer,  
And views, well pleased, the ruddy prattlers dear,  
Hug the gray mongrel; meanwhile maid and lad  
Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we hail,  
Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud,  
In vest of snowy white, and hoary veil,  
Or wrap'st thy visage in a sable cloud;  
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail  
To greet thee well with many a carol loud.

[In contrast with the foregoing sonnet, we may present a passage from Bloomfield, in which the poet hails the approach of the delightful season which awakens all nature, and diffuses warmth, life, and happiness.]

*Another Spring!* my heart exulting cries;  
*Another Year!* with promis'd blessings rise!  
ETERNAL POWER! from whom those blessings flow,  
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know:  
Seed-time and harvest let me see again;  
Wander the leaf-strown wood, the frozen plain:  
Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,  
Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE;  
And let me ever, mid'st thy bounties raise,  
A humble note of thankfulness and praise.

[The wild versification of the following passage, in the *Bride of Abydos*, is admirably fitted to the mournful subject.]

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale :

Zuleika! last of Giaffar's race,  
Thy destin'd lord is come too late—  
He sees not, ne'er shall see thy face!  
Can he not hear?  
The loud wul-wulleh warn his distant ear?  
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,  
The Koran-chaunters of the hymn of fate—  
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,  
Sighs in the hall—and shrieks upon the gale,  
Tell him thy tale!  
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!  
That fearful moment when he left the cave  
My heart grew chill—  
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all!  
And that last thought on him thou could'st not save,  
Suffic'd to kill—  
Burst forth in one wild cry, and all was still—  
Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin grave!

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**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.****CUPID'S MISTAKE.**

Mischievous Cupid aim'd a dart,  
At a laughing maiden's heart;  
Well aim'd he drew,  
The arrow flew;  
But from its aim flew far apart.

With humbled pride, the little god,  
Declar'd the thing was very odd:  
With rage of heart,  
Dart followed dart:  
He might as well have shot at clod.

Thou heedless little god of love,  
That maiden's heart thou can'st not move:  
Were you not blind,  
You soon might find  
That maid is with *herself* in love.

*Sydney.***FOR THE PORT FOLIO.****THE WREATH OF LOVE.**

She twin'd of fragrant flowers a wreath,  
And smiling said to me,  
On these sweet flowers, my love I breathe,  
And give them, love, to thee.

The chaste mimosa's tendrils twine  
 The rose of blushing hue,  
 Heart's-ease and myrtle there combine:—  
 Emblem of passion true.

There eglantine, that sweet perfumes  
 The softly sighing gale;  
 And virtue's emblem flow'ret blooms:  
 The lily of the vale.

When she her balmy breath bestow'd  
 Upon love's emblem wreath,  
 In amaranthine bloom they glow'd,  
 Arabia's sweets they breathe.

Then, while a gentle sigh she breath'd,  
 She bound my temples round:  
 Ah! when was love thus brightly wreath'd,  
 Or proudest laureat crown'd!

Its bloom may fade, its leaves decline,  
 Its sweet perfume depart;  
 Yet still love's sacred wreath shall twine  
 Unfading round my heart.

*Sydney.*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO —————

What is the blessed charm that gives,  
 To all of life a zest?  
 What the soul's joy, in which he lives,  
 By all besides unblest?

Oh! 'tis the Heaven born gift of mind,  
 Congenial with our own;  
 The sympathetic cords that bind  
 Two gentle hearts in one.

*Sydney.*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CAPRICE.

Oh! fickle is the heart, still prone  
 With each caprice to change,  
 E'er like that wanton bee just flown,  
 From flower to flower, to range;

And like that bee, on careless wing,  
 Ere from sweet flower it part,  
 The honey sips, and leaves the sting  
 To rattle in the heart.

*Sydney.*

## IN MY BOWER SO BRIGHT.

In my bower so bright  
 As I lay last night,  
 The moon through the fresh leaves streaming,  
 There were sounds i' the air,  
 But I could not tell where,  
 Nor if I were waking or dreaming.

Twas the sound of a lute  
 To a voice half mute,  
 That sunk when I thought it was swelling;  
 And it came to my ears  
 As if drown'd in the tears  
 Of the being whose woes it was telling.

Some accents I heard  
 Were like those of the bird  
 Who the live-long night is mourning;  
 And some were like those  
 That we hear, when the rose  
 Sighs for her Zephyr's returning.

The tones were so sweet,  
 I thought it most meet  
 They should not be tones of gladness;  
 There are notes so fine,  
 That are melody mine  
 They should only belong to sadness.

And the air-creature sung,  
 And the wild lute rung  
 Like a bell when the cherub is dying:  
 I can tell no mo,  
 But the tale was of wo  
 For the sounds were all lost in the sighing.

And still it hung on  
 Till the stars were gone,  
 And the sun through the dews was peeping:  
 When I woke in my bower,—  
 Every leaf, every flower,  
 Every bud, every blossom—was weeping!

## MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS!

Maid of the mountains! fare thee well,—  
 I love thy sweet simplicity,  
 And long thy artless charms shall dwell,  
 In memory's retrospective eye.

Thou ne'er hast seen the city's crowd,  
 Whom fashion trains to revel glee;  
 The polish'd manners of the proud  
 Are all unknown, sweet girl, to thee.

But thou hast charms surpassing these,  
 Fairest where all around is fair;  
 Thy voice the softness of the breeze,  
 Thy form the lightness of the air.

Born in this wild romantic glen,  
 Thy cradle was the mountain-side;  
 And nature sooth'd thy sorrows, when  
 She bade her streams in murmurs glide.

Sweet flowret of the wooded dell!  
 Oh! never from these mountains go;  
 Still in thy native vallies dwell,  
 Nor seek yon distant world of wo.

For in that busy world afar,  
 Gay Folly holds her airy reign,  
 Wild passions wage eternal war,  
 And pleasure only leads to pain.

But here false pleasure's gilded lure,  
 Cheats not the guileless breast of youth;  
 But modesty and virtue pure,  
 Beam sweetly from the eye of truth.

## FROM THE IRISH MELODIES.

The following lines to the air of *The Humours of Balmaguiry, or old Langolee*, are in the happiest vein of Moore.

“ Sing! sing! music was given,  
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the living,  
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,  
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.  
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks—  
 But love from the lips his true archery wings;  
 And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,  
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings!  
 Then sing! sing! music was given,  
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the living,  
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,  
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When love, rock'd by his mother,  
Lay slumbering, as calm as a summer could make him;  
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other  
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."  
Dreaming of music, he slumbered the while,  
Till faint from his lips, a soft melody broke;  
And Venus, enchanted, looked on with a smile,  
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!  
Then sing! sing! music was given,  
To brighten the gay, and kindle the living;  
Souls here, like planets in heaven,  
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving."

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## TRUE HAPPINESS.

*From Lucretius.*

— What pure delight,  
From Wisdom's citadel to view, below,  
Deluded mortals, as they wandering go  
In quest of happiness! ah! blindly weak!  
For fame, for vain nobility they seek;  
Labour for useless treasures, night and day,  
And pant for power and magisterial sway.  
Oh! wretched mortals! souls devoid of light,  
Lost in the shades of intellectual night!  
This transient life they miserably spend,  
Strangers to Nature, and to Nature's end:  
Nor see all human wants in these combined,—  
A healthful body and a peaceful mind.  
But little our corporeal part requires,  
To soothe our pains, and feed our just desires.  
From simplest sources, purest pleasure flows,  
And Nature asks but pleasure and repose.  
What though no sculptured bays of burnished gold  
Around thy hall the flaming torches hold,  
Gilding the midnight banquet with their rays,  
While goblets sparkle, and while lustres blaze;  
What though thy mansion with no silver shine,  
Nor gold emblazoned with its rich design;  
No fretted arch, no painted dome rebound  
The rapturous voice, and harp's exulting sound;  
Yet see the swains their gliding moments pass  
In sweet indulgence on the tender grass,  
Near some smooth limpid lapse of murmuring stream,  
Whose bordering oaks exclude the noon-tide beam.  
Chiefly when spring leads on the smiling hours  
And strews the brightened meads with opening flowers;  
In grateful shades, soft seats of peace and health,  
Calmly they lie, nor dream of needless wealth.

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**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.****SERENADE.**

To woo thee love  
 From bower to grove,  
**The moon hangs up her lamp on high;**—  
 Her silver beams,  
 On limpid streams,  
 Glance softly as thy beaming eye.

From thy bowers,  
 Fragrant flowers,  
**Breathe sweetly as thy breath's perfume;**—  
 The blushing rose,  
 New softened glows,  
 And imitates thy cheeks' soft bloom.

The murmur'ring gale  
 That sweeps the vale,  
**Fond greeting fair would pay to thee;**  
 And ling'ring nigh,  
 Soft breathes a sigh,  
 And blandly sings thy lullaby.

Each flowret fair  
 Sheds pearly tear,  
**That thou art absent from their sight;**—  
 The star of love,  
 That shines above,  
 Now seeks thee by its emblem light.

At Feeling's hour,  
 Soft Music's power,  
**Melodious swells in numbers meet;**  
 One word from thee,  
 Of melody,  
 Than softest strains, were far more sweet!

Awake, love, wake!  
 Thy couch forsake,  
**Elysian beauties deck the scene;**—  
 Of charms so rare,  
 That thou my fair,  
 Can't reign alone their lovely queen.

*Sydney.*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE OCEAN PILGRIM.

Farewell! farewell! the light bark waits  
To waft me from the shore,  
In foreign climes to tempt dark fates,  
When ocean's travers'd o'er.

Yet on dark ocean's faithless wave,  
Dwells Danger's threat'ning form,  
When mad'ning billows 'gainst Heaven rave  
Grim monarch of the storm.

A weight!—a weight is on my breast,  
A cold chill at my heart—  
A thrilling omen deep imprest—  
Forever now we part.

Like him from blissful Eden driven,  
With ling'ring gaze I rove:—  
Sever fate, since pitying Heaven  
Tore him not from his love.

Oh might I ever fold thee love,  
Thus in these faithful arms,—  
Thus each brief hour of life improve  
In gazing on thy charms.—

But hark! the seaman's eager cry,  
“Aboard! the wind is fair!”  
Oh treacherous gale of destiny,  
Thou bear'st me to despair.

Think not I fear thy faithful soul,  
To love will be untrue—  
Though time and ocean sund'ring roll,  
I know thou wilt be true.

Yet oh! I dread the cup of joy,  
Thus offer'd to my lip,  
Too rich,—too free from all alloy,  
For mortal e'en to sip.

Hark! hark! that cruel call again,  
Oh time how swift thou'st flown,—  
Dear love this parting kiss—and then—  
Dark fate I am thine own!

*Sydney.*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

*Massachusetts.*—The recent death of an aged deacon, calls to mind a common observation, that the lives of deacons furnish many instances of great longevity. A list of the deacons of Billerica and Chelmsford, from the first organization of churches in those towns, comprising a period of a little more than one hundred years, shows that, during this period, sixteen deacons have died in Billerica, the oldest of whom was ninety-three, and the youngest fifty-six—average age seventy years. Four are now living whose ages are eighty, seventy-five, sixty-six, and fifty. In Chelmsford, within the same time, thirteen deacons have died, the oldest of whom was ninety, the youngest fifty-two—average age, seventy-four.

*Connecticut.*—Mr. Judson, (a presbyterian clergyman) has been subjected to seven hundred and fifty dollars damages, in the Supreme Court, for a libel against Mr. Rayner, (an episcopal clergyman,) arising out of a dispute about “universalism.”

*New York.*—In the cause of Hestill Bebee vs. John H. Rice, for the seduction of the plaintiff's daughter, the jury gave a verdict of *six hundred dollars damages* for the plaintiff—being all the defendant was proved to be worth.

A bachelor gentleman, who came from England a few months ago, lately died in New York, and has directed, by will, that the whole of his personal property, amounting to about twenty thousand dollars, after the payment of two hundred pounds in legacies to his servants, consisting of a female, with him at the time of his decease, and a boy who left him a short time since, be equally divided between ten of the oldest maids resi-

dent within ten miles of his late and native abode, in England.

The amount of duties paid by the auctioneers in New York, the last year, was \$231,836 86.

The amount paid by the public authority, for the destruction of *wolves*, since the year 1815, considerably exceeds the sum of 200,000 dollars.

*Pennsylvania.*—The legislature has made provision for the necessary surveys, plans, and estimates, for a canal along the north branch of the Susquehanna to Tioga point, and thence to the head waters of the Tioga river, near the coal mines, in Tioga county; and also from the most eligible points on the Susquehanna to the head waters of the Lehigh and Schuylkill. The new beds of coal and iron ore which have been discovered on the Susquehanna, renders such improvements highly necessary, since the superiority of canals over rivers, which afford only a descending navigation, by the aid of freshets, has been proved. So active are our rivals on the north and the south, and so important is the growing trade of the Susquehanna and its branches, and the country west of these waters, that it is the policy of the state, not only speedily to complete a canal to the Ohio and Lake Erie, but also to connect, from more points than one, the Susquehanna with the waters of the Delaware.

Besides the coal, the iron, and other articles which are extracted from the bowels of the earth, or are the spontaneous growth of the soil, and which afford the most valuable tonnage for canals, it is stated, that from the counties lying above the mouth of the Juniata, there is annually sent to market, on the Susque-

hanna, a surplus of nearly a million of bushels of wheat, and also a large quantity of clover-seed, whiskey, pork, butter, cheese, bees-wax, maple sugar, and a variety of agricultural products. What may be the extent of trade when the Susquehanna shall be united with the Ohio and Lake Erie by a canal, and when the millions of acres, now a wilderness, shall be brought into cultivation, and rendered productive by means of internal improvement, what may then be the magnitude of the trade, and the number of canals from the Susquehanna to the Delaware, which will be requisite to preserve it?

The Legislature has granted an annuity of eight thousand dollars for four years, for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Upwards of one million eight hundred thousand dollars were coined during the last year at the mint, principally in silver. New dies are about to be cut, with a new figure of Liberty, by means of which the appearance of the coin is expected to be much improved. It is calculated that two millions will be coined during the present year.

The Harmonites, having sold their possessions on the Wabash to Mr. Owen, of Lanark, for 450,000 dollars, have purchased several thousand acres of land for a settlement on the Ohio, about midway from Pittsburgh to Beaver.

If we examine into the present state of our importation, it will be found that we have not kept pace with the rapid progress of New York. Before she improved her roads and constructed canals, we excelled her in the proportion of twelve to seven. New York now precedes Pennsylvania in the proportion of twenty-three to thirteen. When she began to make her internal improvements she appointed men fully competent to the task assigned them. De Witt Clinton, Governeur Morris, Stephen Van Rensselaer, P. B. Porter, Simeon Dewitt, Thomas Eddy, and William North, all men of ac-

knowledged talents, were appointed to investigate the country for a communication to the Lakes, and the result is one of the finest canals in the world.

Mr. Godfrey Haga, who died in Philadelphia, has made the following charitable disposition of his large fortune. To the Pennsylvania hospital, one thousand dollars. To the Northern Dispensary, one thousand dollars. To the Southern Dispensary, one thousand dollars. To the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, one thousand dollars. To the Bible Society, four thousand dollars. To the Widow's Asylum, five thousand dollars. To the Orphan's Asylum, ten thousand dollars. To sundry persons 50,500 dollars. To the Brethren's Church, (the Moravian Church) in Philadelphia, two thousand dollars. For the relief of superannuated preachers, their widows, and missionaries and their widows, belonging to the Brethren's Church, six thousand dollars. To the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathens, twenty thousand dollars.—This constitutes a fund, the interest of which is to be applied by the Society for the purpose of educating pious young men at Nazareth Hall, for the Gospel Ministry. The residue of his estate, valued at more than two hundred thousand dollars, is bequeathed to the said Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathens, and to be appropriated from time to time, as the society shall direct.

The report of the *Franklin Institute* exhibits a prosperous condition, arising from the establishment of lectures, schools, and exhibitions.

From the annual report of the Philadelphia Society for the establishment and support of Charity schools, it appears that there are in one of the schools under their care, two hundred and sixty-two boys, average attendance two hundred and fifteen; in another, one hundred and seventy-one girls, average attendance one hundred and twenty;

making the whole number of scholars under the care of the society four hundred and thirty-three. The receipts of the Society during the year 1824, amounted to two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five dollars sixty-seven cents, including nine hundred and ninety-two dollars from the sureties of B. Williams, a former treasurer. The expenditures were two thousand seven hundred and three dollars forty-eight cents, of which sum one thousand five hundred dollars sixty-seven cents, were paid to the teachers for their salaries. The capital stock and real estate of the society amounts to thirty-three thousand one hundred and seventy-one dollars eighty three cents, yielding a revenue of one thousand six hundred dollars.

A society has been formed in Philadelphia for the promotion of national improvement, by collecting information on the construction of canals, roads, bridges, rail-ways, steam engines, &c. This is to be distributed by the means of pamphlets. The number of members is limited to twenty-five. The first subscription is one hundred dollars.

The citizens of Philadelphia are cultivating with great zeal the resources of wealth and social comfort which they possess. The *Mercantile Library Company* continues to advance in the objects proposed in its formation. Since the last report seventy members have been elected; two hundred and fifty-nine volumes added to the collection, and five hundred dollars expended. The founders wish to gather into a focus the scattered rays of commercial information, and endeavour to collect whatever is useful in other departments of literature. To the merchant, even more than to the members of other professions, every species of knowledge is necessary; his domestic relations and his connexions with so many of the higher interests of society, render it important that his mind should be stored, not

merely with the details of business, but with the principles upon which all business is founded; that he should be not merely a buyer and seller of merchandize, but a citizen capable of comprehending the great concerns of the republic. Impressed with this view, each successive board of directors has endeavoured to augment and diversify the collection of books, so as to furnish a fund of information on the topics most important to merchants, as well as most attractive to scientific and belles lettres students.

The first annual Report of the *Provident Society for the Relief of the Poor*, is a document of much interest, and must afford great satisfaction to those who put into motion this useful engine of benevolence. The annual amount of public expenditure in behalf of the poor, in this city, had increased in twenty-two years from 23,000 to 135,000 dollars, and it had therefore become necessary to devise some expedients for lessening the evil. A scheme of charity, such as that of Rumford at Munich, and of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, readily suggested itself. A society was soon organized, and the sum of seven thousand five hundred and forty-nine dollars raised by subscription. One of the donations must have afforded peculiar satisfaction to the benevolent feelings of the individual who was selected to be the medium of communicating it, and as the incident is somewhat singular, we may be excused for introducing it in this place.

*Note addressed to Roberts Vaux, Esq.*—Dear Sir, having by divine goodness received, I humbly trust, some improvement, from the frequent contemplation of the character of that truly great man, the late Anthony Benezet, I think there is a propriety in my selecting the author of his life to present the enclosed donation of five hundred dollars to the Provident Society for the Employment of the Poor, the receipt of

which you will acknowledge in the National Gazette. Your obliged friend, and also *A friend to the Employment of the poor.* March, 1824.

Mr. Vaux, it may be proper to add, is one of the vice-presidents of this society, and an active promoter of various measures for the melioration of society. While we find the wealthy so munificent, it is gratifying to learn that out of the thousands of garments which were delivered to the poor to be made up, on no security but that of good faith and good character, the whole has been returned, with an exception only that is too trifling to be mentioned. During the year, fourteen hundred persons received the benefits of this institution.

*Maryland.*—The Free School, at Baltimore, established and supported by the late John Oliver, Esq. of that city, now affords instruction to about one hundred and eighty boys, and one hundred and sixty girls.

A bill has passed the Legislature to restrain the practice of habitual drunkenness. It provides that trustees shall be appointed by the county courts, to take charge of the property of an habitual drunkard.— Such a law is, we believe, in salutary operation in several states, although we fear that it is not universally carried into effect. It too often happens that the property of the drunkard places him *above* the interference of the law, until he has spent his estate, and then he is considered as *below* its provisions.

*Virginia.*—A bill recently passed

the House of Delegates, by a majority of eight or ten votes, contemplating a Convention for revising the Constitution of the State. The bill was rejected in the Senate by a vote thirteen to eleven. This has been the most interesting and exciting subject before the Legislature at its late session.

*Georgia.*—One of the counties of Georgia, named Liberty, contains, according to the census recently taken, 1685 whites, and 5742 slaves!

*Ohio.*—The Ohio Sentinel states, that from a report made to Congress by the U. S. Bank, it appears that the debt due said bank, in the state of Ohio, in December last, amounted to *two millions, nine hundred and thirty-four thousand, nine hundred and sixty-five dollars and eighty cents.* The debts owing by the citizens of Ohio to the State banks, are estimated, after deducting the amount of the stock paid in, to be \$1,000,000, which, added to the amount due the U. S. Bank as above, makes the aggregate of \$3,934,965 80—and adding the one million owing to the general government for land, makes the sum total of \$4,934,465 80 due by Ohio to banks and land offices.

*Indiana.*—There now stands on the banks of the Ohio river, in the state of Indiana, opposite the mouth of Salt river, a Sycamore tree, which has stabled fourteen head of horses at one time with ample room. It takes seventy-five long paces to go round its trunk, and you may with perfect ease turn a fourteen foot pole in the inside of its cavity.

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## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We invite the attention of our readers to the animated and philosophical coup d'œil of the civilized world, which occupies the first pages of our Magazine. It is from the pen of Sismondi, and appeared originally in the Revue Encyclopédique, a Monthly Magazine,*

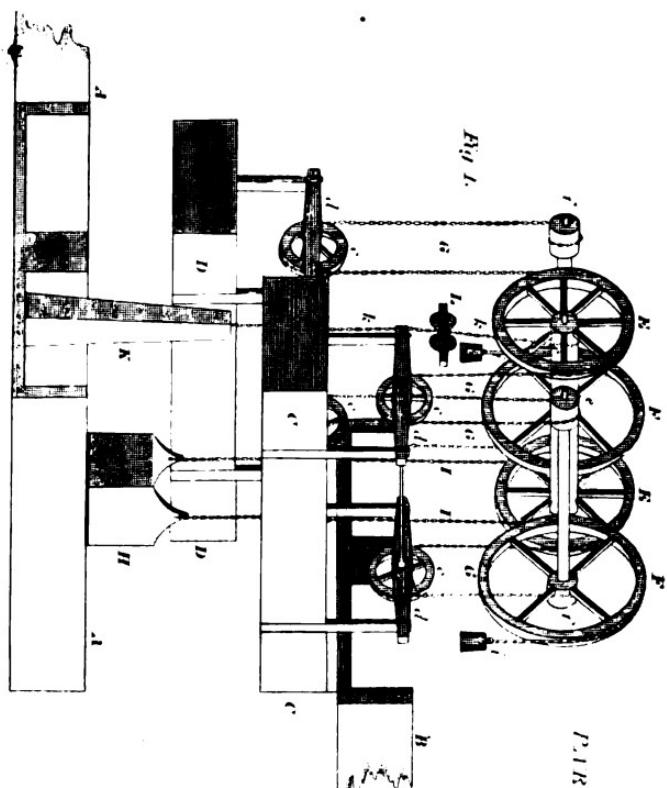
*published in Paris under the editorship of M. Jullien, assisted by a number of the most eminent men in various branches of literature and science. For the translation we are indebted to Mr. Duponceau. We regret that two errors escaped our notice in revising the press, but they can easily be corrected by the reader: p. 180, for reunited read recruited, and at p. 196, for Germans read governors.*

*A Memoir of Mr. Pinkney, written by the Editor of this Journal, and published in it, some months ago, was transplanted into Phillips' Monthly Magazine, where it appeared as an original article. Crossing the Atlantic a second time, it came out in our Museum as extracted from the London Journal. In this form it travelled to Washington, where it was again published, with suitable commendations on the liberality of Phillips, and the discernment of the Editor of the Museum. This is a brief history of an article; and it is not a little remarkable that such mistakes should occur respecting the original source of the only biographical sketch of one of the most distinguished men our country has produced.*

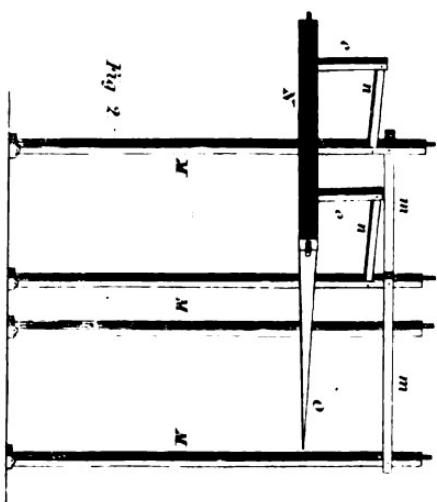
*We repeat for the ninety-ninth time that our occasional want of punctuality is to be attributed, in almost every instance, to the carelessness of subscribers in remitting payment. Their delay is not only dishonest, as regards the proprietors of the Port Folio, but it is unfair towards the more punctual part of our patrons. It is much to be wished that the latter description of persons would take some pains to increase the circulation of this work: their trouble would be rewarded by improvements in the mechanical department, and more numerous embellishments. Let us have Good Quarters and Good Pay and our Campaigns shall be conducted with vigour.*

*We shall be glad to enrol the translator of the Italian Sonnets in this number among our regular correspondents.*

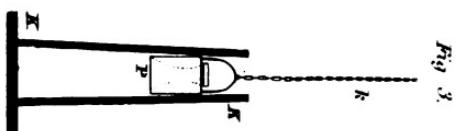




PIRAT 1.



PIRAT



PIRAT

ST. PETERSBURG.

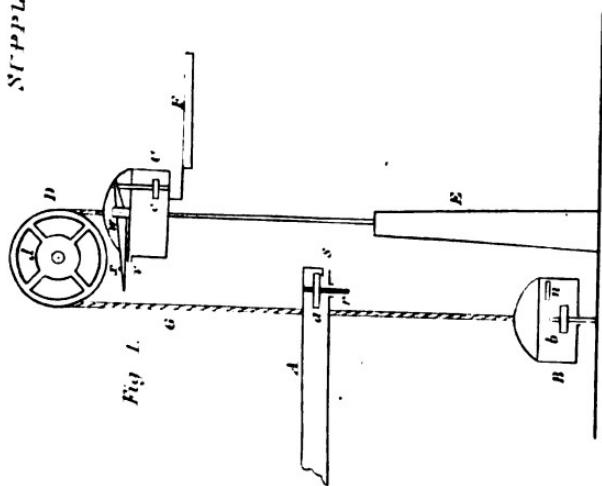


Fig. 1.

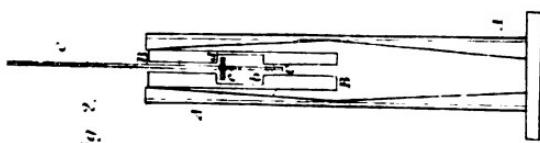


Fig. 2.



# THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

*A new method of transferring boats of burden, loaded carriages, &c. from one level to another, applicable to Canals and Rail Roads: also, a new Method of supplying any level of a Canal with water drawn from a feeder situated at any considerable depth below such level; IN TWO PARTS.* By S. H. LONG, Maj. U. S. Eng.; a member of the Lyceum of Nat. Hist. N. Y.; the Amer. Phil. Soc., the Acad. Nat. Sciences, and the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, &c.

IT is the design of this essay, to give a general view of the means employed for the accomplishment of the objects above stated; accordingly, all details, in relation to mechanical principles, parts of machinery, and modes of application, will be avoided, except such as may be deemed essential to a development of the mechanical principles involved in the methods proposed, so far as the latter may have any claim to novelty and originality. A particular description of the projects alluded to, embracing numerous details of the character first intimated, but too minute and diversified, perhaps, for insertion in a scientific journal, has been prepared and is intended as the specification of a patent hereafter to be secured.

Before we enter upon these topics, it may be proper to notice some of the methods that have been devised for similar purposes, to which those under consideration, are of

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course, in some respects, analogous. A reference of this nature, will, at least, facilitate researches into the character and comparative merits of both.

The method of transition by means of inclined planes, is said to have been first introduced into the British dominions by Mr. Dukart, a Sardinian, previously to the year 1777. This engineer constructed three inclined planes of different lifts, upon a canal in Ireland.

The Duke of Bridgewater's under-ground inclined plane, at Walkden Moor, is one of the most celebrated works of this kind. Its length is one hundred and fifty-one yards; its declivity, one in four. It is adapted to the transfer of a loaded carriage weighing twenty-one tons.

An inclined plane of great extent communicates with the Neath canal. The transfer of carriages, on this plane, is effected by means of a steam-engine at its summit.

On the Shropshire canal and its branches are several inclined planes, constructed by the celebrated Mr. Reynolds, to whom the world is indebted for many valuable improvements in the mode of overcoming the difference of levels on canals and rail roads. The inclined planes, constructed by this gentleman, were of various lifts, from seventy-three to two hundred and seven feet perpendicular.

In connexion with the Grand Trunk, Peake, and Lancaster canals, are several inclined planes, one of which, on the canal last mentioned, has a perpendicular rise of two hundred and twenty-two feet.

The inclined planes that have been employed as a means of communication between different levels, both of canals and rail-roads, in Great-Britain, are exceedingly numerous. Accounts of them have been published in the new "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," Art. "*navigation, inland;*"—in "The Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland," Edinburgh, 1824; and in various other works.

Of the application of the inclined plane in France, we have an example on one of the branches of the *Canal du Centre*.

The subject of inclined planes has been frequently discussed by several writers, who have successively suggested methods, many of which have never been practicably applied. In the class last alluded to, may be included the inclined plane of Mr. Lamb, described in his "Treatise of Universal Navigation," London, 1791. Several modes of transition by inclined planes, invented by Mr. Fulton, and

explained in his "Treatise on Canals," London, 1796. Tatham's "Method of passing vessels from one level to another by an Inclined Plane; Tatham's Inland Navigation, Philadelphia, 1799. Professor Renwick's Inclined Plane, an account of which has been published in his Report to the Commissioners of the Delaware and Passaic canal, p. 11, et seq. 1823. Scott's doubled railed Inclined Plane, described in the "Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland," before cited.

In regard to the mode of transfer by means of a perpendicular lift, it is believed that there are but very few examples of its successful application. Numerous methods have been devised for this purpose, but, for the most part, they have either proved defective, or have never been satisfactorily tested. The methods deemed most worthy of attention, are the following:

Dr. Anderson's Perpendicular Lift, of which we have a description in the supplement to Dobson's Encyclopedia—Art. *Canals*, is said to be the first ever invented as a substitute for locks of the ordinary construction. It does not appear, however, that his plan has ever been subjected to the test of experiment.

We are indebted to our ingenious countryman, Mr. Fulton, for several modifications of the perpendicular lift, published in the treatise before cited; none of which, however, has as yet been applied in the construction of canals.

We are informed by Mr. Carson, of the West Point foundry, "there are upon a canal in England, in the neighbourhood of the city of Gloucester, several *perpendicular lifts*, at this moment in successful operation.—Vide Prof. Renwick's Report, already cited, p. 8.

"A perpendicular lift has been successfully applied by Forey, on the plans of Bossut and Solages, to the canal du Creusot in France."

In allusion to this mode of transition, Navier, the editor of the papers of Gouthey, states, that "it is no longer to be doubted that there is a cheap, permanent, and easy method, of overcoming differences of level of from twenty-five to forty feet, upon small canals."

A plan of a perpendicular lift, devised by Mr. Benjamin Dearborn, of Boston, Mass., has recently been published by Mr. J. L. Sullivan, in connexion with his report to the commissioners of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, 1824, agreea-

bly to which the transfer is to be effected by means of a moveable lock, and stone counterweights. Several of the modes herein alluded to depend on the same general principle, viz. locks and counterweights, as the means of transition.

The method intended as the principal subject of this essay, differs from those above noticed in the following respects, viz.—the manner of suspending the locks;—of bringing them into contact with the upper canal;—of supporting them in the situation just mentioned;—of regulating their movements, and overcoming their momentum;—of counteracting the buoyancy of the water in the lower canal, and forming a communication therewith; and of adjusting the range of the locks, in their passage from one level to another, in conformity to the extent of the lift.

*PART I. A new method of transferring boats of burden, loaded carriages, &c from one level to another; applicable to canals and rail-roads.\**

Both modes of transition, viz. by a vertical or perpendicular lift, and by an oblique lift or inclined plane, are here contemplated. A particular description of the former, however, is all that is required on the present occasion; inasmuch as the effect in both is produced by the same combination of mechanical principles, though somewhat differently applied.

**OF THE PERPENDICULAR LIFT.** A view of the machinery to be employed for the purpose above mentioned, is exhibited in Plate I. Fig. 1, 2, and 3, the several parts of which, together with the purposes for which they are employed, are the subject of the following:

*Description of machinery, and references to the drawings.*

Plate I. Fig. 1. is an oblique view, exhibiting the manner of the Perpendicular Lift.

A, a part of the lower canal, terminated by a basin, separated into two equal parts by a pier placed longitudinally within it. Each apartment of the basin is to be of a size large enough to admit a lock, into which the boats of the canal may pass. The walls or outer sides of the basin, together with the pier above mentioned, must be adapted to the support of a part of the works above.

B, a portion of the upper canal, terminated by a bulkhead situated directly above the interior extremity of the basin A,

\* A model of this may be seen at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

and furnished with two gateways, corresponding to the divisions or apartments of the basin below. Each gateway must be of such dimensions, and so adjusted by means of a rabbit or bevel, that one end of the lock before mentioned being adjusted in a corresponding manner, may penetrate a little within it, resting upon the sill of the gateway, and impinging against its sides. The gateway may be furnished either with a single or folding gates, as may be deemed most proper,—the gate or gates being so arranged that, when opened, they will leave the gateway free from obstruction to the passage of a body equal in area to the gateway itself, or nearly so. Each of the gates must be furnished with a small gate or water-wicket. That part of the bulkhead, between the gateways, must also be furnished with a small gate, the use of which will hereafter be explained.

**OF THE MOVEABLE LOCKS, C & D.** The transit or moveable locks must be of a form and dimensions adapted to the shape and size of the boats employed upon the canal, in such a manner as to admit the least possible quantity of water into the lock, along with the loaded boat. Hence the shape of the lock will be similar to that of the frustum of an oblong pyramid inverted.

That end of the lock which is to come in contact with the bulkhead, as before intimated, must be furnished with a tongue extending along its sides and bottom, and adapted to the sides and bottom of the gateway, so that by the interposition of a suitable packing of leather between it and the gateway, they may be rendered impervious to water at their junction.

The lock must be furnished with a gate at each end, shutting water tight into the lock. The gate may be made to slide vertically into the lock, or it may be furnished with hinges at the bottom, and be made to open outwardly of the lock, by immersion to the bottom of the canal; or it may be appended to one side of the lock, and traverse horizontally on its hinges.

Each lock-gate, in the ends of the locks pointing towards the bulkhead, must be furnished with a small gate or water-wicket, corresponding to those of the gates of the bulkhead.

A frame-work adapted to the reception of at least two pulley-wheels, c c, for each lock, must be attached to the lock in such a manner that the whole weight of the lock and its contents, maintaining a horizontal posture, may be suspended by it, and bear equally upon the points of suspension. The frame-work for each pulley-wheel, may consist of two up-

rights firmly attached to each side of the lock, and a bearer in which the pulley-wheel may, ply on an axle turning with it. In order to prevent the lock from warping, it will be proper to strengthen it by braces or stays of iron, passing from the tops of the uprights to the sides of the lock. The bearers d d d must extend beyond the uprights far enough to rest upon the tops of the crane in a manner hereafter explained. They must also be strapped and braced with iron, to prevent working or springing.

The pulleys of each lock must be connected by a coupling rod of iron attached to their axles, in order to ensure a correspondence in their movements. It is contemplated to have the pulley-wheels five or six feet in diameter, and their peripheries cased with iron, and furnished with a groove or track for the reception of a large chain; or it may be preferable that the whole wheel be made of cast iron.\*

**OF THE MAIN SHAFT AND WHEELS, E E.** The wheels of the main shaft c are of a construction similar to that of the pulley-wheels, and strongly connected by a coupling rod or shaft in the same manner. Their diameters may be considerably larger than those of the pulley-wheels, being equal to the horizontal distance transversely from the pulley of one lock to the corresponding pulley of the other. Their distance from each other must be equal to that of the lock-pulleys in each lock. The shaft c must be furnished with a drum or barrel, whose diameter is equal to about one-third part of that of the wheels. The drum must be firmly attached to the shaft, cased with iron on the outside, and adapted to the reception of the brakechain k, hereafter described.

**OF THE WINDLASS-WHEELS, F F, AND THEIR WINDLASSES,** Fig. 1. The windlasses f f, may either be shafts of timber, of suitable dimensions, or axles of iron furnished with drums of equal diameters, fitted for the reception of the lock-chains G G, hereafter described. The extent of the peripheries of the windlasses or axles, should be somewhat greater than the depth of the water in the canal, the buoyancy of which is to be completely overcome by the action of the wheels and windlasses. The distance between the drums of each shaft, or those parts of the windlasses on which the chains are to

\* In the construction of the locks and their appendages, particular regard must be paid to their weight, so that one may be as nearly as possible an exact counterpoise of the other.

wind, must be equal to that of the wheels of the main shaft. The windlass-wheels, F F, may be either of a circular or spiral form: the latter, however, is better adapted to the purpose for which they are intended. Their peripheries should be furnished with a groove for the reception of the bucket-chains, I I, and of small chains or cords suspending counterpoises, ii, hereafter to be noticed. The wheels should be attached to their windlasses at some point intermediate to the main wheels E E. Their circumferences should be equal or in some due proportion to the whole distance between the upper and lower canal.\*

OF THE LOCK-CHAINS G. Fig. 1.—These must be of sufficient strength to sustain the locks and their contents, whatever may be their weight. Agreeably to the figure, each lock is sustained by four chains or parts of chains; hence the chain must be strong enough to support one-fourth part of each lock, and at the same time overcome any inequalities of action that may occur in the transition of the locks, from one level to the other.

The proof to which chain cables of iron, one inch in diameter are subjected, is their ability to resist an action equal to eighteen tons suspended:—hence, if an allowance be made of six tons for each chain, or twenty-four tons for each lock, for any inequalities of action that may occur, (and such an allowance seems even greater than the nature of the case requires,) the strength of chains applied, will be adequate to the support and transfer of forty-eight tons, in connexion with each lock. The length of the chains must be such that when either lock, C, is at the upper canal in a condition to communicate therewith, the other, D, may be immersed in the lower canal, resting on the bottom, the chains passing over the main, E E, under the lock-wheels c c c c, and being attached outwardly to the windlasses f f in the direction of a tangent to their peripheries.

An alternate succession of links and straps, the former being made square, or in the form of parallelograms, connected by the latter, which are to be of a width corresponding to the interior spread of the links, would be the form of

\* In situations where a very extensive lift is required—the wheel cannot be made large enough to have a circumference commensurate with the lift. In such cases the difficulty may be remedied by the intervention of pulleys between the wheels and the bucket II.

construction best suited to the purpose. The links and straps of those parts of the chain which are intended to wind upon the windlasses, ought to be made somewhat shorter than those of other parts. The chains may be attached to the windlasses by means of staples or bolts.

**OF THE BUCKET H, AND ITS CHAIN I I.** Fig. 1st.—The bucket must be of a form adapted to the space in which it is to move, and of a capacity to receive a quantity of water sufficient to act as a counterpoise to one loaded lock. Its appropriate locality is a portion of the space between the lockways, as near as may be to a vertical line, passing from the bulkhead to the basin below;—so that it may alternately rest on the pier, and be suspended above it. It may therefore be of a square or oblong form, according to the quantity of water it must receive.—Its capacity must be to that of one lock inversely, as the circumference of the windlass-wheel is to that of the windlass or drum, or as the height of the lift to the depth of water in the canal; or rather the weight of the bucket, added to that of the water it will contain, must be to those of the lock and its contents, in the ratio above mentioned.

In case of the intervention of one or more pulleys, between the windlass-wheels and the bucket, as intimated before, the same proportion obtains, except that instead of the circumference of the windlass-wheels, a multiple of its circumference, corresponding to the intervening pulley power, must be substituted.

The bucket must be furnished with a small gate or valve in its bottom, through which its contents of water may be discharged at pleasure.—The water for replenishing the bucket is to be drawn by means of suitable gates and aqueducts, partly from the space intervening between the gates of the locks and those of the bulk head, and partly from the upper canal itself, through the small gate situated in the bulk-head between the main gateways.

The chains I I, by which the bucket is suspended, may be constructed after the manner of the ordinary draft-chain.—One end of each chain is to be attached to its appropriate windlass wheel upon which the chain is to ply, in the direction of a tangent to its periphery.—The other ends of the chain are to be united, and attached to the bucket in any appropriate manner, with the intervention of one or more pulleys, or otherwise as the case may require.

It will be proper to suspend from the outsides of the windlass-wheels, or the sides opposite to those from which the bucket is suspended, two small weights *i i*, serving as a counterpoise to the empty bucket, in order to preserve an equilibrium in those parts of the machinery.

N. B. By lengthening or shortening the bucket chains, the range of the locks may be increased or diminished at pleasure.

**OF THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE K.**—A particular description of this part will be given in connexion with the reference to Fig. 3.

The brake-chain *K*, in its construction, may be similar to the lock-chains, though of inferior strength. Its length should be such that it may reach from the main shaft or drum *e*, nearly to the bottom of the brake *K*. It must be attached to the shaft or drum, by means of a staple or otherwise, in such a manner that it may freely ply thereon in both directions. The drum or shaft may be furnished with two parallel flanges, just far enough apart to receive the chain, which in this case must coil or wind upon itself, in a manner to aid rather than thwart the purpose of the brake. The chain must be made to pass between two pulleys *L*, situated at any convenient distance above the brake, upon which the chain will act alternately, according to the direction in which it winds upon the main shaft.

**OF THE VERTICAL LOCK-CRANE.**—Fig. 2. Plate I. exhibits an oblique view of the crane, the object of which is to sustain the lock when in contact with the bulkhead, in which position the lock communicates with the upper canal, the former serving as a prolongation of the latter.

The crane for each lock is to consist of four uprights, *M M M M*, furnished with oscillatory joints at their bottoms, and steps to receive the protruding ends of the lock-bearers, *d*, Fig. 1. at or near their tops, together with a trigger-shaft to regulate its movements, and other adjustments.

The uprights are to be based upon the side walls and pier of the lock-basin at the bottom of the lift, or, in cases where the lift is very extensive, upon steps attached to the side walls of the recess, or lock-pit, and corresponding steps resting upon the pier at such a depth below the upper level, that the length of the uprights may not exceed twenty feet. The uprights on each side of the lock, are to be connected

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by ties, m m, attached to the outside of the uprights, and confined by plug-work or slides so as to prevent any lateral movements of the crane.—Either of the two uprights opposite each other transversely of the lock, may be connected to the arms, o o, of the trigger-shaft N, by means of the connecting rods n n. These several parts being thus connected, constitute the lock-crane, the motions of which are regulated by the lever O, of the trigger-shaft. Each lock being furnished with a crane of this description, may be supported at the upper level in the utmost safety for any length of time.

N. B.—The uprights of the crane serve as guides to direct the movements, not only of the locks, but of the bucket also. Each lock is made to ascend and descend within the uprights of its own crane, while the bucket is to traverse the space between the cranes, and contiguous to the uprights nearest the bulkhead.

**OF THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE,** Fig. 3.—This machine may be regarded as a necessary appendage to any machinery employed for the purposes herein considered, and is susceptible of various other applications.—Its principal object is, to counteract the momentum of a non-elastic body, whose velocity and weight may be subject to the control of artificial means.—In the present case it is intended to regulate the movements of the locks, in their passage from one level to the other, and to save the machinery, &c. from the shocks to which they would otherwise be liable at the conclusion of every movement. The expedients heretofore adopted with a view to the accomplishment of this purpose, appear uniformly objectionable, both in their nature, and in their application, for the following reasons: the principles involved in their mode of imparting resistance does not become active, till the moving body has acquired a considerable velocity, or else, (as is always the case, when a spring or weight is employed as the medium of resistance) the opposing power is attended by a reaction, equal to the resistance that has been imparted to the moving body: consequently, the expedient in the former case is attended with no other result than that of limiting the maximum velocity, and in the latter, it leaves the machinery encumbered with a reacting force not easily obviated, while at the same time the practicability of adjusting a weight or spring in such a manner that its power of resistance may be precisely equal to the momentum against which it is to operate, is by no means admissible in cases

where the extent of motion is to be limited.—In the application of the expedients alluded to, the following defect is palpable, viz. that the constant and careful attention of an experienced manager is necessary during their operation, in order to prevent accidents that might prove fatal both to the machinery and the burdens transported. Various other objections might be urged, but these are deemed sufficient on the present occasion.—It is believed that but few, if any of them, are applicable to the machine under consideration.

The hydraulic brake is susceptible of various modifications; but the form best suited to our present purpose, is that of the frustum of a pyramid or cone, as represented in Fig. 3. which also exhibits a view of the internal structure of the brake.—Let K K represent a trunk, either square or circular, and of the form above mentioned, being closed at the bottom, and rendered impervious to water and atmospheric air throughout, except at the top. It may be constructed either of wood or metal, but must be of a strength to resist an external pressure equal to one atmosphere. About one-third part of the distance between the two levels may be assumed as the appropriate length of the trunk. Its other dimensions must vary according to the nature and amount of the momentum to be overcome. The piston P, is in all respects similar to the moveable piston of a common sucking pump. Its area must be equal, or nearly so, to a transverse section of the interior of the trunk at the smaller end.—The brake-chain k, has already been described. It is attached to the piston P, and serves to communicate the resistance of the brake to the main shaft e.

N. B.—The trunk must be filled with water, or other liquid, which is to be regarded as an essential appendage of the hydraulic brake.

The principal upon which the hydraulic brake operates, is the resistance encountered by the piston in its passage through the liquid contained in the trunk. On the supposition that the trunk is equable, or of the same transverse area throughout, the resistance would be as the squares of the velocity with which the piston moves. But when the trunk is of a taper form, the ratio of the velocity to the resistance will be considerably greater.

It is obvious, from the foregoing description, that the piston (which must be specifically heavier than the liquid with which

the trunk is filled,) in its passage downward, will meet with very little resistance, inasmuch as the valve will open and suffer the liquid to pass freely through it. But when its motion is reversed, the valve will be shut, and the superincumbent liquid will be forced between the piston and sides of the trunk, creating a resistance proportionable to the space through which it is thus compelled to pass, as well as to the velocity with which both the liquid and piston move. But, as the piston ascends, this space gradually diminishes, and becomes extinct when the piston arrives at the top of the trunk, the whole area of which is now occupied by it. This, therefore, may be regarded as the point of maximum resistance, which will be equal to fifteen pounds upon every square inch of the piston, added to the weight of the superincumbent liquid. The minimum resistance of the brake will vary according to the following circumstances: viz. the velocity with which the piston moves in the largest part of the trunk,—the comparative magnitude of the space through which the liquid has to move in passing the piston,—or the difference between the areas of the piston and largest part of the trunk, also the area of the piston as in the case of maximum resistance.—The maximum and minimum resistance being determined, a mean resistance may be found, which, being multiplied into the distance through which the piston moves, will give the aggregate resistance of the brake.—But the aggregate resistance or action of the brake is sufficient to counteract a momentum of equal force; accordingly, if the area of the piston, which is supposed to be equal to that of the smaller end of the trunk,—the velocity with which the piston moves in the largest part of the trunk, which is the point of its maximum velocity, as well as minimum resistance,—and the area of that part of the trunk last mentioned, be given, we have sufficient data to estimate the amount of momentum, or quantity of motion that may be overcome by the brake. The arrangement of the brake with respect to other parts of the machinery must be such, that when one of the locks is at the upper, and the other at the lower canal, the piston will be at or near the top of the trunk, and when both locks are at the centre of the lift, the piston will be at the bottom of the trunk.

**MANNER OF OPERATION.**—Suppose the lock C, (Plate I. Fig. 1.) at the upper canal B, resting upon its crane, Fig. 2, now to be regarded as constituting a part of Fig. 1. and the lock D, at the lower canal A, immersed in the basin.—The

bucket H empty, D elevated to the top of its range, where it is in a situation to be replenished, and the piston P, of the hydraulic brake Fig. 3. raised to the top of the trunk. The several parts being thus arranged, and the locks C and D filled with water, a loaded boat may be floated into each of them, and their gates be shut.—Let the bucket now be filled with water drawn partly from the space between the gates of the lock C, and the corresponding gate of the bulk-head, and partly from the upper canal, through appropriate aqueducts, until it preponderates and descends to the lower level, where it will rest on the pier of the basin: The descent of the bucket will cause the lock D to be raised out of the water of the basin, and at the same time relieve the lock-crane from the weight of the lock C.—Let the crane be withdrawn from beneath the bearers d d, by elevating the lever O, of the trigger-shaft.—Draw from the lock D a small quantity of water through the wicket of the lock-gate, in order to give preponderancy to the lock C, which will now descend to the lower canal, while the lock D will ascend to the upper.

While the locks are in the act of approaching each other, or, in other words, are moving towards the point of transit, at the centre of the lift, their motion will be gradually accelerated, inasmuch as the piston of the brake is at the same time descending in the trunk, incapacitated for resistance. But when the locks are receding from each other, having passed the point of transit, their motion will be gradually retarded, for the piston will have descended through its course, and will now be moving in the opposite direction, its valve being closed, and the brake, consequently, in a condition for action. The resistance encountered by the piston will now be communicated to the main-shaft or drum e, and will gradually overcome the momentum of the locks. When the lock C shall have descended to the lower canal, the lock D will be high enough for its bearers to rest on the steps of its crane, which is in all respects like that of the lock C, and must be brought under the bearers for the support of the lock. Discharge the water from the bucket H, through the valve or gate in its bottom, and it will ascend to the top of its range, while the lock C will be immersed in the basin. Force the lock D home to the bulkhead of the upper canal, by depressing the lever O, of the trigger-shaft, and secure it by means of a trigger or stopper. Finally, throw open the gates com-

municating with the upper and lower canals, and the boats may be floated into them and proceed on their voyage.\*

**OF THE MOMENTUM AND MAXIMUM VELOCITY OF THE LOCKS.**

—The momentum will be equal to that acquired by a body whose weight is equal to the difference of the weights of the two loaded locks ready to pass the lift, by falling through a space equal to the perpendicular height of the lift.—Hence the maximum velocity of such a body multiplied into its weight will give the momentum of the locks, which will be equal to the resistance required of the brake.

The maximum velocity of the locks in their passage from one level to the other, will take place at a point midway of the lift. It may be determined by the following proportion, viz. as the sum of the weights of the loaded locks is to the difference of their weights, so is the maximum velocity of a body acquired in falling through a space equal to one-half the height of the lift, to the maximum velocity of the locks, or as the *vis inertia* of the loaded locks is to the moving power, which is the difference of their weights, so is the maximum velocity of the moving power to the maximum velocity of the locks.—Hence the mean velocity, being equal to one half the maximum velocity, may be determined: and the height of the lift being divided by the mean velocity, will give the time required to pass from one level to the other.†

Finally,—having determined the aggregate resistance of which a hydraulic brake, of given or assumed dimensions, is capable, as also the momentum of locks of any given weight or magnitude,—we have a clue whereby to determine the area of a piston of sufficient size to counteract the momentum thus found,—as exemplified in the following proportion, viz. as the resistance of which the given brake is capable, is to the area of its piston, so is the resistance sufficient to counteract a given momentum, to the area of the piston required.

**OF THE OBLIQUE LIFT, OR INCLINED PLANE.**—A few remarks under this head will suffice on this occasion. It is pro-

\* It is obvious that in the passage of the locks, some degree of preponderancy will be given to the lowermost, the length of the lock-chains suspended with it being greater than that suspended with the uppermost, which will destroy the equilibrium of the moving apparatus. This inconvenience may be remedied either by balance-chains of suitable weight appended to the bottom of the locks, or by a weight attached to the brake-chain, either of which may be so adjusted as to maintain an equilibrium sufficiently exact.

† In the foregoing proposition no allowance is made for friction.

posed to employ locks supported on carriages, and moving upon railways, in all respects similar to those devised and recommended by Prof. Renwick, except in the apparatus employed in effecting their transition from one level to the other. This object is to be accomplished in a manner similar to that of the vertical lift already described, a single chain, with appropriate pulley-wheels, together with a windlass situated at the head of the plane transversely of the railways, being substituted instead of two chains, &c. as employed on the occasion alluded to. The windlass-wheel is to be situated externally of the railway. The bucket is to move in a frame erected for its reception, at, or near, the bottom of the plane, and rising to a height equal to that of the lift. The bucket-chain must pass over a pulley in the top of the frame just mentioned, and ply upon the windlass-wheel at or near the *nadir* point. The brake may be situated in a well excavated for that purpose, between the railways, at any convenient distance from the top of the plane. The brake-chain may pass over a pulley-wheel, situated between the railways near the head of the plane.—Or, two brakes may be employed, viz. one for each lock; to be located at the centre of the railways, in a situation so low that the carriages may freely pass over them. In this case their chains may be attached to any convenient parts of the carriages, two pulleys being required for each chain, and situated at the top of its appropriate brake. The manner of operation is similar to that of the perpendicular lift.

**OF THE METHOD AS APPLIED TO RAILROADS.**—Instead of the lock, let two coffers be substituted, each of which will contain a quantity of water of sufficient weight to counterbalance a loaded carriage of the heaviest burden admissible upon the road. Each coffer is to be furnished with a covering or platform, and railways corresponding to those of the railroad, alternately serving as continuations of the upper and lower railways, when brought into contact with them respectively. At the top of each coffer is an opening or orifice, through which it may be filled with water; and at the bottom a small gate or valve, by means of which any portion of this water may be discharged, in order to maintain an equilibrium between the two loaded coffers, or give preponderancy to the uppermost. The water necessary to supply the coffers may be drawn from a feeder situated midway of the lift, or at any point above that elevation. For example, let us suppose the

coffers brought to the point first indicated, which is the point of transit, and both filled with water at the same time. This being accomplished, let a small quantity be discharged from one, in order to give preponderancy to the other, and they will assume positions, the former at the upper level, and the latter at the lower. Place a loaded carriage upon the lowermost, and drain off its water till the uppermost preponderates, and the carriage will be transferred to the upper level or road.

It is obvious, that in the descent of a carriage, when there is no ascending carriage to act as a counterpoise, a quantity of water, nearly equal in weight to the descending load, may be raised from the lower to the upper level.—Accordingly, in cases where an economical use of water becomes necessary, it will be proper to construct a reservoir at a convenient elevation above the transit point, into which any water that is to be discharged from the uppermost coffer may be received and held in reserve for replenishing the coffers on other occasions.

It will readily be perceived that in this application of the method, the windlass-bucket, and their appendages, and even the lock pulley-wheels may be dispensed with.—The former, because useless, in as much as there is no buoyancy of water at the lower level to be counteracted; and the latter are no longer necessary, since a single chain at, or near, each end of the coffer will be sufficient to sustain the load.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.\*

THIS is one of the wittiest and pleasantest little books that has been published since the “Rejected Addresses.” It is written with great carelessness; many parts of it will scarcely be understood by the public; and in some instances the author himself would be to seek, we imagine, in explaining his meaning. In spite of these faults, the profusion of the wit, the gaiety which sparkles everywhere, and the good-nature and the truth which animates every page, must insure it a

\* *Odes and Addresses to great People.* 12mo. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1825.

very extensive popularity. The merit of the Odes and Addresses is by no means inferior in degree to that of the celebrated volume before alluded to—and it is moreover of a superior order. The chief value of the Rejected Addresses consisted in the felicity of the imitations—they were a sort of *literary* satire. The Odes and Addresses are neither a literary, nor a personal, nor a political, but a *moral* satire—not dwelling even upon the higher moralities, but touching with infinite ease and humour upon the foibles and follies of the day. The extracts will speak for themselves—the first is from an Ode to Graham, the Aeronaut.

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
Their meaner flights pursue,  
Let us cast off the foolish ties  
That bind us to the earth, and rise,  
And take a bird's-eye view!

A few more whiffs of my segar  
And then in Fancy's airy car,  
Have with thee for the skies:  
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd  
Hath borne me from this little world,  
And all that in it lies!

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—  
Farewell to earth and all its hills!  
We seem to cut the wind!  
So high we mount, so swift we go,  
The chimney tops are far below,  
The Eagle's left behind!

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!  
The world is growing rather dim;  
The steeples and the trees;  
My wife is getting very small!  
I cannot see my babe at all!  
The Dollond, if you please!

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,  
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,  
That little world of Mogg's!  
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,  
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel  
For that small Isle of Dogs!

What is that seeming tea-urn there?  
That fairy dome, St. Paul's—I swear,  
Wren must have been a wren!

And that small stripe?—It cannot be  
The City Road!—Good luck! to see  
The little ways of men!

• • • • •  
Look at the horses!—less than flies!  
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs  
To wish to be a Mayor!  
What is the honour?—none at all,  
One's honour must be very small  
For such a civic chair!—

• • • • •  
Oh! Graham, how the upper air  
Alters the standards of compare;  
One of our silken flags  
Would cover London all about—  
Nay then—let's even empty out  
Another brace of bags!

Now for a glass of bright Champagne  
Above the clouds!—Come, let us drain  
A bumper as we go!  
But hold! for God's sake do not cant  
The cork away—unless you want  
To brain your friends below.

Think what a mob of little men  
Are crawling just within our ken,  
Like mites upon a cheese!  
Pshaw!—how the foolish sight rebukes  
Ambitious thoughts! can there be *Dukes*  
Of *Gloster* such as these!

Oh! what is glory?—what is fame?  
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,  
'Tis nothing but a hum!  
A few near gnats would trump as loud  
As all the shouting of a crowd  
That has so far to come!

Well—they are wise that choose the near,  
A few small buzzards in the ear,  
To organs ages hence!  
Ah me, how distant touches all;  
It makes the true look rather small,  
But murders poor pretence.

"The world recedes!—it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears  
With buzzing noises ring!"  
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!  
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore  
That hears the Angels sing!

A fig for earth, and all its minions!  
 We are above the world's opinions,  
 Graham! we'll have our own!  
 Look what a vantage height we've got!  
 Now—do you think Sir Walter Scott  
 Is such a Great Unknown.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Speak up, my lad!—when men run small  
 We'll show what's little in them all,  
 Receive it how they will!

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach  
 The princes down,—shall he impeach  
 The potent and the rich,  
 Merely on ethic stilts,—and I  
 Not moralize at two miles high  
 The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?  
 Is Gifford such a Gulliver  
 In Lilliput's Review,  
 That like Colossus he should stride  
 Certain small brazen inches wide  
 For poets to pass through?

\* \* \* \* \*  
 On clouds the Byron did not sit,  
 Yet dar'd on Shakspeare's head to spit,  
 And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!  
 Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,  
 Graham, we'll have our eyes!  
 We felt the great when we were less,  
 But we'll retort on littleness  
 Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham, how I blame  
 The bastard blush,—the petty shame,  
 That used to fret me quite,—  
 The little sores I cover'd then,  
 No sores on earth, nor sorrows when  
 The world is out of sight!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Campbell—(you cannot see him here,) Hath scorn'd my *lays*: do his appear  
 Such great eggs from the sky?  
 And Longman, and his lengthy Co.  
 Long, only, in a little Row,  
 Have thrust my poems by!

What else? I'm poor, and much beset  
 With damn'd small duns—that is— in debt  
 Some grains of golden dust!

But only worth, above, is worth.  
What's all the credit of the earth?  
An inch of cloth on trust!

They continue at this height some time and then descend,  
But we must pursue another flight.

The next extract is part of an Address to the Steam  
Washing Company. It is exceedingly clever, and is followed  
by a laughable letter from a Washerwoman to the Committee.

Mr Scrub, Mr. Slop, or whoever you be!  
The Cock of Steam Laundries, the head Patentee  
Of Associate Cleaners, Chief founder and prime  
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime,  
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety,  
That make washing public, and wash in society,  
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,  
For a moment, the music that bubbles below,---

\* \* \* \* \*

If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger:  
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,  
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,  
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,  
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead  
For a race that your labours may soon supersede,  
For a race that, now washing no living affords,  
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,  
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,  
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,  
But to droop like sad willows that liv'd by a stream,  
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.  
Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge  
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge,  
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,  
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,  
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still gray,  
As if she was washing the night into day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her head is involv'd in an aerial mist,  
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;  
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;  
She's Industry's moral, she's all moral beauty!  
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub,  
Would any man ruin her? No, Mr. Scrub!  
No man that is manly would work her mishap,  
No man that is manly would covet her cap,  
Nor her apron, her hose, nor her gown made of stuff,  
Nor her gin, nor her tea, nor her wet pinch of snuff!  
Alas! so she thought, but that slippery hope  
Has betray'd her, as tho' she had tread on her soap!

And she, whose support, like the fishes that fly,  
 Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky;  
 She whose living it was, and a part of her fate,  
 To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,  
 With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop,  
 Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop,  
 She that paddled in water must walk upon sand,  
 And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,  
 Instead of a counterpane wringing her hands!  
 All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,  
 With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!  
 No smoke from her flue, and no steam from her pane,  
 Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain,  
 Or gaz'd o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,  
 Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!  
 Ah, where are the playful young pinners, ah, where  
 The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air,  
 'The brisk waltzing stockings, the white and the black,  
 That danc'd on the tight rope, or swung on the slack,  
 The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,  
 That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!  
 There was white on the grass, there was white on the spray,  
 Her garden, it look'd like a garden of May!  
 But now all is dark, not a shirt's on a shrub,  
 You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!  
 You've ruin'd her custom, now families drop her,  
 From her silver reduc'd, nay, reduc'd from her copper!  
 The last of her washing is done at her eye,  
 One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!  
 From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,  
 And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth,  
 But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,  
 And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want,  
 When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,  
 And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,  
 And even its pearl-ashes laid in the grave,  
 Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,  
 And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub  
 Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,  
 Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub!  
 Need you wonder, when steam has depriv'd her of bread,  
 If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head,  
 Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,  
 If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city,  
 In short, not to mention all plagues without number,  
 If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,  
 When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare,  
 When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,  
 And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul:  
 When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye  
 Had caught the "Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,

Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,  
 And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,  
 In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,  
 Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,  
 On her sheet, if a sheet were still left her, to write,  
 Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

Our contemporary, or rather ancestor, Sylvanus Urban, is addressed in a strain of very amusing satire upon his antiquated gossip.

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,  
 Like pensioners that creep about and die;  
 But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,  
 Livest in monthly immortality!

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 How dear through thy Obituary to roam,  
 And not a name of any name to catch!  
 To meet thy Criticism walking home  
 Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch!"

Rich is thy page in soporific things,  
 Composing compositions, lulling men,  
 Faded old posies of unburied rings,  
 Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:

Lives of Right Reverends that have never liv'd,  
 Deaths of good people that have really died,  
 Parishioners, hatch'd, husbanded, and wiv'd,  
 Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query, the remote response,  
 The march of serious mind, extremely slow,  
 The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,  
 Famous for nothing many years ago!

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write  
 "Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid;  
 And C., next month, an answer doth indite,  
 Informing B. that Mr. Milton did!

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,  
 Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;  
 And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,  
 Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Go on, and close the eyes of distant ages!  
 Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!  
 So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,  
 Heavy and lively, though but seldom red.

Go on and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!  
 Bottling up dullness in an ancient binn!  
 Still live! still prose! continue still to tell us  
 Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!

There is an Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, upon their disgraceful practice of demanding money for permission to enter and view the interior of the Abbey, which is written with a happy mixture of caustic wit and hearty indignation. We quote a few of the stanzas—

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought  
By reverence for those learned bones,  
Shall often come and walk your short  
Two-shilling fare upon the stones.  
Ye have that talisman of Wealth,  
Which pudding chemists sought of old  
Till ruin'd out of hope and health,  
The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licens'd cannibals, ye eat  
Your dinners from your own dead race,  
Think Gray, preserv'd, a "funeral meat,"  
And Dryden, devil'd, after grace,  
A relish; and you take your meal  
From rare Ben Jonson underdone,  
Or, whet your holy knives on Steel,  
To cut away at Addison!

Oh say, of all this famous age,  
Whose learned bones your hopes expect,  
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,  
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?  
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make  
You richer by his final sleep,  
Why don't ye warn the Great to take  
Their ashes to no other heap!

Southey's reversion have ye got?  
With Coleridge, for his body, made  
A bargain? has Sir Walter Scott,  
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Rare is your show, ye righteous men!  
Priestly Politos, rare, I ween;  
But should ye not outside the Den  
Paint up what in it may be seen?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Put up in Poets' Corner, near  
The little door, a platform small;  
Get there a monkey, never fear,  
You'll catch the gapers one and all!  
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,  
A Trumpet under either fin,  
And yell away in Palace Yard  
"All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

" Walk in! two shillings only! come!  
 Be not by country grumbler funk'd!  
 Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,  
 The Cheapest House for the defunct!"  
 Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,  
 And every rude surmise 'twill stop,  
 Write up, that you have no connexion  
 (In large)—with any other shop!  
 &c. &c.

We cannot afford to transfer any more of this clever little volume to our pages. We have done enough to make our readers desire to possess it. There are nine or ten Odes or Addresses besides those we have mentioned. We may point out as truly excellent the one to old Grimaldi, and also that to Captain Parry. The Ode to Maria Darlington, with the exception of a joke or two, is, we think, a failure. There are indeed occasional failures occurring in some of the best of the pieces, and some obscurities in meaning and irregularities in metre, which make us wish that the author had gone through his work in a more careful and fastidious temper, after the ardour of composition had abated. The Address to the Great Unknown may be instanced as containing some of the very best and the worst attempts at wit we ever met with. The vice, and a great part of the virtue of the book, both lie in its *puns*. We are very much mistaken, however, if the author will not have frequent opportunities of correcting his errors in reaping the fruit of his successes.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MEMOIRS OF GENERAL HENRY MILLER.

GENERAL HENRY MILLER, was born near the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on the 13th of February, 1751. Early attention was paid to his education; but his father, who was a farmer, thought it not necessary to place his son at a university. The school of Miller, as of Washington and Franklin, was the world of active life.

Having received a good English education, he was placed in the office of Collinson Read, Esquire, of Reading, Pennsylvania, where he read law, and practiced conveyancing. Before he had completed his studies, he removed to York-town, in the same state, about the year 1769. Here he pursued his studies

under the direction of Samuel Johnston, Esquire; at that time Mr. Johnston was prothonotary of York county, and in his office Mr. Miller acted as a clerk.

The subject of these memoirs was married on the 26th of June, 1770, about which time he purchased a house in Yorktown. Here he supported his family mostly by the profits arising from conveyancing, and from his clerkship; for as he found that he did not possess talents for public speaking, he devoted his attention to those objects.

The revolution was now approaching, and young Miller's soul was kindled at the wrongs of his country. A man of his ardent temperament could not doubt in such an exigency. On the 1st of June, 1775, he commenced his march from York to Cambridge in Massachusetts, at which place he arrived in the latter part of the same month. He went out as first lieutenant of a rifle company, under the command of captain Michael Daudel. This company was the first that marched out of Pennsylvania, and was likewise the first that found itself in Massachusetts from any place south of Long Island or west of the Hudson. His company was attached to colonel Thompson's rifle regiment, which received the first commissions issued by congress, and took rank of every regiment.

On the arrival of the company at Cambridge, the gallantry of Miller prompted him to attempt some military act before the remainder of the regiment should arrive. He formed a plan to surprise the British advanced guard at Bunker's Hill. This was on the second day after their arrival, fresh from a march of five hundred miles, a march which would have deprived ordinary men of their fire of feeling, but which inspired in Miller only the glowing enthusiasm of a young soldier. Miller submitted the plan to his captain, who declined engaging in such an attack, alleging as reasons against it, the small number of his own men, and his want of acquaintance with the ground and works. But Miller, who was never checked in his military career by the appearance of danger, informed him that if he shrank from it, he would solicit general Washington to appoint him [Miller] to the command. Thus situated, the captain was compelled to lead off the party. Miller commanded the advance, went on, and never stopped till he was in the midst of the guard, notwithstanding a smart fire from the out-centinels. The reserve, under the command of the captain, did not advance to his support; and, therefore, Miller was obliged to retreat without accomplishing all he

wished, but not until several of the enemy had been killed and some prisoners taken. The captain resigned not long afterwards, when Miller was appointed in his place. From that time, he was distinguished by General Washington as an enterprising and valuable officer.

In 1776 his company, with the regiment to which he belonged, commanded at first by colonel Thompson, and afterwards by colonel Hand, marched to New-York. In 1777, on the 12th of November, he was promoted by congress to the office of major in the same regiment. In the year following, (1778) he was appointed lieutenant-colonel-commandant in the second regiment of Pennsylvania. In this latter office he continued until he left the army.

Miller was engaged and took an active part in the several battles of Long Island, York Island, White plains, Trenton, Princeton, Head of Elk, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and in a number of other conflicts. At the battle of Monmouth he displayed signal bravery. Two horses were shot under him; but that did not deter him from mounting a third, and rushing into the midst of battle.

One of his companions in arms, speaking of Miller, in the year 1801, says, "he was engaged in most of the battles of note in the middle states. He was selected as one of the best partisan officers. It would take much time to enumerate the many engagements he was in, as well general as incident to light corps. It may with confidence be stated that he must have risked his person in fifty or sixty conflicts with the British. He served with the highest reputation as an heroic, intelligent, and useful officer." In a letter of Washington to congress, dated "Trenton Falls, 12th December, 1776," are these words. "Captain Miller, of colonel Hand's regiment, also informs me, that a body of the enemy were marching to Burlington yesterday morning. He had been sent over with a strong scouting party, and at day-break fell in with their advanced guards, consisting of about four hundred Hessian troops, who fired upon him before they were discovered, but without any loss, and obliged him to retreat with his party, and to take boat." General Wilkinson, in his Memoirs, states that major Miller of Hand's riflemen, was ordered by general Washington to check the rapid movements of the enemy in pursuit of the American army, whilst retreating across the state of New Jersey. The order was so successfully executed, and the advance of a powerful enemy so embarrassed, that the American troops, which

afterwards gained the independence of their country, were preserved from an overthrow which would have proved the grave of their liberties. In a note to the Memoirs, the author says, among other things, "General Miller, late of Baltimore, was distinguished for his cool bravery wherever he served; he certainly possessed the entire confidence of general Washington." To multiply quotations would be useless; suffice it to say, that Miller is mentioned by many of the American historians, and always in terms of commendation.

When Miller first engaged in the war of the revolution, he had little or no other fortune than his dwelling-house. But before the close of the war, he was reduced to such necessities to support his family, that he was compelled to sell this last retreat for his wife and children. He sometimes spoke of this as a very hard case, and in terms so pathetic as to excite the most tender emotions. At other times he would say, "I have not yet done all in my power to serve my country;—my wife and my children I trust will yet see better days!" In his pleasant manner he was heard to say that, as to the house, "the sale of it had at least saved him from the payment of the taxes." Colonel Miller being thus, through his patriotism, reduced in pecuniary circumstances, was obliged, in the spring of 1779, to resign his commission in the army and to return to York. Here he continued to reside for some years, enjoying the love and affection of all his fellow citizens. In October, 1780, he was elected high-sheriff of the county of York, and as such he continued until the expiration of his term of office, in November, 1783. At the several elections in October, of the years 1783, 1784, and 1785, he was elected a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania. In May, 1786, he was commissioned as prothonotary of York County; and in August of the same year he was appointed a justice of the court of Common Pleas. In the year 1790 he was a member of the convention which framed the present constitution of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. He continued in the office of prothonotary until July, 1794. In that year, (1794) great dangers were apprehended from the encroachments of the English on our Western Territories. Wayne was at that time carrying our arms against the Indians into the western wilderness. Agreeably to the requisition of the president of the United States, contained in a letter to the secretary of war, dated 19th May, 1794, Pennsylvania was required to furnish her quota of brigades towards forming a detachment of 10,768

militia, officers included. At this time Miller was brigadier-general in the first brigade, composed of the counties of York and Lancaster, and belonged to the second division of Pennsylvania militia, commanded by major-general Hand. This division, with several others, was required to be in readiness to march on a moment's warning.

In the same year was the *western expedition*, an expedition occasioned by an insurrection in the four western counties of the state to resist the laws of the Union. At this time general Miller was appointed, and went out, as quarter-master-general. In the same year he was appointed, by general Washington, supervisor of the revenue for the district of Pennsylvania. In this office he conducted himself with such ability, punctuality and integrity, that no one ever laid the least failure to his charge. But in 1801, Mr. Jefferson having been elected president, general Miller was removed from the office of supervisor, and was succeeded by Peter Muhlenberg.

Upon this event he left York, (on the 18th Nov. 1801) and removed to Baltimore, where he resided for some time as an honest and respectable merchant. In the year 1812, he accepted the appointment of brigadier-general of the militia of the United States, stationed at Baltimore, and charged with the defence of Fort M'Henry and its dependencies. Upon the enemy's leaving the Chesapeake Bay, the troops were discharged, and general Miller again returned to private life.

In the spring of 1813, general Miller left Baltimore, and returned to his native state, Pennsylvania. He now resided on a farm at the mouth of the Juniata river, in Cumberland county, devoting himself to agricultural pursuits. But he was again called into the public service. The enemy having again made their appearance before Baltimore, he marched out with the Pennsylvania troops in the capacity of quarter-master general. He again, after a short time, returned to Pennsylvania, to reside on his farm at the mouth of the Juniata. At that place he resided until the spring of 1821. At that time being appointed prothonotary of Perry county, by governor Hiester, he removed to Landisburg, the seat of justice for that county. Here he remained until he was removed from office by governor Shultz, in March, 1824. Thus a gray-headed soldier of the revolution was removed from an office, worth about fifty dollars a year, without the slightest intimation of any objection to his official conduct. On the 29th of the

same month, the legislature of Pennsylvania began to make, though at a late period, some compensation for his important revolutionary services. They passed an act directing the state treasurer to pay him two hundred and forty dollars immediately, and an annuity of the same sum during the remainder of his life. But general Miller lived not long enough to receive this tardy reward for a long series of public services. He removed with his family to Carlisle; but he had scarcely fixed his abode there, when he was called by the messenger of peace to another region, where the noise of war is silent, and the storms of contention are at rest. He was seized with an inflammation of the bowels, and died suddenly in the bosom of his family on Monday, the 5th of April, 1824. On Tuesday afternoon, the mortal part of this stern and steadfast patriot, was consigned with military honours to the small and narrow house.

In private life general Miller was friendly, social, and benevolent. In his public career, he evinced what Lord Clarendon says of Hampden, a head to contrive, a heart to persuade, and a hand to execute.

W. C. C.

*York, Pa. 26th March, 1825.*

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HISTORY OF NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN 1812,

BY GENERAL COMTE PHILIPPE DE SEGUR.\*

IT was mentioned in the letter from Paris in our last number, that two very remarkable works have just issued from the French press. The first is entitled, *L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de la Grande Armée pendant l'Année 1812, par M. le Général Comte de Segur.* The second has for title, *Le Manuscrit de 1813, par M. Le Baron Fuin, l'un des Secrétaires de Napoleon.* These two interesting historical productions bear evident marks of a judicious imitation of Sir Walter Scott. This celebrated romance writer has caused a revolution in French literature. Without being conscious of it probably, or aspiring to the honour, he is the chief of what is called in France, *le parti romantique.* All the women adore him, and there is no literary name which so frequently falls from their lips as his. Moreover, the strong

\* The writer of this article was himself an officer of the Grand Army, and had peculiar means of observation.

attachment felt or feigned by Sir Walter Scott, for all that smacks of ancient institutions, and his consequent want of enthusiasm for those innovations and improvements, which tend to meliorate the present social state of mankind, have rendered him a distinguished favourite with the Ultra-party, to which party belong, at least, three-fourths of the female readers of his romances. The History of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, and the two works mentioned at the commencement of the article, will find their way into every chateau in France, as they are calculated to excite strong emotions without exacting from the reader any great effort of historical acumen.

But the difference of merit in these three compositions is immense. M. de Barante is an adroit rhetorician, who has taken care not to give umbrage to the powers that be, by unpalatable deductions. This author was an under-secretary of state, and writes only to fill up his enforced leisure, until some favourable chance shall throw another *portefeuille* in his way. While reading him, the conviction is irresistibly impressed upon the mind, that we are communing with a man who has all the patriotism of one of Buonaparte's prefects, joined to the frankness and candour of a diplomatist. M. Fain writes history as he would prepare a report for the royal and imperial eyes of his late master. M. de Segur is a writer *sui generis*, and displays the independence of character and depth of thought, which are indispensable in the nineteenth century to secure an elevated rank in the republic of letters. To make a book, which shall be correctly written, is now, from the spread of education, an effort within the reach of seventeenths of those belonging to the richer classes of society. Hundreds there are, who like M. Villemain,\* the king of modern rhetoricians, can string together a set of fine phrases; the difficulty is to append thoughts to them.

The history of the Campaign of Moscow in 1812, by the Count de Segur, is a work that soars far above the vulgar class of similar attempts. It is a true, nay, a sublime picture of that grand experiment upon the heart of man—the retreat from Moscow. Having myself been a partaker in that deplorable catastrophe, I can bear witness to the unerring truth of M. de Segur's narrative. Though some of the details ap-

\* The author of a History of Cromwell, and various minor pieces. He is a Member of the French Academy, and a celebrated lecturer on the Belles Lettres in Paris.

peared to me under a different point of view, yet this circumstance can in no wise detract from the veracity of M. de Segur, neither would it lead me to doubt the pains which the author must have taken to collect accurate information upon the various subjects connected with the ever memorable march from Moscow to Koningsberg. M. de Segur evidently adores the great man in Napoleon, at the same time that he perceives and contemns the various moral maladies that despotism and the enforced absence of all truth from the atmosphere by which he was surrounded, engendered in his elevated mind. M. de Chambray, an officer in the royal guards, published about a year ago an account of the Campaign of Moscow. This officer, a man of intellect and acquirements, would have willingly told the truth, had not his hopes of promotion under the Bourbons checked his pen. And thus obliged to affect ultraism by not daring to do justice to Napoleon, the veracity of his narrative undergoes various eclipses. It would not be an uninteresting exercise, particularly to military men, to compare the accounts of this officer playing the Ultra with those of M. de Segur. In the work of the former there is scarcely any thing but mere military details, these being the only ones where his pen had liberty to be veracious. M. de Segur had not space for all these details, his work being rather a philosophical and political, than a military, history of the event, and merits, as well as a history of the revolution by Mignet, to be translated into every civilized language. It is certainly more interesting in the perusal than Redgauntlet, and Napoleon is another guess sort of personage, compared with the poor Pretender, Charles Edward. Having said so much, and with perfect sincerity, of the author's merits, we shall now advert to his defects. M. de Segur has too closely imitated the History of the Anarchy of Poland by Rhuliére. Before 1815, this work was decidedly superior to any historical production that had appeared in France for fifty years. The minds of Frenchmen, emasculated by the puerile refinements and morbid taste of the court of Louis XV., only gave birth to those pale and feeble productions, which communicate so affected and effeminate a physiognomy to French literature from the year 1756 to 1789. The stunted and pigmy intellects of that period were unable to grapple with great historical questions. Voltaire alone, by the force of his wit, arose above the mist which covered the literature of his country. The father of general

Segur, the Count de Segur, formerly grand master of the ceremonies to Napoleon, may be taken as the representative of the literati of the reign of Louis XV. He has compiled an endless Universal History, in thirty volumes, octavo, written in the style which was in vogue before the revolution, and equally colourless and inanimate as that of Abbé Millot, and other intellectual heroes of the same epoch. The Count de Segur, grand master of the ceremonies, exhibits several of the little vanities and affectations of that period; for instance, he has prefixed to his enormous compilations of thirty volumes, a *fac simile* of his own hand-writing. Rulhière, in his History of the Anarchy of Poland, sought to imitate the style of Seneca, the work was not published for several years after his death, for the manuscript belonged to government, from whom Rulhière received during twenty years a pension of eight thousand francs for writing it. It would never probably have seen the light, but for the rupture between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Napoleon then caused it to be made public, for the purpose of dis honouring the Russians in the eyes of the world, and showing to the civilized portion of Europe what barbarians those were by whom they were threatened to be over-run. M. Danou, one of the three or four writers of first rate talent, who have abstained hitherto from selling themselves either to Napoleon or the Bourbons, was the editor of Rulhière's history, but unfortunately the Jesuits, who are to be met with every where, and on all occasions, had previously exercised their censorship upon the original manuscript, and the strongest passages were either altogether effaced or considerably mutilated by these arch-hypocrites. *Par parenthèse*, whenever you hear of a *fripponerie* of this kind in France, you may set it down, without much fear of being mistaken, to the account of the knavish children of Loyola. I have spoken at some length of Rulhière's work, for two reasons; first, it forms the proper and almost necessary introduction to the history of general Segur; and secondly, as it is the model which M. de Segur seems to have had most constantly in view, and which he has, unfortunately for his own literary reputation and the reader's pleasure, too closely imitated. I also cannot help objecting to the obscure metaphysical speculations upon the character of Napoleon, in which M. de Segur but too often loses himself, as also to his endeavours to find proofs of the immortality of the soul in the fortuitous events of the Russian

campaign; and lastly, I must deplore that affected brevity of style, which often forces upon the reader the conviction of it being the result of considerable labour. In the very first sentence of the work the author has committed a grammatical error, in a vain endeavour to compress, like Tacitus: "*Depuis 1807, l'intervalle entre le Rhin et le Niemen était franchi et ces deux fleuves devenus rivaux.*" But these are blemishes more than compensated by the various and novel information contained in the work, and which, besides, has many passages written with great force both of style and expression. The only really ridiculous pages are those of an affected and mock pathetic dedication to the veterans of the grand army, whom, after the example of Cæsar, in his Commentaries, M. de Segur calls his "companions." This sacrifice of good taste was probably necessary to secure a favourable report of the work in the *Constitutionnel* and other liberal journals, who find it their interest to flatter the partisans of Bonapartism, and without whose aid no literary production can have any success in France.

This dedication, however, is curious, as affording a specimen of the manner in which the French military were accustomed to talk of themselves. Of this species of vain boasting there is a very spirited and faithful description in the first volume. The soldiers themselves, though influenced by this ranting, were not unconscious of its absurdity, and gave it the name of *blogue*. To be understood by the French soldiery, and even by a great majority of the officers, it was necessary to adopt this species of *blarney*. Marshal Augereau was a perfect master in this detestable style of declamation; which is directly the contrary of that simple and natural language made use of by English officers in their despatches or addresses to their soldiers. The secret of this *blogue* is for the orator to talk in unmeasured terms of praise of himself and his soldiers. The truth is, that this kind of wordy *dramming* is necessary to the French soldier, who would remain altogether unmoved by the plain-matter-of-fact address of an English general. A philosopher like Catinat would be powerless at the head of a modern French regiment, to lead which on to the cannon's mouth, it requires a ranting player such as that madman, the brave, and foppish Murat. M. de Segur very clearly explains how the jealousy which Napoleon was weak enough to feel towards marshal Davoust (the only one of his generals who foresaw the precise

species of obstacle that proved ruinous to the Russian expedition) led him to suffer himself to be influenced by the *gasconading* Murat, whose *brilliant* manœuvres caused the loss of fifty thousand horses before the army reached Moscow. Amongst the other unskilful advisers by whom Napoleon was surrounded, M. de Segur has ventured to designate only prince Berthier, and two or three others now deceased. Those who survive, not being in the sunshine of court favour, M. de Segur has generously abstained from further adding to their gloom by his reproaches. The author does full justice to the firm, frank, and *ungasconading* character (this last quality a very rare one in France) of Messrs. Caulincourt, Daru, and Ney. general Segur, as son to the grand-master of the ceremonies, was enabled to acquire the fullest information upon what took place in the interior of the court; consequently his account of Napoleon's diplomacy, both preparatory to, and during the campaign, is singularly interesting and entirely new. One of the drivillers (whom in the pride of his despotism Napoleon had about him in number) dissuaded him from sending Talleyrand, the most skilful intriguer in Europe, on a mission to Constantinople and Stockholm, in order to secure the co-operation of the Sublime Porte and Bernadotte, then prince royal of Sweden. I know not if Talleyrand would have succeeded in these missions; but this I know, that if Napoleon had been then the same *unspoiled* great man he was in 1796, if the habitude of despotism had not made him prefer talentless sycophants to men of energy and tact, he would have left no effort untried to secure the support of Bernadotte, and particularly that of the Sublime Porte, without whose co-operation the right wing of his army was devoted to destruction. The presence of Talleyrand at Constantinople was then a most indispensable preliminary, and the emperor was wofully punished for not sending him there, by the disasters at the Berezina. All that portion of M. de Segur's work, relative to diplomatic details, and the intercourse of Napoleon's court, is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

In his description of these interesting matters, the author throws much novel light upon the character of Napoleon. He declares his profound admiration for the great and extraordinary qualities of the hero, but in a very different style from the indiscriminating and childish adoration of *Les Cuses*, that perfect incarnation of the *beau ideal* of a chamberlain. We learn from this work some singular and interesting details

of several severe attacks of indisposition, which the policy of Napoleon concealed from the army, but which often reduced him to a state of almost utter feebleness, in those very critical moments when he had most need of all his physical and mental energy; as, for instance, on the day of the battle of the Moskowa. The author in another passage shows that despotism which by the vulgar is considered so useful, nay, indispensable, in commanding an army, often counteracts its own objects. Napoleon's jealousy of Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl) so convinced the other generals that the emperor was very unwilling to see any of them evince talent superior to his own, that they considered it prudent to play the part of mere automatons, and abstain from acting upon their own judgment, even where the imperious exigency of the case required it. How different was the system pursued in 1796, during the immortal campaign of Italy, when every one fired with republican enthusiasm, obeyed with zeal, but when the orders of the commander-in-chief arrived not, *dared to invent*. The debasing effects produced by Napoleon's despotic wilfulness, cannot fail to strike the most inattentive reader in the account of the battle of the Moskowa (7th Sept. 1812). The battle might have been gained five times over if Napoleon had been on the field, or if his generals, at the same time so brave and so timid, had ventured to take upon themselves the risk of following up their success. Napoleon was a league distant from the field of battle, suffering under an excess of fever. Under these circumstances, if the Russians had been commanded by a Blucher, who would have recommenced the battle on the 8th, the French army would, in all likelihood, have met with the same fate as they since experienced at Waterloo; and, as they were ninety-three leagues from Poland, not a single soldier would probably have escaped the just vengeance of the Russians. For the only entire *corps d'armée* the emperor had then with him was his guard, about 20,000 strong, and mostly composed of young recruits, who were evidently unable to withstand the shock of the Russians. If the disastrous probability above mentioned had taken place, it would have been solely attributable to the timidity with which the emperor had inspired his generals. It was the absence of this timidity that enabled the fool-hardy Murat to play so brilliant a role in that campaign.

The character of Napoleon as a great captain was eclipsed, on the field of the Moskowa, by the superior conduct of two

of his marshals—Ney, whom Louis XVIII. since put to death in breach of the capitulation of Paris, and, as the French say, with the connivance of the duke of Wellington, aided by the base subserviency of the chamber of peers. The other was Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl), who, when in Egypt, gave but few signs of talent, but between 1800 and 1812 showed himself a man of genius, in war and *espionage*. It was Davoust who gained the battle of Jena in 1806, and who, at the Moskowa, pointed out to the emperor, at the same time offering to execute it in person, and in two hours time, a manœuvre which would have saved the lives of 10,000 Frenchmen. Napoleon on this occasion conducted himself like a drunken captain of grenadiers, in ordering his soldiers to attack barbarians such as the Russians in front, instead of turning them. One word will suffice to show the murderous effects of such a system of attack; forty-three generals were either killed or wounded at the affair of the Moskowa. M. de Segur is too much of a Bonapartist to record this truth; however, every reader of his book, gifted with a spirit of deduction, and who examines minutely the military details of the campaign, will draw this inference from the facts, which M. de Segur narrates with impartiality, but the consequences of which he sometimes omits to bring forward.

Ney was a truly great captain: after the victory of the Moskowa, if such a frightful battle merit the name, the first word he said to Napoleon, the 7th September, at nine o'clock at night, was, *Sire, you must retreat.* The expression of this honest advice was highly honourable to the speaker, particularly when it is considered that it was addressed to Napoleon, when he was all irritation from disease and from the consciousness that the frightful loss he had just sustained was attributable, in a great measure, to his own want of generalship. Still all was not lost; for if Napoleon had, four days after the battle of the Moskowa, marched upon Smolensko, the distance to which, eighty-three leagues, he might have got over in twenty days, he would have found himself on the banks of the Borysthenes on the 6th of October, until which time the sun shone brilliantly, and the degree of cold was only sufficient to brace and not incommod. By such a movement he might have made Poland his own, and the next year have made a summer march of it to Moscow, between which and him there would have been but ninety-three leagues and two or three battles.

Prince Eugene Beauharnois and king Murat, presided at the frightful butchery of the Moskowa, like men who seemed to think there was no such thing as death.—Murat braved it like a ranting actor, and with a constitutional gaiety, which, though a little *de mauvais ton*, was all powerful in its effect upon his soldiers. The extravagant costume of this theatrical king, the plume of feathers two feet high, dancing above his casque, and his headlong valour, made him the admiration and rallying point of the troops. The bravery of prince Eugene, who always preserved much of the marquis of the *ancien régime*, was cold, simple, and *de bon ton*. It was remarked that his refinement of feeling was greatly shocked when, during some moments of the day being on foot, he was obliged to march ankle deep through the pools of blood that thickly intersected the plain. Seeing his finest regiments mowed down like grass, he sent to the emperor for aid, informing him that the troops could hold out no longer. "I cannot remedy that," replied Napoleon, who was endeavouring to assuage his fever thirst with copious draughts of tea. Napoleon had considerably increased his malady by passing the night of the 6th until four in the morning upon horseback, reconnoitring the enemy's position within gun-shot of their lines. Indeed, it may be said, that upon this memorable occasion, Napoleon was a general only during that night. His principal fear, as well as that of the army, was, that the Russians would escape a second time.

My intention is to terminate this article by extracts from the work of M. de Segur. Many of these inspire so deep an interest, that it would be in vain to expect that any one, after reading them, could lend his attention to any further reflections of mine. I shall, therefore, before giving these passages, here insert a few of those recollections and observations awakened in my mind by the perusal of M. de Segur's work. Though unwilling to speak of myself, I must, as a title to the reader's confidence, commence by stating that I served in a regiment which took part in the action of Moskowa.

All the military defects engendered by despotism in the great mind of Napoleon, were tripled as to their fatal effect upon the army by the incredible incapacity of the major-general Berthier, prince de Neuchatel. The physical force of this poor man was nearly exhausted; and, as to his mind, it was not many degress removed from dotage. A march of eight or ten leagues on horseback left him unfit for

further exertion. A great portion of the disasters which signified this campaign would probably have been avoided, had this superannuated prince de Neufchatel fallen sick at Dresden, and been replaced by marshal Soult, duke of Dalmatia; the same man, be it said *en passant*, who at present (Dec. 1824) is seen each morning going to mass with a huge prayer-book bound in red morocco carried before him. Under Napoleon he was a great general, but under the Bourbons he has dwindled into a hypocritical worshipper of the power of the Jesuits.

But to return. So desirable a change as that of Soult for Berthier was not possible at that time, for Napoleon had become a hater of all transcendent merit; servile plodding mediocrity was the quality which found most favour in his eyes, and unfortunately this disposition of the master was a secret for no one. He was seen, at Dorogubué, I believe, half-way between Moscow and Smolensko, to redden with suppressed rage at being forced to name Gouvin St. Cyr marshal of the empire, one of the greatest military characters modern France has to boast of. At Watipek, where he commanded, and where he was ably seconded by count Amadée de Pastoret, count Guovion St. Cyr gave battle twelve times to the Russians, who sought to break the French line of communication and cut them off from Poland and France. These engagements cost the Russians more men than general St. Cyr had under his command. Marshal St. Cyr has been minister of war since the restoration, and in that capacity conducted himself with scrupulous honour. In 1822, he published the *Memoirs of his Campaign in Catalonia*, a work equally remarkable for good sense and simplicity of style. He has finished writing a similar work upon the campaign of Moscow, which will not a little shock the Bonapartists; for the writer not only asserts, but proves, that during the fatal year 1812, Napoleon not only evinced incapacity as a general, but gave signs of *etourderie*, which seemed the result of a head turned by pride. Marshal Gouvin St. Cyr has, for what reason I know not, omitted to make any mention of the frequent indispositions of the emperor. Napoleon was extremely nervous; and sickness prostrated his bodily and mental faculties to such a degree, that he became almost an inert mass. On these occasions he sometimes slept for twelve hours consecutively, and on awaking endeavoured to excite his faculties by drinking large quantities of tea, in

which a small portion of brandy was mixed. But afterwards, as misfortunes thickened around him, this tea became strong brandy-punch, so strong, that a single glass of it was sufficient to set the excellent and simple Duroc to sleep. On some occasions the emperor has been known to drink as much as two bottles full of this beverage. When marshal St. Cyr denominates Napoleon a *médiocre* general, he must forget the Italian campaigns in 1796, and those in the neighbourhood of Paris, in 1813. It is true, the bodily powers of this great man failed him at Brienne, and at Montmirail. On this last day, to rouse his sinking powers, he drank three bottles full of brandy-punch. Of this the army suspected nothing, for those about his person would have considered it foul treachery to have made known the circumstance.

The only individuals who, at the Kremlin, while Moscow was burning, had the courage to speak the truth to the emperor, were the count Daru, then secretary of state, and the grand marshal Duroc. The harsh and abrupt observations of Daru irritated and checked Napoleon for the moment; while the mild reasoning and long-tried friendship of Duroc bade fairer to produce an effect upon his mind; but the base flatteries of several individuals still living, but whom I shall not name, aided by the blind wilfulness attendant on despotic power, engaged the emperor not to quit Moscow until four days after the conflagration. He entered that extraordinary city on the 14th of September. At that time the army was perishing for want of food; so little precautions had count Dumas, then intendant-general, taken to provide for its support. The city continued to burn during the 14th, 15th, and 16th; when the conflagration had ceased, there were found in the cellars a large store of good dried fish, and so much excellent wine, that the best claret was sold at three francs a bottle. The soldiers of the guard had the privilege of pillaging, and they carried on the trade in wine, and also in fur pelisses, which those who were prudent took care to provide themselves with. The army, thus refreshed, could and ought to have left the city on the 19th of September, but they did not do so till the 19th of October. For this fatal delay of thirty days, they paid dearly on the banks of the Berezina, and in the environs of Wilna. It would have been better to have marched upon St. Petersburg than have remained at Moscow. The Russian army could scarcely have come up with the French before they were half-way to Petersburgh.

If the French had once got there, it is not improbable but the inhabitants of that city, much more selfish, and less patriotic than those of Moscow, would have opened their gates like those of Vienna and Berlin. To march upon St. Petersburgh would certainly have been a folly; to leave the army at Moscow during the winter under the command of Davoust, while Napoleon repaired to Paris, would also have been one; but still either of these two would have been less hazardous than setting out the 19th of October for Smolensko.

It was at this moment that the imbecility and incapacity of the prince de Neuschatel were evinced in a most fatal manner—he frightened the whole army by directing their attention to the 600 dreary leagues that separated them from France. From the 12th of October, straggling bands of thirty and forty deserters, with their baggage and arms tied upon the backs of a small race of horses, called by the soldiers *coniats*, set out from Moscow for Smolensko, by Borodino and Douragué. Berthier, instead of having the firmness to order the first of these deserters who abandoned their eagles and set out for home *en voyageurs*, to be shot, authorised in some measure this infamous desertion; and Napoleon, who had acquired the habit of maltreating those who revealed the truth to him, either was ignorant of the circumstance, or, if he knew it, had not the energy to put a stop to it. These are the principal causes of the unheard-of desertions that accompanied that retreat. They are chiefly to be attributed to the prince de Neuschatel, and the sops in red pantaloons who were his *aides de camp*. During this fatal march, the Russians committed the most extraordinary errors in tactics; posterity will in vain endeavour to comprehend the excess of stupidity which hindered these barbarians from destroying the bridges and causeways in the swamps of the Berezina. Had they done so, the whole French army must have met with a fate similar to that of general Pastoveu's division. I was with that army, and yet I do not hesitate to say, that it would have been fortunate for France had admiral Tschitckoff and general Tschaplitz possessed the ordinary military skill of an English or French colonel. In which case, Buonaparte's ruin would have been inevitable. So conscious was he himself of his dangerous position, that he entertained the idea of committing suicide; which, if he had then attempted, it would not have been vainly, as at Fontainbleau, in April, 1814, when he took a preparation of stramonium, in-

vented by Cabanis, and tried with success by Condorcet. In the event of Napoleon's death, the army would have been made prisoners, the great majority of whom would have perished with cold and hunger; but never would the barbarians have ventured to cross the Rhine, then the limits of France. The king of Rome, under the direction of Cambaceres, and a well-chosen regency, would have enabled the senate to recover its influence; in which case the French would not now have to deplore the excess of debasement into which they have fallen—led as they are at present by the Jesuits, and obliged to follow the car of the Holy Alliance.

Before justifying, by extracts, the praises given to M. de Segur in the beginning of this article, I cannot omit again animadverting on his style, which in too many instances is affected, elaborate, and full of pretension. It is under this point of view, particularly, that I think this work will be eclipsed by the Memoirs of Marshal Gouyon St. Cyr, which are written with the simplicity peculiar to a great mind. I should recommend to M. de Segur to suppress, in the second edition, all the vague metaphysical discussions upon materialism, and the immortality of the soul; also to clear up a great number of passages that have become obscure, from the great pains taken to make them resemble those of Tacitus and Rulhiére; and, lastly, to correct that affected *tournure* of phrase which is peculiar to modern French writers, instances of which are to be found in but too many pages of this otherwise remarkable production. The extracts which follow relate to three different epochs:—1. The passage of the Niemen, and entrance upon the Russian territory.—2. The battle of the Moskowa.—3. The horrors of the retreat in the environs of the Berezina.

In page 116, of the first volume, we find that the system of plunder in which the army indulged was not confined to the soldiers, but that general officers, and even princes, took part in it. M. de Segur says:

However, the emperor wished there should be some order in this disorder. Amidst the accusing cries of the subjects of the two monarchs, our allies, his anger selected the names of certain individuals. We read in his letters upon this occasion: "I have reprimanded the generals \* \* \* and \* \* \*, I have suppressed the brigade of \* \* \*, I have caused it to be notified to \* \* \*(the present king of Wurtemberg,) that he would draw upon himself the most disagreeable consequences if he did not put an end to such a system."

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Some days after, meeting this prince at the head of his troops, Napoleon, still full of indignation, cried out to him, " You disgrace yourself by setting an example of plunder. Be silent, or return to your father; I have no need of your services."

In page 117, is the following passage on Berthier and Davoust.

At Marienbourg the emperor rejoined Davoust. Be it natural or acquired pride, this marshal was unwilling to acknowledge any one for his chief but he who commanded all Europe. Besides, he was of a despotic, obstinate, and unbending character, and almost as little inclined to yield to circumstances as to his fellow men. In 1809, Berthier was his superior in command during some days, and Davoust gained a battle, and saved the army by disobeying his orders. Hence arose a terrible hatred between them, which, during the peace, went on increasing, but without bursting forth, as they were separated—Berthier being at Paris, Davoust at Hamburg; but this war brought them together. Berthier had become enfeebled. Since 1805, war appeared odious to him. His chief talent was in his active habits and business, and excellent memory; he was always ready to receive and transmit, at all hours of the day and night, the most multiplied despatches and orders. On some of these occasions, he took upon himself to transmit orders upon his own authority. These orders were ill received by Davoust, and their next meeting, which took place at Marienbourg, in the presence of the emperor, ended in a violent altercation; Davoust expressed himself in the harshest terms, his anger carried him even so far as to accuse Berthier of incapacity or treason. They mutually menaced each other; and when Berthier quitted the apartment, Napoleon, influenced by the naturally mistrustful character of the marshal, exclaimed, " It sometimes happens to me to doubt of the fidelity of my oldest companions in arms, but then my head becomes crazed with grief, and I hasten to repel such cruel suspicions." While Davoust was enjoying perhaps the dangerous pleasure of having humbled an enemy, the emperor set out for Dantzic, and Berthier, burning with a desire of vengeance, followed him. From that moment the zeal, the renown of Davoust, his preparations for that new expedition, all, in fine, that should have tended to raise his reputation, turned to his disadvantage. The emperor had written to him: " that they were going to make war in a desolate country, where the enemy would have destroyed every thing, and that it was necessary that every one should be prepared to supply his own wants." Davoust replied to him by enumerating his preparations. " He had 70,000 men in a state of the completest organization; they carried provisions for twenty-five days with them. To each company were attached a certain number of swimmers, masons, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, armourers; in a word, workmen of every kind. They carried every thing necessary with them; his army was, in fact, a colony: they were even provided with hand-mills. He had foreseen all their wants: and all the means of supplying them were ready." Such precautions merited commendation; they were, however, ill received, and maliciously interpreted. Insidious observations were made in the emperor's hearing: " This marshal," it was said, " wishes to foresee, to order, to execute every thing. Is the emperor then to be only a spectator of the expedition? Is all the glory to fall to Davoust?" " In fact," exclaimed the emperor, " it appears that it is he who commands the army."

At page 125, we have the following spirited description of the French army.

As to the French, he found them filled with ardour. Amongst the soldiers, this arose from habit, curiosity, the pleasure of appearing as masters in a foreign country, the vanity of the youngest particularly, who had need to acquire some renown, that they might afterwards boast of it with that charlatanism so much liked by soldiers; these narratives, big with their great deeds, were moreover indispensable to occupy their leisure moments. Besides all this, there was also the hope of plunder; for the ever-craving ambition of Napoleon had often discontented his soldiers, as their depredations had tarnished his glory. A compromise then became necessary. Since 1805, there seemed to have been a tacit convention that they should not object to his ambition, nor he to their plundering. However, this pillaging, or rather marauding, was in general confined to provisions, which, in default of the regular distributions, were exacted from the inhabitants, but often with too little regard to moderation. The more reprehensible species of pillage was that committed by the stragglers, of whom there were necessarily a great number during the forced marches; but these disorders were never tolerated. In order to put a stop to them, Napoleon left brigades of gendarmes and moving columns to follow the route of the army; and when these stragglers rejoined their regiments, their haversacks were examined by their officers, or even, as at Austerlitz, by their comrades, who, in case of delinquency, did strict justice upon them. The last levies, it is true, were too young and too feeble; but the army had still a great number of vigorous men enured to action, accustomed to the most critical situations, and whom nothing could astonish. These were easily recognised by their martial looks and conversation: all their reminiscences and anticipations were of war, which was the only subject of which they spoke. Their officers were worthy of them, or became so: for, to maintain the ascendancy of their rank over such men, it was necessary to be able to show your wounds, and talk of the brave actions you had performed. Such was then the life of these men; every thing was action—even their words. Sometimes they boasted too much, but even this engaged them to act, for they remained not long without being put to the proof, and then it was necessary to appear as brave as they had represented themselves; this is more particularly the character of the Poles; they represent themselves more brave than they *have* been, but not more so than they are capable of being. They are a nation of heroes! boasting of themselves beyond the bounds of truth, but afterwards making it a point of honour to make true what had at first been neither true nor likely to be so. As to the old generals, some of them were no longer the rigid and plain-mannered warriors of the republic; honours, fatigues, age, and the emperor most of all, had changed many of them. Napoleon compelled them to live in a luxurious manner by his example and his orders; it being, according to him, one of the means of swaying the multitude. Another motive probably with him was, that it hindered them from amassing large fortunes, and becoming, in some measure, independent of him; for being the source which supplied them with wealth, it was his policy to keep them in such a state as should necessitate a continual recurrence to him for a fresh supply. He thus enclosed his generals in a circle from which it was difficult to escape; forcing them to pass incessantly from want to prodigality, and from prodigality to a state of want, which he alone could satisfy. If he granted them lands, they were those of a conquered country, subject to all the chances of war, and which war alone could pre-

serve to them. But to retain them in independence, renown, which had become a habit with some, a passion with others, and a necessary acquirement for all, sufficed; and Napoleon, absolute master of his age, and commanding even history, was the dispenser of that renown. Although he made them pay a high price for it, they dared not retract; they would have been ashamed to have acknowledged their weakness in presence of his force, and stop short in a career which he, who had already attained such a height of renown, still pursued with unabated vigour. Moreover, the eclat of so great an expedition had its charms; the success appeared certain; it promised to be no more than a military march to Petersburg and Moscow. It was but one effort more and all their labours would probably be at an end. It was a lost occasion which they would have repented to have passed by: they would be annoyed by hearing the glorious event of the campaign recounted by others.

### The passage of the Niemen is thus described:

The 23d June, before daylight, the imperial column reached the Niemen, but without seeing it. The borders of the great Prussian forest of Pilwisky, and the hills which rise immediately from the river, concealed it from the view of the grand army about to cross it. Napoleon, who had come thus far in a carriage, here mounted his horse at two o'clock in the morning. He reconnoitred the Russian river without disguising himself, as it has been falsely asserted. As he approached the bank, his horse stumbled and threw him. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen, a Roman would be deterred by it!" It is not known if it was the emperor, or one of his suite, who pronounced these words. After reconnoitring, he ordered that the next evening, at night fall, three bridges should be thrown across the river, near the village of Poriemen; he then retired to his quarters, where he passed the whole of that day, alternately in his tent and in a Polish house, stretched, seemingly bereft of force, in an immovable attitude, in the midst of a heavy oppressive heat; and seeking, but in vain, for repose. As soon as night returned, he again approached the river; a few pioneers in a little skiff first crossed it. Astonished at meeting with no obstacle, they quitted the boat and set foot upon the Russian soil. There they found peace; it was only on the opposite side that the appearance of war existed: all was tranquillity upon this foreign soil, which had been painted to them in such menacing colours. However, a subaltern officer of Cossacks, commanding a patrol, soon approached them. He was alone, and seemed to consider it a time of profound peace, and to be ignorant that Europe was in arms before him. He asked the strangers who they were; "Frenchmen," replied they; "What do you want," demanded the officer, "and why do you come into Russia?" A pioneer bluntly replied to him: "To make war upon you! to take Wilna! to deliver Poland!" The Cossac retired and disappeared amidst the forest; upon which three of the soldiers, carried away by their ardour, discharged their muskets. Thus the feeble report of three muskets, and to which there was no answer, told us that a new campaign had opened, and that a great invasion had commenced. This first signal of war, be it prudence, or presentiment, threw the emperor into a state of violent irritation. Three hundred voltigeurs then passed the river to protect the construction of the bridges. Some time after, all the French columns issued from the vallies and the forest. They advanced silently towards the river, under favour of a profound darkness. To be conscious of their presence, it was necessary to touch them; it was forbidden to light any fires, or even

strike the smallest spark; the soldiers slept with their arms in their hands, as if in presence of the enemy. The green barley, wet with a heavy dew, served the men for beds and the horses for food. At three hundred paces from the river, on the most elevated ground, was seen the emperor's tent. Around it all the hills to their very tops were covered, and the vallies filled with men and horses. As soon as the sun shone upon these moving masses and their sparkling arms, the signal was given, and immediately this multitude began moving in three columns towards the three bridges. The ardour was so great, that two divisions of the advanced guard, contending for the honour of passing the first, were near coming to blows; it was not without some difficulty that order was restored. Napoleon hastened to set his foot upon the Russian soil; he made, without hesitation, this first step towards his ruin—he first kept near the bridge encouraging the soldiers by his looks, who saluted him with their accustomed cries. They appeared more animated than himself; whether it were that he felt so enormous an aggression weigh upon his heart, or that his enfeebled body was unable to support the excessive heat, or that he was already astounded at finding nothing to conquer; at length a fit of impatience seized him. He suddenly dashed forward, and plunged into the forest that borders the river. He put his horse to his utmost speed, and appeared as if, in his eagerness, he wished all alone to come up with the enemy. He rode forward, thus unattended, the distance of a league, and then returned towards the bridges; after which he descended the bank of the river, with his guard, towards Kowno. We thought, at one time, we could hear the roaring of cannon; we listened while marching, to learn on what side the battle had begun. But on that and the following days, with the exception of some troops of Cossacks, the only enemies we met with were the elements. For scarcely had the emperor crossed the river, when an indistinct sound was heard in the air; soon after the sky became obscured, the wind arose and brought to our ears the sinister mutterings of thunder. This menacing sky, this soil without a shelter, saddened us. Some even who had been before enthusiastic, became alarmed, looking upon the circumstance as a bad omen. They thought that these thunder-riven clouds gathered around our heads, and descended towards the soil to forbid us entering upon it. It is true that this thunder-storm was as gigantic as the enterprise in which we were engaged. For several hours the black and heavy clouds continued to increase, their sombre masses covering the whole army; from the right to the left over a line of fifty leagues the troops were menaced by incessant lightning, and deluged with torrents of rain; the heat of the atmosphere was suddenly replaced by a piercing cold. Ten thousand horses perished in the march, and particularly during the *bivouacs*. This same day a particular misfortune was added to this general disaster. Beyond Kowno, Napoleon, finding the march of Oudinot interrupted by the river Vilia, the bridge over which the Cossacks had destroyed, became irritated, and affecting to despise it, as he did every thing which interrupted his designs, he ordered a squadron of the Poles of his guard to cross the river. These chosen men dashed into it without hesitation; at first they went forward in good order, and even after getting beyond their depth they still continued, their horses swimming, till they reached the middle of the river; there the strength of the current divided them, their horses took fright, and were swept away by the violence of the waters; their riders struggled for a long time, but in vain, their strength failed them, but just before the waters covered over them they suspended their dying efforts, and turning their heads towards Napoleon, they shouted *Vive l'Empereur*. Three in particular were seen, whose lips alone were above the water when they uttered

this cry, and immediately sunk. The army was seized with horror and admiration.

### Battle of the Moskowa.

It was half past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt that had been taken on the 5th of September. There he awaited the first appearance of day, and the first musket shots from Poniatowski's detachment. The sun arose, and the emperor pointing it out to his officers, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz," but it was unfavourable to us. It rose on the side of the Russians, enabling them to see us distinctly, while it dazzled our eyes. It was then discovered that during the darkness our batteries had been stationed out of reach of the enemy. It was necessary to advance them; this we did without receiving any obstruction from the enemy. They seemed unwilling to be the first to break this terrible silence. The attention of the emperor was directed towards the right, when suddenly on the left the battle began; he soon was informed that one of prince Eugene's regiments, the 106th, had carried the village of Borodino, and the bridge, which they should have broken down, but that, hurried away by their success, in despite of the cries of their general, they pushed on to attack the heights of Goreki, from whence the Russians swept them by a fire in front and flank. Further information soon arrived that the general commanding this brigade had been killed, and the 106th would have been entirely destroyed, had not the 92d regiment, of its own accord, rushed forward to their aid, and sheltered and brought back the survivors. It was Napoleon himself who had given orders to his left wing to begin the attack furiously. Probably he thought that he would have been but half obeyed, and that he wished only to draw the attention of the enemy to that side. But he so multiplied his orders, and overstrained his excitements, that the attack which he had planned as an oblique one was directed against the front of the enemy. During this action, the emperor, judging that Poniatowski was already engaged upon the old road to Moscow, had given the signal of attack before him. Suddenly, from that tranquil plain, and those silent hills, were seen shooting up volumes of fire and smoke, followed by a thousand explosions, and the whistling of balls that tore the air in every direction. In the midst of this astounding noise, Davoust, with the divisions Campans, Desaix, and thirty pieces of cannon in front, advanced rapidly upon the first hostile redoubt. The fusillade of the Russians began, to which the French artillery alone replied. The infantry advanced without firing, wishing to arrive close to the enemy before pouring in a volley; but Campans, at the head of this column, and his bravest soldiers, fell wounded; the remainder, disconcerted, halted under this shower of balls in order to reply to it, when Rapp rushed forward to replace Campans; he hurried the soldiers forward, and brought their bayonets to the charge in double quick time against the enemy's redoubt. Already he himself the first had touched it when he was struck by a shot: this was his twenty-second wound. A third general succeeded to him and also fell; Davoust himself was wounded. They bore Rapp to Napoleon, who said to him, "Eh! what Rapp, always! But what are they doing above there?" The *aid de camp* replied, that the guard would be necessary to conclude the affair. "No," said Napoleon; "I shall take good care not to let them go, I do not wish to see them destroyed. I shall gain the battle without that necessity." Ney then with his three divisions reduced to ten thousand men, threw himself into the plain, and hastened to succour Davoust; the enemy divided their fire; Ney pushed

on. The 57th regiment of Campans, seeing itself supported, recovered its ardour, and making another desperate effort, attained the enemy's entrenchments, escalated them, came up with the Russians, whom they drove before them at the point of the bayonet, killing those who still stood their ground. The remainder fled, and the 57th established themselves in the position they had conquered. At the same time Ney attacked the two other redoubts with such impetuosity that he wrested them from the enemy. It was now noon; the left of the Russian line thus forced, and the plain clear, the emperor ordered Murat to lead the cavalry thither and finish the affair. In an instant this prince was seen upon the heights, and in the midst of the enemy who had reappeared there, for the second Russian line and some reinforcements led by Bagawont and sent by Tuchkov, had come to support the first. All were hurrying forward to retake their redoubts. The French, who were still in the disorder of victory, were astounded and retired. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had despatched to aid Poniatowski, were traversing the wood which separated the prince from the rest of the army, when they perceived through the dust and smoke our troops retrograding. From the direction of their march they took them for the enemy, and fired upon them; this mistake, in which they persisted, increased the disorder. The enemy's cavalry followed up vigorously their good fortune; they surrounded Murat, who forgot himself while endeavouring to rally his troops; already they had stretched forth their hands to seize him, when he escaped from them by throwing himself into the redoubt; but there he only found a few frightened soldiers who had given themselves up for lost, and were running round the parapet seeking for an issue by which to make their escape. The presence and exhortations of the king at first reassured some of them. He himself snatched up a weapon, and while using it with one hand, with the other he raised and shook in the air his white plume, by which he brought together his troops, and reinspired them by the influence of his example with their former valour. At the same time, Ney had got his divisions into order. His fire checked the enemy's cuirassiers, threw confusion into their ranks, and they at length gave way; Murat was then relieved, and the heights reconquered.

We must here omit several farther details, too long and too unintelligible for our *non-military* readers, and come to the description given of Napoleon during this terrible day.

Napoleon was seen during this entire day either slowly pacing up and down or seated in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been taken on the fifth, on the borders of a ravine, far from the battle, which he could scarcely perceive since it had moved beyond the heights; he seemed to feel no alarm when it reappeared and approached him, and expressed no impatience either against his own troops or the enemy. He showed only by signs a kind of sad resignation, when from time to time he was informed of the death of his best generals. He rose frequently, walked a few paces, and then sat down again. Those around him looked upon him with astonishment. Hitherto during the shock of battle he was accustomed to evince a calm activity, but on this occasion it was a lethargic calm, a feeble mildness, devoid of activity: some took it for that prostration of spirit, the usual result of violent sensations; others imagined that it arose from his mind having become blunted (*blase*) to every thing, even to the rapture of the fight." The most zealous attributed his immobility to the necessity, which required that the commander in chief of an extensive line

of military operations should not too often change his position, in order that the reports from his generals might easily reach him. Others, in fine, ascribed it to the more probable motives of the debilitated state of his health, and his violent and severe indisposition. The generals of artillery, who were astonished at the inaction in which they had been left, promptly took advantage of the permission they had just received to fight. They were soon seen upon the summits of the hills, whence eighty pieces of cannon were discharged at once. The Russian cavalry first advanced, but were soon broken and forced to take shelter behind their infantry. The infantry then came forward in thick masses, in which our balls made wide and deep fissures; and yet they continued to advance, when the French batteries redoubling their fire mowed them down with grape shot. Whole platoons fell at once, and the soldiers were seen endeavouring to keep together under this terrible fire; every moment blanks were made by death, but still they moved close to each other over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length they halted, not daring to advance farther, and yet not wishing to retire, whether it be that they were struck, and, as if petrified with horror in the midst of this immense destruction, or that at the moment Bagration fell wounded; or that their first disposition failing, their generals were incapable of changing it, not possessing, like Napoleon, the difficult art of manoeuvring rapidly, and without confusion, such numerous bodies of troops. In fine, these inert masses allowed themselves for the space of two hours, to be mowed down without giving any signs of motion, but that occasioned by their fall. The massacre, upon this occasion, was frightful, and the enlightened valour of our artillerymen wondered at the immobile, blind, and resigned courage of their enemies.

It was towards four o'clock that this last victory was gained; there had been several during the day: each division got the better of the enemy opposed to them, without being able to follow up their success, and decide the battle; for, not being supported in time by the reserve, they were obliged to stop short from exhaustion. But, at length, all the principal obstacles were surmounted. The noise of the artillery diminished, and was heard at a greater distance from the emperor's position, whither officers were hastening from all parts of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiania, after a desperate struggle, had also been victorious; the enemy had halted and retrenched themselves in a new position. It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly towards the heights of Semenowska. He found there a field of battle, but incompletely gained, for the cannon balls, and even the bullets of the enemy, still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them: after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained since morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body, but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete: Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her last favours? For the loss was immense and without proportionate result. Every one around the emperor had to deplore the death of a friend, or a relation, for the havoc had been great

among the officers of high rank. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! what triumph for his enemies! what a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany. In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by his flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible. At ten o'clock, Murat, whom twelve hours fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. "The enemy," he said, "were passing hastily and in disorder the Moskowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them." The emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardour, and then dictated the bulletin of the day. He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard had been exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity; they thought that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve untouched a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of that day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. "Health is indispensable to a soldier, its place can be supplied by no other quality;" and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the emperor made us. of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, "Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop."

The remaining extracts relate to the disasters in the neighbourhood of the Berezini.

A remarkable conversation which took place on the night of the 23d of November, will serve to show how critical his position was, and in what manner it affected him. It was late in the night, and Napoleon had retired to bed. Daru and Duroc, who remained in his chamber, were communicating to each other, in a low voice, thinking the emperor asleep, their sinister conjectures: but he was listening to them, and when he heard the expression, "prisoner of state," he exclaimed, "What, you think they would dare!" Daru, after recovering his surprise, answered, "that if forced to surrender they should make up their minds to the worst that could happen; that he had not much confidence in the generosity of an enemy; and that those who had the power, generally invented a morality for themselves, and disdained the previous law." "But France," interrupted the emperor, "what will she say?" "Oh, as for France," continued Daru, "we may indulge in conjectures more or less agreeable, but none of us will be allowed to know what passes there." He then added, "that for his principal officers, as well as for himself, the most fortunate circumstance that could happen would be the escape of the emperor, either through the air or otherwise, since by land it was impossible, for that, by his presence in France, he might more efficaciously serve them, than by remaining amongst them." "I am as you may then," replied Napoleon, smiling. "Yes, Sire." "And you do not wish to be a prisoner of state?" To which Daru replied in the same tone, "I should think myself well off to be so." After this the emperor remained for some time absorbed in silence, and then with a grave air, said, "Have all the reports of my ministers been burnt?" "Sire, hitherto you would not permit their destruction." "Well, go and destroy them,

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for it must be confessed we are in a deplorable position!" he then turned himself to sleep. On approaching Borizoff, we heard a loud shouting, some ran forward, thinking it was the attack which had commenced. It arose from the army of Victor, (Duke of Belluno,) which had come up to await the passage of Napoleon. This *corps d'armée*, entire and in good spirits, when the emperor appeared, received him with their usual acclamations, the sound of which he had almost forgotten. This division was ignorant of the disasters that had befallen us: they had been carefully concealed not only from the soldiers, but their chiefs. So that when, instead of the grand conquering column of Moscow, they perceived behind Napoleon only a flight of spectres covered with tattered uniforms, women's pelisses, pieces of old carpets, and dirty cloaks, scorched and holed by the fire, and whose feet, instead of shoes, were enveloped in rags of every hue, they started back with consternation. With feelings of affright they saw file before them these miserable emaciated soldiers, their faces of an earthy hue, and scarcely distinguishable amidst a hideous grisly beard, without arms, without shame, marching confusedly, their heads dropping on their chests, their eyes fixed upon the earth, and moving along in silence like a convoy of captives. What was still more astonishing was, the immense number of colonels and generals isolated from their regiments and divisions, and only occupied with providing for themselves, or looking after the remainder of their baggage: many of them mingled indiscriminately with the private soldiers, who paid no attention to them, to whom they had no longer any orders to give, and from whom they had nothing to expect, for all the bonds of discipline were broken, all distinction of rank effaced by the common misery. The soldiers of Victor and Oudinot could scarcely credit their senses. Their officers, moved to pity, with tears in their eyes, stopped those whom they recognised in the crowd. They shared with them their provisions and clothes, and then asked them where were their *corps d'armée*. And when those, pointing out a slender platoon of officers and non-commissioned, grouped about a chief, instead of the thousands of men the inquirers expected to see: these last, still incredulous, repeated the same question. The view of such a dire disaster exercised from the very first day a fatal influence upon the 2d and 9th corps. Insubordination, the most contagious of disorders, infected their ranks. And yet the disarmed, and even the dying, though they were fully aware that they had to cross a river and cut their way through a fresh enemy, did not despair of succeeding.

After the passage of the Berezina, Napoleon marched at the head of the slender remnant of his army towards Zerubin, whither prince Eugene had preceeded him. It was remarked that he still commanded his marshals, now soldierless, to occupy certain positions upon the route, as if they had still armies under their orders. One of them made this observation to him with some bitterness, and began a detail of his losses; but Napoleon, determined to listen to no more reports, lest they might degenerate into complaints, interrupted him bluntly by saying, "Why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" And upon the other still continuing, he silenced him by repeating in a reproachful tone, "I ask you, Sir, why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" An expression which shows the demeanour that, in his misfortune, he imposed upon himself and wished to exact from others. At each bivouac during the dreadful march, numbers sunk under their suffering to rise no more. Upon these occasions were mingled together men of various professions, rank, and ages, ministers, generals, &c. Amongst these, one individual was particularly remarkable. He was a nobleman of the *ancien régime*; and every morning this general officer of sixty years of age, was seen seated upon the trunk of a tree covered with snow, occupying

himself with the most imperturbable gaiety, as soon as the day appeared, with the details of his toilet: even during the most violent tempest he never omitted having his head frizzled and powdered with the most minute care, as if he mocked his sufferings and the rage of the elements that assailed him.

The following is the appalling picture exhibited by the remains of the army after Napoleon had left it:

The winter, in its utmost vigor, now overtook us, and by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles. The best conducted no longer respected themselves. All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder, excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration—the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak and despoiled them: they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, and snatched the morsels from each other's mouths like a troop of famished wolves. However, a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer, or comrade, fell alongside them, or under the wheeles of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them by a common country, religion, and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All, except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings; and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity, but in which latter case, it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct, and altogether physical; and, indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief, was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

The following is the closing scene of many of these once invincible warriors:

When unable, from total exhaustion, to proceed, they halted for a moment, Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then that, in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moyed forward a few paces like automats; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation.

this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonising moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of livid blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and where huddled together, like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their bodies till their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls, already half dead with cold, expired in the flames. At Joupranoui, the soldiers set fire to whole houses in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious: these rushed forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and with demoniac laughter precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips this revolting food.

## THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

### THE LASSES. *From Blackwood's Magazine.*

TIME is the great trier of human events. Let any man review his correspondences for ten years back, and he will then see how widely different his own prospects of the future, have been from the lessons taught him by that hoary monitor Time. But, for the present, matters turned out as the fortunate woer had insinuated; for, in a short month after this confabulation had taken place, the auld Tod's helpmate arose early one morning, and began a-bustling about the house in her usual busy way, and always now and then kept giving hints to her bonny lasses to rise and begin to their daily tasks.—“Come, stir ye, stir ye, my bonny bairns. When the sterns o' heaven hae gane to their beds, it is time the flowers o' the yird war rising—Come, come!—No stirring yet?—Busk ye, busk ye, like thrifty bairns, an' dinna let the lads say that ye are sleepy dowdies, that lie in your beds till the sun burns holes in your coverlets. Fie, fie!—There has been a reek i' Jean Lowrie's lum this half-hour. The moor-

cock has crawled, the mawkin cowered, and the waump yammered abune the flower. Streek your young limbs—open your young een—a foot on the cauld floor, an' sleep will soon be aboon the cludds.—Up, up, my winsome bairns!”

The white Lady-seabird was soon afoot, for she slept by herself, but the old dame still kept speaking away to the other two, at one time gibing, at another coaxing them to rise, but still there was no answer. “ Peace be here, Helen, but this is an unco sleep-sleeping!” added she.—“ What has been asteer overnicht? I wish your twa titties haena been out wi' the men?”

“ Ay, I wish they binna out wi' them still; for I heard them steal out yestreen, but I never heard them steal in again.”

The old wife ran to the bed, and in a moment was heard exclaiming,—“ The sorrow be i' my een gin ever I saw the like o' that! I declare the bed's as cauld as a curling-stane.—Ay, the nest's cauld, and the birds are flown. Oh, wae be to the day! wae be to the day! Gudeman, gudeman, get up and raise the parishes, for our bairns are baith stown away!”

“ Stown away!” cried the father—“ What does the woman mean?”

“ Ay, let them gang,” cried the son; “ they're weel away, gin they bide; deil speed the gate to the hallikit hempies!”

“ Tewho! hoo-hoo!” cried the daughter, weeping,—“ That comes o' your laws o' Padanaram! What had ye ado with auld Laban's rules? Ye might hae lettin us gang as we could win aff.—There, I am left to spin tow, wha might hae been married the first, had it no been for your daft laws o' Padanaram.”

The girl cried, the son laughed, the old woman raved and danced through very despair, but the goodman took the matter right calmly, as if determined to wait the issue with resignation, for better or worse.

“ Haud your tongues, ilk ane o' ye,” said he—“ What's a' the fy-gae-to about? I hae that muckle to trust to my lasses, that I can lippen them as weel out o' my sight as in my sight, an' as weel wi' young men as wi' auld women.—Bairns that are brought up in the fear, nurture, and admonition o' their Maker, will aye swee to the right side, and sae will mine. Gin they thought they had a right to chuse for themselves, they war right in exercising that right; an' I'm little feared that their choices be bad anes, or yet that they be

adverse to my opinion. Sae I rede you to haud a' your tongues, an' tak nae mair notice o' ought that has happened, than it hadna been. We're a' in gude hands to guide us; an' though we whiles pu' the reins out o' His hand to tak a gallop our ain gate, yet He winna leave us lang to our ain direction."

With these sagacious words, the auld sly Tod settled the clamour and outcry in his family that morning; and the country has never doubted to this day, that he plowed with his own heifers.

On the evening previous to this colloquy, the family of the Tod's went to rest at an early hour. There had been no wooers admitted that night; and no sooner had the two old people begun to breathe deep, than the eldest and youngest girls, who slept in an apartment by themselves, and had every thing in readiness, eloped from their father's cot, the Eagle with a lightsome heart and willing mind, but the younger with many fears and misgivings. For thus the matter stood:—Wat sighed and pined in love for the maid'en, but he was young and modest, and could not tell his mind; but he was such a youth as a virgin would love,—handsome, respectable, and virtuous; and a match with him was so likely, that no one ever supposed the girl would make objections to it. Jock, on the other hand, was nearly twice her age, talkative, forward, and self-conceited; and, it was thought, rather wanted to win the girl for a brag, than for any great love he bore her. But Jock was rich; and when one has told that, he has told enough. In short, the admired, the young, the modest, and reserved Snawfleck, in order to get quit of her father's laws of Padanaram, agreed to make a run-away marriage with Jock the Jewel. But what was far more extraordinary, her youthful lover agreed to accompany her as bridesman, and, on that account, it may possibly be supposed, her eldest sister never objected to accompany her as maid.

The shepherds had each of them provided himself with a good horse, saddle, and pillion; and, as the custom is, the intended bride was committed to the care of the best-man, and the Eagle was mounted behind her brother-in-law that was to be. It was agreed before mounting, that in case of their being parted in the dark by *a pursuit*, or any other accident, their place of rendezvous was to be at the Golden Harrow, in the Candle-maker-Row, towards which they were to make with all speed.

They had a wild moorland path to traverse for some space, on which there were a multiplicity of tracts, but no definite road. The night was dark and chill, and, on such ground, the bride was obliged to ride constantly with her right hand round Wat's waist, and Wat, from sheer instinct, was obliged to press that hand to his bosom, for fear of its being cold—on all such occasions, he generally magnified the intemperance of the night at least seven-fold. When pressing that fair hand to his bosom, Wat sometimes thought to himself, what a hard matter it was that it should so soon be given away to another; and then he wiped a tear from his eye, and did not speak again for a good while. Now the night, as was said, being very dark, and the bride having made a pleasant remark, Wat spontaneously lifted that dear hand from his bosom, in order to attempt passing it to his lips, but, (as he told me himself) without the smallest hope of being permitted. But behold, the gentle ravishment was never resisted! On the contrary, as Wat replaced the insulted hand in his bosom, he felt the pressure of his hand gently returned.

Wat was confounded, electrified! and felt as the scalp of his head had been contracting to a point. He felt, in one moment, as if there had been a new existence sprung up within him, a new motive for life, and every great and good action; and, without any express aim, he felt a disposition to push onward. His horse soon began to partake of his rider's buoyancy of spirits, (which a horse always does,) so he cocked up his ears, mended his pace, and, in a short time, was far ahead of the heavy, stagnant-blooded beast on which the Jewel bridegroom and his buxom Eagle rode. She had *her* right arm round *his* waist too, of course; but her hand lacked the exhilarating qualities of her lovely sister's; and yet one would have thought that the Eagle's looks were superior to those of most young girls outgone thirty.

"I wish thae young fools wad take time an' ride at leisure; we'll lose them on this black moor a'thegither, an' then it is a question how we may foregather again," said the bridegroom; at the same time making his hazel sapling play yerk on the hind-quarters of his nag.

"Gin the gouk let aught happen to that bit lassie o' mine under cloud o' night, it wad be a' ower wi' me—I could never get aboon that. There are some things, ye ken, Mrs. Eagle, for a' your sneering, that a man can never get aboon."

"No very mony o' them, gin a chield hae ony spirit," returned the Eagle. "Take ye time, an' take a little care o' your ain neck an' mine. Let them gang their gates. Gin Wat binna tired o' her, an' glad to get quat o' her, or they win to the ports o' Edinburgh, I hae tint my computation."

"Na, if he takes care o' her, that's a' my dread," rejoined he, and at the same time kicked viciously with both heels, and applied the sapling with great vigour. But, "the mair haste the waur speed," is a true proverb, for the horse, instead of mending his pace, slackened it, and absolutely grew so frightened for the gutters on the moor, that he would hardly be persuaded to take one of them, even though the sapling was sounding as loud and as thick on his far loin as ever did the whip of a Leith carter. He tried this ford, and the other ford, and smelled and smelled with long-drawn breathings. "Ay, ye may snuff!" cried Jock, losing all patience; "the deil that ye had ever been foaled! Hilloa! Wat Scott, where are ye?"

"Hush, hush, for gudesake," cried the Eagle; "ye'll raise the country, and put a' out thegither."

They listened for Wat's answer, and at length heard a far-away whistle. The Jewel grew like a man half distracted, and, in spite of the Eagle's remonstrances, thrashed on his horse, cursed him, and bellowed out still the more; for he suspected what was the case, that, owing to the turnings and windings of his horse among the haggs, he had lost his aim altogether, and knew not which way he went. Heavens! what a stentorian voice he sent through the moor before him! but he was only answered by the distant whistle, that still went farther and farther away.

When the bride heard these loud cries of desperation so far behind, and in a wrong direction, she was mightily tickled, and laughed so much that she could hardly keep her seat on the horse; at the same time, she continued urging Wat to ride, and he seeing her so much amused and delighted at the embarrassment of her betrothed and sister, humoured her with equal good will, rode off, and soon lost all hearing of the unfortunate bridegroom. They came to the high road at Middleton, cantered on, and reached Edinburgh by break of day, laughing all the way at their unfortunate companions. Instead, however, of putting up at the Golden Harrow, in order to render the bridegroom's embarrassment still more complete, at the bride's suggestion, they went to a different corner of

the city, namely, to the White Horse, Canongate. There the two spent the morning, Wat as much embarrassed as any man could be, but his lovely companion in fidgets of delight at thinking of what Jock and her sister *would do*. Wat could not understand her for his life, and he conceived that she did not understand herself; but perhaps Wat Scott was mistaken. They breakfasted together; but for all their long and fatiguing journey, neither of them seemed disposed to eat. At length Wat ventured to say, "We'll be obliged to gang to the Harrow, an' see what's become o' our friends."

"O no, no! by no means!" cried she fervently; "I would not, for all the world, relieve them from such a delightful scrape. What the two *will do* is beyond my comprehension."

"If ye want just to bamboozle them a'thegither, the best way to do that is for you and me to marry," said Wat, "an' leave them twa to shift for themselves."

"O that wad be so grand!" said she.

Though this was the thing nearest to honest Wat's heart of all things in the world, he only made the proposal by way of joke, and as such he supposed himself answered. Nevertheless, the answer made the hairs of his head creep once more. "My truly, but that wad gar our friend Jock loup twa gates at aince!" rejoined Wat.

"It wad be the grandest trick that ever was played upon man," said she.

"It wad mak an awfu' sound in the country," said Wat.

"It wad gang through the twa shires like a hand-bell," said she.

"I really think it is worth our while to try't," said he.

"O by a' manner o' means!" cried she, clasping her hands together for joy; "for heaven's sake let us do it."

Wat's breath cut short, and his visage began to alter. He was like to pop into the blessing of a wife rather more suddenly than he anticipated, and he began to wish to himself that the girl might be in her perfect senses. "My dear M—," said he, "are you serious? would you really consent to marry me?"

"Would I consent to marry you?" reiterated she. "That is sickan a question to speer!"

"It is a question," says Wat, "an' I think a very natural ane."

"Ay, it is a question, to be sure," said she; "but it is ane

that ye ken ye needna hae put to me to answer, at least till ye had tauld me whether ye wad marry me or no."

"Yes, faith, I will—there's my hand on it," says Wat.  
"Now, what say ye?"

"O, Wat, Wat!" exclaimed she, leaning to his arm; "ask the bee if it will hae the flower, ask the lamb if it will hae the ewe that lambed it, or ask the chicken if it will cower aneath the hen—Ye may doubt ony o' thae, but no that I wad take you, far, far, far, in preference to ony other body."

"I wonder ye war sae long o' thinking about that," said Wat. "Ye ought surely to hae tauld me sooner."

"Sae I wad if ever ye had speered the question," said she.

"What a stupid idiot I was!" exclaimed Wat, and rapped on the floor with his stick for the landlord. "An' it be your will, sir, we want a minister," says Wat.

The minister is soon provided—the young couple are married—and the party agree to dine together.

What has become of Jack the Jewel and his copartner all this while? We left them stabled in a mossy moor, surrounded with haggs and bogs, and mires, every one of which would have taken a horse over the back; at least so Jock's great strong plough-horse supposed, for he grew that he absolutely refused to take one of them. Now, Jock's horse happened to be wrong, for I know the moor very well, and there is not a bog on it all that will hold a horse still. But it was the same thing in effect to Jock and the Eagle—the horse would have gone eastward or westward along and along the sides of these little dark stripes, which he mistook for tremendous quagmires; or if Jock would have suffered him to turn his head homeward, he would, as Jock said, have galloped for joy; but northwards towards Edinburgh the devil a step would he proceed. Jock thrashed him at one time, stroked his mane at another, at one time coaxed, at another cursed him, till ultimately, on the horse trying to force his head homeward in spite of Jock's teeth, the latter, in high wrath, struck him a blow on the far ear with all his might. This had the effect of making the animal take the motion of a horizontal wheel, or millstone. The weight of the riders fell naturally to the outer side of the circle—Jock held by the saddle, and the Eagle held by Jock—till down came the whole concern with a thump on the moss. "I daresay, that beast's gane mad the night," said Jock; and, rising, he made a spring at the bridle, for the horse continued still to reel; but, in the

dark, our hero missed his hold—off went the horse, like an arrow out of a bow, and left our hapless couple in the midst of a black moor.

“What shall we do now?—shall we turn back?” said Jock.

“Turn back!” said the maid; “certainly not, unless you hae ta'en the rue.”

“I wasna thinkin’ o’ that ava,” said he; “but, O, it is an unfortunate-like business—I dinna like their leaving o’ us, nor can I ken what’s their meaning.”

“They war fear’d for being catched, owing to the noise that you war making,” said she.

“And wha wad hae been the loser gin we had been catched? I think the loss then wad hae faun on me,” said Jock.

“We’ll come better speed wanting the beast,” said she; “I wadna wonder that we are in Edinburgh afore them yet.”

Wearied and splashed with mud, the two arrived at the Harrow-inn a little after noon, and instantly made inquiries for the bride and best man. A description of one man answers well enough for another to people quite indifferent. Such a country gentleman as the two described, the landlady said, had called twice in the course of the day, and looked into both rooms, without leaving his name. They were both *sure* it was Wat, and rested content. The gentleman came *not* back, so Jock and the Eagle sat and looked at one another. “They will be looking at the grand things o’ this grand town,” said the maid.

“Ay, maybe,” said Jock, in manifest discontent. “I couldna say what they may be looking at, or what they may be doing. When foicks gang ower the march to be married, they should gang by themselves twa. But some wadna be tauld sae.”

“I canna comprehend where he has ta’en my sister to, or what he’s doing wi’ her a’ this time,” said the Eagle.

“I canna say,” said Jock, his chagrin still increasing, a disposition which his companion took care to cherish, by throwing out hints and insinuations that kept him constantly in the fidgets, and he seemed to be ruing heartily of all his measures. A late hour arrived, and the two having had a sleepless night and toilsome day, ordered some supper, and separate apartments for the night. They had not yet sat down to supper, when the landlord requested permission for two gentlemen, acquaintances of his, to take a glass together in the same room with our two friends, which being readily granted, who should enter but the identical landlord and par-

son who had so opportunely buckled the other couple! They had dined with Wat and his bride, and the whiskey-toddy had elicited the whole secret from the happy bridegroom. The old gentlemen were highly tickled with the oddity of the adventure, and particularly with the whimsical situation of the pair at the Harrow, and away they went at length on a reconnoitring expedition, having previously settled on the measures to be pursued.

The measures to be pursued, were to divert themselves at the expense of the embarrassed couple, and then to inform poor Jock of his misfortune: this they did, and whilst he is vowing revenge, a letter is delivered to the lady from her sister, confessing that she had been compelled "to marry Wat." Jock she supposed had "taken the rue;" he had "used her very bad," and seeing she had "left the country to be married," she could not return in any character but that of a wife.

When the Eagle read this, she assumed symptoms of great distress, and after much beseeching and great attention by the two strangers, she handed the letter to Jock, showing him that she could never go home again after what had happened. He scratched his head often, and acknowledged that "Maggy's was a ticklish case," and then observed that he would see what was to be done about it to-morrow. My landlord called for a huge bowl of punch, which he handed liberally around. The matter was discussed in all its bearings. The minister made it clearly out, that the thing had been fore-ordained, and it was out of their power to counteract it. My landlord gave the preference to the Eagle in every accomplishment. Jock's heart grew mellow, while the maid blushed and wept; and, in short, they went to their beds that night a married couple, to the great joy of the Eagle's heart; for never one doubted that the whole scheme was a contrivance of her own. A bold stroke to get hold of the man with the money. She knew Wat would grip to her sister at a word or hint, and then the Jewel had scarcely an alternative. He took the disappointment and affront so much to heart, that he removed with his Eagle to America, at the Whitsunday following, where their success was beyond anticipation, and where they were both living at an advanced age about twelve years ago, without any surviving family. It is a pity I should have been so long with this story, which forms such a particular era in the Shepherd's Love Calendar.

## CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

*Christian Theology; or a connected View of the Scheme of Christianity*, in which the Facts and Statements of Scripture are examined, and the Doctrines and Inferences deducible from them illustrated and enforced. By the Rev. James Esdaile, Minister of the East Church Parish of Perth. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes. 8vo. 1823. Pp. xii. and 461.

EVERY decade of the last three centuries has produced its own "Christian Theology." "Connected views," and "Schemes," and "Systems," and "Elements," and "Principles," and "Bodies of Divinity," have been so multiplied, that we can scarcely take up a new book, with the old and familiar title, without a degree of reluctance. We peruse, and reperuse, and linger some moments over the title page before we venture into the volume. We venerate and love the sacred edifice of Christianity, and echo back one of its oracular voices: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." But when a new guide presents himself before us, with pretensions to information and talent superior to the many who have preceded him, and promising to point out to us beauties and harmonious proportions previously either unobserved or neglected, we for a time hesitate upon the threshold, and doubt whether we shall commit ourselves to his guidance. For there are not wanting those, whose dull and monotonous manner make the spectator yawn, even when surrounded by all the grand sublimity which overawes, and all the exquisite beauty which enchants the soul. We have not this charge to bring against Mr. Esdaile. His style, with some few exceptions, is chaste; and his method of exhibiting the most prominent and commanding particulars of his subject, is concise without being obscure, and lucid without being jejune and formal. We have read his performance with pleasure, if not with entire satisfaction. He thus simply and modestly avows his design in adding another to the many similar works already extant.

"My object in undertaking this work was, to render Theology accessible to the general reader; and to present it to every inquiring mind, as a liberal

and interesting, as well as a most important subject of investigation. They who are aware of the difficulty of making deep things clear, and intricate things plain, and disagreeable things interesting, will readily excuse occasional failures, if they can excuse the presumption of attempting such an enterprise.

"Though the work was written chiefly for the use of those who desire, or who need information, I am, nevertheless, not without hopes that it may furnish an interesting analysis of the divine economy, in the work of our redemption, even to those who do not need to be convinced of the truth of Christianity." (Preface, p. vii.)

Not attempting an analysis of this clear, and well arranged "Connected view of the scheme of Christianity," we shall rather lay before our readers such materials as may qualify them to form a judgment of its merits. In a work of this description we rather deprecate than desire novelty. If we meet with truth faithfully detailed, appropriately illustrated, and cogently defended, we are content. Our contentment advances into complacent satisfaction, when the detail of christian verities is luminous as well as faithful; when the illustrations rise above the level of trite common-place; and when the defence is maintained by arguments judiciously selected, forcibly stated, and urged in a temper of mind formed upon the hallowed model of that gospel, whose essence is love. Not that we advocate a tame and timid policy in contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints. A champion of that faith should encounter the sturdiest Goliath of the defying host on the vantage ground of revealed truth, and in the full confidence of ultimate victory. Infidels have secretly thanked the apologists and defenders of the christian system for descending to the level arena of sceptical argument, where human reason, without any competent assessor, is umpire of the conflict. We would ever have that ground maintained, which is taken by the author whose work we are about to review.

"Religion is usually divided into Natural and Revealed; but it is easier to make the division than to fix the boundaries of each. The distinction, indeed, does not appear to be at all necessary; for it is obvious that the religion of nature, as it has been called, has no doctrines peculiar to itself, and none that it can challenge, as its own undisputed property. The existence of a God, and of a future state, providence, prayer, and public worship, are supposed to belong to the province of Natural Religion, because they can be established by reason, and because they have found a place where no revelation was known to exist. But all these articles of faith and of practice, lie at the very foundation of Revealed Religion; whose object is to explain them, in all their bearings and tendencies on the characters and hopes of men; whilst, in the course of this process, it brings to light many important facts and doctrines, which had eluded all the scrutinies of human reason.

"Revealed Religion, then, embraces all that is claimed for Natural Religion, and a great deal more; and whilst we are at no loss to point out doctrines peculiar to Revelation, we cannot point out a single doctrine, which we can pronounce to be peculiar to Natural Religion." (Pp. 7, 8.)

Still, however, truth, requires no asperity for its defence. Urbanity and persuasiveness are compatible with firmness and intrepidity, in maintaining a cause, on the issue of which man's everlasting weal or wo is suspended. On the defective powers of human reason, Mr. Esdaile observes:

"Although, then, I do not deny that the natural reason of man affords some light, yet it is evidently insufficient either for direction or consolation. It presents objects through an obscure medium, which so completely distorts and alters their real proportions, that, in many instances, it is little better than absolute darkness. Besides, whatever we may advance or admit as to the capacity of human reason for religious discoveries, rests entirely on theory and assumption: for in no one instance can we affirm that it has made a single discovery of this nature. All the religious systems in the heathen world, were evidently traditional; they are all connected with each other by some striking features of superstition, which are inventions and not discoveries, the figments of human fancy and not the offspring of reason; and whenever the heathens make any approach towards a rational creed, it will probably be nearer the truth to ascribe their knowledge to some borrowed light, derived from tradition or revelation, than to regard it as the result of their own investigations." (Pp. 11, 12.)

"The only inventions of human reason in matters of religion have been, to obscure what was plain, to mystify what was simple, and to degrade what was sublime, by unavailing attempts at explanation and refinement.

"It is not an easy matter, then, to define the limits of reason in religion. What it can do we can only conjecture, having no certainty that there is one article of the religious creeds which have been current among men that can be set down as the result of an unassisted reason. Were I inclined to preserve the distinction between Natural and Revealed Religion, I would not limit the former by attempting to draw a strict line of demarcation between it and the doctrines of Revelation: but I would consider, as within its province, all those doctrines which, whether they have been the result of reason or not, are, at least, cognizable by it, and capable of being established by its deductions, though they may not have been discovered by its researches. This is extending the boundaries of Natural Religion, without encroaching on Revelation: it is only giving reason the advantage of all the light which Revelation has imparted, and considering as within its legitimate province, those mature results which correspond with its dictates, though they may have originated in Revelation. Of this kind are the doctrines respecting God, providence, a future state, &c. which have been set in the clearest light by Revelation; yet our improved knowledge on these subjects is so perfectly conformable to the dictates of natural reason, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves but that reason, by its own efforts, might have reached them.

"The doctrines peculiar to revelation are of a different description, and easily distinguishable from those mentioned above. The trinity, incarnation, atonement by Christ, resurrection of the body, &c. are doctrines not discoverable by reason. But we are not, on this account, to suppose, that they are not proper subjects of reasoning. They may be established by

argument, by ascertaining the genuineness and authenticity of the records in which they are contained, and the value of the testimony on which they rest: and by considering, at the same time, the reflex light which they cast on the government of God, and on the character and condition of men. We are farther to consider, that, though the doctrines peculiar to Revelation could not be discovered by human reason, nor, even after they are known, can they be comprehended by the human faculties, yet in no instance do they contradict the dictates of enlightened reason: they are above it, but not contrary to it. It would be absolutely impossible to believe a revelation which contradicts any ascertained principle of pure reason. This may be considered as an axiom in theology: for a revelation must come from the same Being who has formed the mind of man, and the constitution of nature; and we cannot conceive that the word of God can ever contradict his works, or that he should command us to believe any doctrine which the reason he has given us compels us to reject. But, in admitting this axiom, we must be extremely careful to free reason from the influence of the passions, and from the power of those prejudices which tend to bias its decisions; otherwise we will measure doctrines and facts, not by the standard of reason, but by the strength of our inclinations and feelings. Revelation has certainly nothing to fear from the strictest scrutiny, provided it be fairly conducted; but it has no chance before a prejudiced judge, against perjured witnesses, and a corrupted jury." (Pp. 14—16.)

Our quotations on this introductory topic are already sufficiently long; but we cannot withhold our author's concluding remark on the distinction made between natural and revealed religion.

"There are, no doubt, some grounds for the distinction, if not in reality, at least in our conceptions, and in our manner of viewing the subject. But I know not where the line is to be drawn: I am inclined to think, that if it is not an imaginary, it is at least a moveable boundary, which will gradually disappear as we advance in knowledge; and when, at last, 'we shall know even as we are known,' the most mysterious parts of the Christian revelation will be found to be as essentially connected with the nature and government of God, as his providence, or any of his most obvious attributes. It is no mark of wisdom to affect to despise the resources of human reason, and still less to slight the light of revelation, which alone can conduct our reason to just and profitable conclusions. Reason is the compass by which we steer our course, revelation is the polar star by which we correct its variations." (Pp. 18, 19.)

We were sorry to meet with any thing like vacillation respecting the origin and design of that vast scheme of propitiatory sacrifice, which, on the testimony of all history, sacred and profane, pervaded nearly the whole world, antecedently to the advent of Christ, and which, lamentable as were its abuses among the heathen, actually converted the earth into one stupendous altar, whereon beneath the temple of the surrounding heavens, mankind as with one voice and act avowed their sense of guilt, and their tenacious remembrance of

the divine appointment of atonement for sin by guiltless blood. We do not say, that Mr. Esdaile has really conceded this point to those, who seem resolved never to yield to the accumulated evidence both divine and human which we possess, that "without shedding of blood, there is no remission;" but we conceive, that he would have done better for the cause of truth and for the instruction of his readers, had he withheld every thing in the shape of a hypothetical proposition on the subject. What tyro upon our classical forms would not expect a stroke of the serula, or of another more formidable instrument, where he to construe, upon Socinian principles, the "*Ερδαίς μή τελεστοί καὶ απεισόις οἰλανταί*" of Homer, and the "Prudens placavi sanguine Divos" of Horace? And since a propitiatory efficacy was generally and universally ascribed by the heathen to their sacrificial institutions, then, if the axiom stands, that the cause must be adequate to the effect, the notion of a propitiatory atonement must have originated in a direct revelation from heaven. The stream was polluted in its onward course, but its fountain-head was divine.

The Holy Scriptures present a marked difference in themselves from all other professed depositories of religious doctrines. We have before us a mine, in which incalculable and inexhaustible wealth is deposited, but not so arranged as to spare the miner his toil and scrutiny. The sacred writers, although their premises are undeniable, and their conclusions legitimate, seldom appear in the character of argumentative and methodical reasoners. There is system, and there is harmony, in the word of God: but that system is not regularly defined, and that harmony is the harmony of nature, not of art.

"This (observes Mr. Esdaile) is exactly what might have been expected from teachers acting under a divine commission, and armed with undeniable facts to enforce their admonitions.

"But though there is no regular treatise in the scriptures on any one branch of religious doctrine, yet all the materials of a regular system are there. The word of God contains the doctrines of religion in the same way as the system of nature contains the elements of physical science. In both cases the doctrines are deduced from facts, which are not presented to us in any regular order, and which must be separated and classified before we can arrive at first principles, or attain to the certainty of knowledge; and in both cases, a consistent system can only be made out by induction and investigation. The very circumstance of no detailed system being given, renders it necessary to form one: for although a portion of religious and physical knowledge, sufficient for the common purposes of life, may be obtained by traditional information, and men may work conveniently enough by rules

without possessing much general knowledge: yet they who would teach with profit must generalize; and they who would explain the ways of God must arrange the materials which are so amply furnished, but which are presented apparently without order or plan.

"I would, therefore, consider all objections to systems of divinity to be about as unreasonable as it would be to object to the philosophy of Newton, for having elucidated the laws of nature and arranged the phenomena of the heavens." (Pp. 20—22.)

Now we are no enemies to "systems of divinity," as they are called, provided that their constructors retain and manifest the modesty and humility which become fallible men in all their endeavours to arrange and systematize what God has left, at least in appearance, undefined. Some things are even now passing under our own eyes and in our own church, which emphatically warn us of the peril of placing divine revelation on the Procrustes' bed of human wisdom. We cannot say that the view of "Christian Theology" before us is wholly free from some of the objections, which, however unreasonable the author may deem them, are often with too fair a show of justice brought against such systems. The humble, but independent inquirer after truth may derive from them important assistance, yet, after all his attempts at generalization and arrangement, he will sit down with the sentiment of the Patriarch on his mind: "Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him."

Mr. Esdaile's classification and statement of the evidences demonstrative of the claims of Christianity, as containing things worthy of all acceptance, do credit to his abilities as a writer. If we find little originality, we meet with qualities of higher intrinsic worth, though of less external brilliancy. Of this, his application of Leslie's fourfold argument to prove the divine legation of Moses, and concerning which argument Dr. Middleton declared that he had been trying twenty years to find a flaw in it, but without success, affords a fair specimen. He evinces, indeed, throughout his volume a manly vigour of argument, highly becoming a reasoner who enjoys plenary assurance that he occupies ground not to be shaken; and who wisely deems it unnecessary, for the support of truth, that he should descend to break a lance with every petty assailant.

"The difficulties, then, which attend our conceptions of God, are of evident advantage; as they tend to increase our veneration of the divine majesty; for it is not the intricacy, but the immensity of the subject which overwhelms us; we are not perplexed by obscurity, but, 'dazzled by excess.'

of light;’ and however far we proceed, we still see something vast and infinite before us. I do not reckon it necessary to enter into any formal refutation of the disgusting absurdities of atheism, which are almost universally rejected by the common sense, and the common feelings of mankind; insomuch, that I believe it would be easier to convince the world that Homer’s *Iliad* arose out of a fortuitous concourse of the letters of the alphabet, than that intelligence and design have been excluded from the formation of the universe. For here, the materials required not merely to be arranged, but to be created, and there neither was matter, nor motion, nor life, ‘till the fiat of the Almighty gave them existence.’” (Pp. 55, 56.)

We have ever been accustomed to assign to the fall of man the full amount of penal consequences attributed to it in the word of God, and cognizable in the actual state of things; and contemplating these in connexion with the innumerable and self-evident proofs of divine care, benevolence, and love, abounding upon and beneath the surface of a world, which, in righteous judgment, “the Lord hath cursed,” we discover more conspicuous evidences of goodness and mercy, in the combination of alleviating comfort with penal woe in this province of the moral government of God, than we can conceive to be displayed in the whole remainder of conscious or intelligent existence. Admirable is the goodness, which at once imparts to the flitting insect the exulting gladness of its ephemeral being, and pours into the capacious spirit of “the rapt seraph that adores and burns,” the full tide of celestial bliss: but it is only in the scheme of redemption that God says to every child of man, “I will make ALL my goodness to pass before thee.”

The general manner in which the author has executed this part of his undertaking, is highly recommendatory of the volume at a season, when, to use the nervous language of a living writer, “it is evident that there exists such an active hostility against our common faith, as may well excite the counteraction of every man, who feels anxious as to the state of society into which his children are to grow up. From the pestiferous blasphemy of vulgar infidelity, up to the schools of science, and the library of female elegance, the mischief is at work. It adapts itself to all ranks. It has broad and rash assertions for the uneducated, theories of materialism for the scientific, flights of poetical sentiment for the fair, which, like Satan in Paradise,

Squat, like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.

It supplies pungent paragraphs to the weekly ebullitions of anarchy,—it vapours in monthly criticisms,—and flashes

amidst the quarterly coruscations of the Northern Lights. It affects antiquarian consequence, or grubs in the rubbish of chronology; or burrows among the rocks and fossils of the geologist; or stabs the immortality of the soul with the dissecting knife; or degrades the office of a poet, once consecrated to delight and to improve mankind, into the function of a fallen spirit, privileged by the pride of rank and talents, to burn, sink, and destroy all the hopes of the humble—all the affiance of the contrite,—all that can support integrity in life, or smooth our passage to the final hour."

In his fourth chapter, on the doctrine of the Trinity, having expressed his doubts whether any traces of this sublime mystery are really visible in the mythological systems of ancient or modern heathens, Mr. Esdaile gives the history of the doctrine of the Christian Trinity, and states the arguments from scripture, by which it is supported. He introduces this history by remarking, that

"There is one thing connected with this subject which cannot but strike every person as remarkable; the Trinity is no where announced, in the New Testament, as a new doctrine; neither is it any where formally taught: it is taken for granted, or stated as a matter of course, and referred to rather as a thing that was well known, than as a doctrine which had been unheard of before." (P. 91.)

By an induction of particulars from the Old Testament scriptures, and from the works of ancient, but uninspired Jewish writers, especially Enoch, he justly concludes, that the Jewish people in the time of Christ, regarded the doctrine as no novelty.

"They would not have been offended at the doctrine, that 'The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,' had not Jesus of Nazareth, of whom this was predicated, appeared in a character and in circumstances so very different from what they expected. This is apparent from the gospel history. When our Lord was accused before the Jewish council, the high priest said to him, 'I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God.' From this it is evident that they expected the manifestation of 'The Christ, the Son of God.' Our Lord answered the question indirectly by saying, 'Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right-hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' This is an evident allusion to Dan. vii. 13, 14, where it is said, 'And behold one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom,' &c. On hearing our Lord apply these words to himself, the high-priest rent his clothes, saying, 'he hath spoken blasphemy, what farther need have we of witnesses?' This incident proves two things; first, that the Jews considered the passage in Daniel, which our Lord applied to himself, as applicable to the Messiah; and secondly, that, though he is

there called 'the Son of man,' they nevertheless admitted that he was to be, in reality, 'the Son of God;' and to have a kingdom which should never be destroyed. This was the character which they recognized as belonging to the Messiah; and our Lord was judged guilty of blasphemy because he asserted that the words of the prophet were fulfilled in him." (Pp. 94—96.)

Is there not a discrepancy between the sentiment given at the commencement of the volume and that which is expressed in the fifth chapter? We quote the discordant passages:

"I do not, however, affirm, that the mind, enlightened by general knowledge, would not arrive, even without the aid of revelation or tradition, at some idea of a first cause, or presiding principle. It seems next to impossible for a mind which has formed a notion of power and causation, (and these, surely, are among the first and strongest impressions which the mind receives, and are perfectly plain to all but those who attempt to account for them,) not to conceive of a power superior to that of man, as necessary for the production and arrangement of the visible phenomena of nature. The mind, indeed, is marvellously backward to form right conceptions on this subject; for though the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, yet men, '*men changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.*' But the question is not, whether men could acquire right conceptions of God, but whether they could acquire, by unaided reason, any conception of him at all; and I cannot but think that a mind, though ever so little improved in general knowledge, must entertain some idea of a first cause, on contemplating the visible universe." (Pp. 9, 10.)

"We see nothing now at all analogous to creation. We see plants and animals endowed with a power of reproduction, which they derived from the Creator when he called them into existence, and which they continue to possess only in conformity to his will. But of creation, properly so called, we see no instance, whether we consider it as implying a production or organic substances out of nothing, or the formation of animated beings out of pre-existent materials. I do not see, then, how men could have formed any idea of creation: it is a matter of testimony; it is the result of faith, and not of reasoning; and hence it is that the apostle says, 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear.'" (P. 108.)

In another page the author, after avowing his scepticism as to the heathen philosophers entertaining any notions of the Deity, bordering upon a Trinity in union, nevertheless affirms that

"all the heathen cosmogonies, or accounts of creation, were written in imitation of the Jewish records."

This latter position we readily admit. Even a superficial acquaintance with classic lore evinces that some of the fairest flowers of heathen poesy were culled from a hill more hallowed than Parnassus or Helicon, and that the historic muse

caught all the rays of truth that fell upon her eye in early times, from the beaming countenance of the Hebrew sage. It is equally evident to us, that the Tritheistic figments of Plato and Pythagoras and the Hindoo Shasters, were the offspring of that propensity to pervert, rather than obey truth, which seems to enter into the very essence of fallen humanity: and if the historian and the poet visited the hill of Sion and the waters of Siloa, it is more than probable that the moral philosopher resorted to the same sacred regions.

On the moral degeneracy of mankind, and the transmission of a corrupt nature from the primogenitors of our race, we meet with much conclusive and some questionable reasoning. Of the latter description we reckon his apologetical claim upon divine mercy.

"Indeed, I think the credit of human nature is more consulted by the doctrine of inherent, transmitted corruption, than by that which maintains that we come into the world pure and untainted. It seems less dishonourable to us that our sins and imperfections, or, at least, the seeds of them, should descend to us by natural inheritance, than that they should be entirely of our own acquiring. We seem to be fitter objects of the divine compassion from our being, in some degree, 'made subject to vanity not willingly,' and we may with more confidence, implore the divine protection, since we are the heirs of mortality and corruption. Our sinful condition by nature seems almost to give us a right to expect the Divine interference in our behalf. Sure I am, that the man who sees the full extent of his misery, and is convinced of the utter alienation of the natural heart from God, will not view the plan of deliverance through Christ with incredulous wonder. He will perceive that it is not more than the exigencies of the case required, or than might be expected from the overflowing mercy of God; though altogether unmerited on the part of man, whose claims can be founded only on his own helplessness, and whose plea can be addressed only to the free mercy and grace of God." (Pp. 134, 135.)

Nor can we very well understand in what aspect the dispensation of the gospel can be contemplated, so that

"It will no longer appear wonderful that God should interfere for the deliverance of creatures capable of such high attainments, but obviously sunk in ignorance and sin." (P. 136.)

Truth gains no proselytes worth acquiring by mitigating the splendour of its intrinsic glory to suit the vitiated sight of scepticism and infidelity. Mysteries, which attract the admiring gaze of angelic minds, may, without impairing their credibility, excite the adoring astonishment of beings, whose every faculty is enfeebled by the fall. The question must ever be reverting to a mind truly impressed and enlightened

by sound doctrine, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

To many of our readers Mr. Esdaile will appear to reason very inconclusively, when he argues against the doctrine of Adam's guilt being imputed to all of his descendants; for they will continue to read that doctrine in the inspired declaration, that "death passed upon all men, for that, or *in whom*, all have sinned,"—a declaration, as they conceive, attested by every infant's grave. They will give him credit for a more satisfactory train of reasoning, on the divine nature of Christ; and will with pleasure follow him through the conclusion of his sixth chapter, especially in his remark that,

"Instead, then, of having any doubt whether we ought to yield religious homage to the 'Son of man,' we ought to conclude that there is no other way of worshipping God with acceptance but through him. There is a vast emphasis of meaning in our Lord's words, when he says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' These words not only imply that Christ is the way by which men come to the enjoyment of God in his heavenly kingdom, but that there is no other way in which we can form any accurate conception of him, or yield to him a rational service. 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.' This is the nearest approach to an open vision of the Almighty that ever has been, or can be made by mankind in the present world. We cannot behold him in his glory, for no man can see his face and live. But we see his glory shining with a mild radiance, and a qualified lustre, in the person of his Son, not so intense as to prevent us from approaching him, or deter us from imitating him; but drawing us to God by the most powerful attractions, and teaching us to aspire to the imitation and the enjoyment of the Father of our spirits. We are thus brought near to God by the incarnation of his Son, who assumed our nature that we might rise to the resemblance of his; and that, by imitating his example, and imbibing his spirit, we might at last vindicate our claim to the glorious title of Sons of God." (Pp. 183, 184.)

Gratified as we have been by the general tenor of his remarks on the evidence deducible from prophecy, on one or two points, we should be disposed to join issue with him, and to dispute the ground he takes. He seems most unwarrantably to consider the accordance of secondary trains of events with the language of prophecy and its immediate fulfilment, as the result rather of some fortuitous coincidence, than as constituting part of an harmonious scheme, in which one prophetic oracle may apply to two or more future events, as in the economy of providence one cause originates several consecutive and correspondent effects. We must read both the historical and prophetical books of the Scriptures through a new medium, before we can fully accede to the soundness of some

of our author's conclusions in his seventh chapter: conclusions which he himself overturns in the subsequent chapter, when he admits that he is inclined to join those, who contend that our Lord's prediction concerning the destruction of Jerusalem applies also to the second coming of Christ and to the end of the world.

Our limits will not permit us to follow our author through his adduction of *internal* evidence to the support of a system of truths and morals, whose evident tendency to advance the happiness of man closely harmonises with the manifest scheme acted upon by HIM, whose name is LOVE; nor can we go into the merits of his conclusive arguments, to prove, that "the limited notices of the atonement, which occur in our Lord's discourses, not only agree with the circumstances in which he was placed, but give us an interesting view of the fidelity of his biographers." The writer ably vindicates the goodness of the moral governor of the universe, in prescribing a perfect law to his creatures, in requiring unreserved obedience, and in confirming it by penal sanctions, because to have done less would have been an act of cruelty to man, since it must have had a necessary tendency to make him miserable.

In his twelfth chapter, where he treats "of the means by which the benefits procured by Christ are communicated to men," we conceive that Mr. Esdaile overshoots his mark, when he presumes that his

"statement of particulars will explain all the peculiarities of the apostle Paul's doctrine respecting the pre-eminence and sole efficacy of faith in Christ."

Nor can we assent to the construction he puts upon the decretal epistle of the first Christian council, held at Jerusalem, sent to the Gentile churches,

"that they might conform, if they chose, to the Jewish law, but they were not to be forced to do so."

The grand point at issue was, the necessity of circumcision, which some Jewish teachers had urged upon them. The Apostolic Council, while they evinced the most amiable candour and forbearance towards the prejudices of their Jewish brethren, *unanimously* denounced the principle of such a requisition to be subversive of the souls of the Gentile converts, and gave a public and unequivocal epitome of their own creed, when, after confessing, that the Jewish ceremon-

nial was a burden which neither they nor their fathers had been able to bear, they declared—" We believe, that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved even as they."

The thirteenth chapter is devoted to the doctrine of the Influence of the Holy Spirit in the production of faith and its rich variety of spiritual and moral fruits.

" This doctrine of spiritual influence may, indeed, be called a mystery; yet it is the least mysterious of all mysteries; it lies at the very foundation of all religious worship, and without it we can have no accurate conceptions of the nature and government of God. We worship him as a spirit: it is only a spiritual service that we can offer to him; it is only a spiritual intercourse that we can hold with him: it is only a spiritual interference, on his part, that we can expect. It is as an invisible spirit that we address him in our prayers; in the full assurance that the aspirations of our hearts are perfectly known to him whose spirit pervades the universe; and it is by the invisible agency of his spirit, overruling all events within the compass of creation, that we expect our prayers to be answered. Spiritual agency, then, is implied in every prayer; and spiritual intercourse, in every act of worship, and they who deny them must, in order to be consistent, hold prayer to be an unmearing form and every species of religious homage an idle ceremony." (Pp. 379, 380.)

On the long and too eagerly litigated subject, Predestination, Mr. Esdaile has expressed his sentiments in a manner becoming a student of that holy volume, which is the sole unerring standard of all doctrinal and moral verity. He has evidently listened to and pondered the divine oracles on this mysterious theme, with a mind prostrate before the teachings of a wisdom, whose length and breadth, whose height and depth, even angelic intelligences cannot measure. We rejoice to see our divines sitting in the same school as the holy Leighton, and collecting their stores of sacred lore, not at the feet of metaphysical science and abstract reasoning, but, where saints and angels love to sit in lofty admiration and docile simplicity, at the footstool of him, whose revelations impart the twilight of knowledge to his church on earth, and its noon-tide brightness to his elect and redeemed in heaven. " At verò in Cœli scrinia, atque adyta velle irrumpere, et arcana illa imperii divini, ad ingenioli nostri modulum, ac methodos exigere, O quantæ est pervicaciæ, imò insaniae! Evidem admirabundum me hærere fateor, quoties viros doctos et theologos de ordine decretorum Dei temeré garrientes audio, vel lego.—De Deo et arcanis ejus cauti ac tremuli cogitate ac loquimini, disputate autem parcissimè. Et quicunque perdere te nolles, cave cum ipso disputes. Si quid

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peccas, te incusa; si quid boni feceris, aut a malo resipueris, εὐχαριστεῖς Deo canas. Hæc sunt quæ vos moneo, in quibus et ipse acquiesco, et quo multum jactatus velut in portum me recepi.”\*

We seldom have occasion to complain of this writer's phraseology. Now and then, however, we observe a careless flippancy of expression scarcely pardonable. We quote only one instance, occurring at the commencement of the fourteenth chapter.

“——the honours of the soul are immortal; and he who is *fortunate* enough to acquire them would not exchange them for the empire of the world.”

The terms “*fortunate*,” and “*unfortunate*,” particularly when they are found in a work of this description, are offensive to a serious and devout mind, accustomed, as is such a mind, to trace up the cause of Christian excellence to a higher source than what is sometimes called a *fortunate* combination of circumstances, and to seek the origin of human delinquency and abuse of mercy at a depth much lower than *misfortune*.

We pass over the chapter on the resurrection, the judgment, and the future state of rewards and punishments. The concluding chapter is occupied with a review of the whole, some very candid and liberal statements respecting modes of divine worship, and a few hints on the most profitable method of studying theology. On the practical duties resulting from the reception of the gospel, we meet with but few remarks. We are given to understand that Mr. Esdaile has another work in contemplation, on Christian Ethics; and if he brings to his subject a mind thoroughly imbued with that high moral sense, which is generated in the soul by the Spirit of truth, and which is fostered by the sacred recollections of Bethlehem, Gethsemaue, and Calvary, we shall welcome the fresh production of his pen, and gladly assign him a place among those Christian moralists, who have happily learned and taught obedience to the law upon the principles of the Gospel.

\* Leighton.

## A SEA-PIECE:—IN THREE SONNETS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## No. I.

AT night-fall, walking on the cliff-crown'd shore,  
 When sea and sky were in each other lost,  
 Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar,  
 Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast;  
 I mark'd one well-moor'd vessel tempest-tost;  
 Sails reef'd, helm lash'd, a dreadful siege she bore,  
 Her deck by billow after billow cross'd,  
 While every moment she might be no more:  
 Yet, firmly anchor'd on the nether sand,  
 Like a chain'd lion ramping at his foes,  
 Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,  
 'Till broke her cable;—then she fled to land,  
 With all the waves in chace, throes following throes;  
 She 'scaped,—she struck,—she stood upon the strand.

## No. II.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by;  
 Three days had pass'd,—I saw the peaceful main,  
 —One molten mirror, one illumined plane,  
 Clear as the blue, sublime, o'er-arching sky.  
 On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye;  
 Her bow was sea-ward, all equipt her train,  
 Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,  
 Like a maim'd eagle impotent to fly,  
 There fix'd as if for ever to abide:  
 Far down the beach had roll'd the low neap-tide,  
 Whose mingling murmur faintly lull'd the ear.  
 “Is this,” methought, “is this the doom of pride,  
 Check'd in the onset of thy proud career,  
 Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here?”

## No. III.

Spring-tides return'd, and fortune smiled; the bay  
 Received the rushing ocean to its breast;  
 While waves on waves, innumerably prest,  
 Seem'd, with the prancing of their proud array,  
 Sea-horses, flash'd with foam, and snorting spray:  
 Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest;  
 Slowly, with new expanding life possest,  
 To her own element she glid away;  
 There, buoyant, bounding like the polar whale,  
 That takes his pastime; every joyful sail  
 Was to the freedom of the wind unfurl'd,  
 While right and left the parted surges curl'd.  
 —Go, gallant bark; with such a tide and gale,  
 I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Will you publish these THREE little pieces in your next number, Mr. Oldschool? Do! they'll only take about a page, that *perhaps* might not be as well fill'd—and then you know what it is to gratify a poet—and as the old proverb says, "Do as you would, &c." a golden rule for Editors.

## CANZONET.

An Lady! would you sing of peace,  
Touch not the wak'ning theme,  
Of sever'd friendships, joys that cease,  
On widow'd heart to beam:  
There's not a pulse my heart that thrills,  
That would not wake to wo—  
No dear fond thought my breast that fills,  
Would cause not tears to flow.

But would'st thou sing sweet peace to me  
The peace her friendship gave,  
Then sing of Heaven's bright destiny,  
Or peace of silent grave!  
Since here alone grief's sad alloy,  
To all of life is given,  
And all my hopes of future joy,  
Must centre now in Heaven!

*Sydney.*

## CANZONET.]

Dulcē domum, blest retreat,  
When shall I thy portals greet,  
When this wearied heart find rest,  
In thy tranquil pleasures blest.

Here in fever'd vortex hurl'd,  
In a heartless, joyless world,  
Where the fairest luring smile,  
Beams, the victim heart to guile.

Like the bird from ark that flew,  
To its blest asylum true,  
I would wing my way to thee,  
Ark of safety thou, to me.

*Sydney.*

MELODY.

As he who ventures on the treacherous wave,  
His little bark the rising storm to stem,  
May find in gent'lest waves, his bark that lave,  
Dark swelling ruin all his hopes o'erwhelm.

Thus they who all their hopes in love embark,  
In faith confiding, adverse fortunes brave,  
When prosp'r'ous gales appear to woo their bark,  
May find the treach'ry of the ocean wave.

Sydney.

SLANDER.

I saw a dewy gem at morn,  
In sparkling lustre play,  
A zephyr, as in jealous scorn,  
Rude dash'd it from the spray.

And thus, I cried, the gem most bright  
On Virtue's diadem,  
A rude and envious breath may blight,  
Like that bright dewy gem.

Sydney.

FEELING.

The heart that pure affection fills,  
With warm confiding glow,  
With soul that gentle feeling thrills,  
But court the pangs of woe!

Since slight's the chance it ever meets,  
A heart true feeling knows;  
But ah, how oft its semblance cheats  
That heart of its repose.

Sydney.

**BARTER.**

To \* \* \* \* \*

My heart that till it met with you,  
 At home would quiet rest,  
 Has, taking peace and quiet too,  
 Absconded from my breast.

The simple teasing heart I claim,  
 'Mong'st hundreds may be known;  
 You'll find deep graven there a name,  
 And form—much like your own.

Without a heart, 'tis dull to live,  
 So either give me thine,  
 Or else—unless 'tis like a sieve,—  
 Return me, maiden, mine.

*Sydney.***MELODY.**

Say not the heart can ever change,  
 In thy affections blest:  
 As soon the parent bird might range,  
 From offsprings of its nest.

Or he who joys in verdant mead,  
 Bright streams, and fragrant grove,  
 From scenes elysian would recede,  
 O'er desert wastes to rove.

Ah no, this heart bound in the chain,  
 Of this dear hallow'd love—  
 May break, sweet maid, in thy disdain,  
 But ne'er—ah ne'er can rove.

*Sydney.*

## TO A LADY.

And so you'd have me write a lay,  
And think no doubt I'll praise;  
Well, come, let's see, this gloomy day,  
In what your merit lays.

But poet's strain should still comport  
With subject of his lays;  
As, 'tis plain, you're very short,  
There's little, girl, to praise.

To form just thought of beauty, grace,  
We objects should compare:  
If you by dark brunette, we place,  
In sooth your wond'rous fair.

By you each thought is understood,  
Unless its depth perplex you:  
Your temper's always very good,—  
Provided nothing vex you.

Compar'd to faces, forms, I've seen,  
Your's seem to me quite pretty;  
And, if a dull head come between,  
I think you even witty.

And though your tongue you give full scope  
In coloquy vivacious,  
If six their chattering boxes ope,  
You are not so loquacious.

In friendship, though a woman you,  
I think you are secure:—  
I'm sure at least you will prove true,  
As long as it endure.

If you take airs, as others do,  
I wish you not detected;  
Yet were I forc'd to utter true—  
I've seen you much affected.

That you have feeling's not denied,  
That truth can I reveal:  
For, when I pinch'd your arm, you cried,  
Which proves that you can feel.

That you with others sympathise,  
Let those who doubt it try;  
For every gape, your gape replies,  
With mouth and cheek awry.

Although your neck you bend like bow,  
 As if each grace you'd spite;  
 In faith, this praise I must bestow:—  
 In mind you are upright.

Now when you hear, as oft 'tis said,  
 That poets *always* puff,  
 Deny it plump—be not afraid,  
 These lines are proof enough.

The praise I might have said or sung,  
 (And faith there's some, though dark:)—  
 Try what from Truth I might have wrung,  
 Perhaps you'll hit the mark.

*Sydney.*

### STANZAS

*On the decay of a Floral present.*

Your beauteous flowers have all decay'd,  
 Though cherish'd with the fondest care:  
 Thus all that's bright of earth must fade,  
 Serena, like thy flowrets fair.

Yet there's a flower shall ever last,  
 In bright'ning amaranthine bloom,  
 Still gaining vigour from the blast  
 That others sink to wakeless tomb.

Though bruis'd and trodden to the ground,  
 It only breathes more rich perfume:—  
 When all is desolate around,  
 Its leaves expand in brighter bloom.

With Eden's pair it first abode,  
 Ere they were doom'd from it to part;  
 'Twas planted by the hand of God!  
 And blooms, Serena, in thy heart.

*Sydney.*

### MELODY.

Coxz weave for me the poet's wreath,  
 But twine not myrtle there;  
 Nor let the rose its fragrance breathe:  
 Nor aught that's bright and fair.

For happy bards bright wreaths entwine,  
With love and joy elate;  
But let the emblem wreath be mine  
That speaks of wayward fate.

Let cypress shade my brow of care,  
Thy tears the chaplet lave,  
Then wait the shafts of brief despair,  
And place it on my grave.

*Sydney.*

### STANZAS,

#### *Written at Midnight.*

The bell now tolls the midnight hour,  
Come then sweet balmy rest,  
And wrap me, care-dispelling power,  
In visions fair and blest.

Bid those blest moments rise to view;  
When all was pure delight;  
When life was of the rainbow hue,  
As transient, but as bright.

Thus many a bud of pure delight,  
In rapture will expand:  
Dear joys, that felt the with'ring blight,—  
By disappointment wan'd.

Or let thy vision'd spells give birth,  
To thoughts celestial given;  
And bear my sick'ning soul from earth,  
To range the fields of Heaven.

*Sydney.*

### SONNETS.

#### *By Barry Cornwall.*

### SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flowers alone  
Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep  
In their great Mother's iced bosom deep  
For months, or that the birds, more joyous grown,  
Catch once again their silver summer tone,  
And they who late from bough to bough did creep,  
Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,  
And seem to sing of Winter overthrown.

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No—with an equal march the immortal mind,  
 As tho' it never could be left behind,  
 Keeps pace with every movement of the year;  
 And (for high truths are born in happiness)  
 As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,  
 And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

## SUMMER.

Now have green April and the blue-eyed Maid  
 Vanish'd awhile: and lo! the glorious June  
 (While Nature ripens in his burning noon)  
 Comes like a young inheritor, and gray,  
 Altho' his parent months have pass'd away:  
 But his green crown shall wither, and the tune  
 That usher'd in his birth be silent soon,  
 And in the strength of youth shall he decay.  
 What matters this—so long as in the past  
 And in the days to come we live, and feel  
 The present nothing worth, until it steal  
 Away, and like a disappointment die?  
 For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,  
 Flies ever before, or follows fast.

## AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now:  
 Already have the elements unfurl'd  
 Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurl'd:  
 The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow  
 About, and blindly on their errands go,  
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurl'd  
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,  
 Stripp'd of its pride, be like a desert show.  
 I love that moaning music which I hear  
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul  
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere;  
 And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,  
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,  
 Accordant to the willow's loftier roll.

## WINTER.

There is the eldest of the seasons: he  
 Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor grows  
 From bud to beauty, but with all his snows  
 Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.  
 No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee  
 Before him, nor unto his time belong  
 The suns of Summer, nor the charms of song  
 That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.  
 But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,  
 Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,  
 And with a gentle footstep treads the ground,  
 As tho' to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays,  
 He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days,  
 And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Monthly Critical Gazette, a tribunal in the republic of letters which has recently been erected in London, remarks, that there are a great variety of states, where very different customs, habits, and prejudices must necessarily prevail; so that it is impossible for the same constitution, or the same principles of constitution, to be suitable to all; for the true end of government is the peace and happiness of the governed, and these are often obtained where the people have not the slightest interference with legislation. This is sound republican doctrine, which requires no illustration to obtain the assent of every sensible man; but the writer proceeds to adduce an instance which will excite a smile on this side of the water. He affirms, that "the inhabitants of Austria are far more contented and happy than those of New York and Virginia!" Now if the possession of every thing that is grand, and magnificent, and splendid, can afford happiness, the New Yorkers, according to their own report, are the most enviable people on the face of the earth. They have the greatest canal, the wisest governor, (when they happen to be in a good humour with him,) the broadest street, and the richest banks, besides Dr. M——, Scudder's Museum, and the three thousand new houses per annum! It is true, one of their societies sometimes comes under the hammer,—and a prodigious academy disappears like an arrow in the wind. But such things never disturb the serenity of the Gothamites. If they are bankrupt one day as historians, the same men may be found on the following, under a new title, in "the full tide of successful experiment," with all the paraphernalia of presidents and vice-presidents. It has been said, that an assemblage of about five-and-twenty savans in New York, will comprehend quorums of a dozen literary, philosophical, scientific, and medical societies, and that each of these institutions has held a meeting and adjourned in the course of a single evening. This shows energy and promptness; but the honour of the invention belongs to the nursery, where the children play ladies and gentlemen, and each one, in turn, personates mine host.

The present agitation of the political atmosphere of Penn-

sylvania has suggested several compilations, which will be useful as works of reference. Among these we may cite "the proceedings relative to calling the conventions of 1776 and 1790; the minutes of the convention that formed the present constitution of Pennsylvania," &c. as one which is especially needed at this period, when we are threatened with a new congregation of constitution-tinkers. According to all the gubernatorial messages, and the resolutions of the legislature for a series of years, we have been in the enjoyment of every political right which is necessary to social happiness. We want no change of principle in our government: let the administration of it be entrusted to suitable agents, and we shall not despair of the commonwealth. What escaped the sagacity of a M'Kean, a Wilson, and the other eminent individuals, to whom we owe our present frame of government, will scarcely be discovered by the men who will probably form the anticipated convention.

In an extract from a journal of a traveller in England, (an American, we presume,) lately published in a literary magazine, at Boston, we find the writer asserting, that he has seen one or two speeches of Mr. Randolph, reported by the senior editor of the National Intelligencer, better than any he has met with in the British journals. This is high commendation, and we take pleasure in repeating it at this moment, as we see announced, as on the eve of publication, the first volume of the Congressional Debates, which we presume will be chiefly from the pen of the tachygraphist here alluded to.

The fifth number of the Westminster Review, the most impartial, and one of the best of the English journals, contains a notice of Mr. Livingston's Report on a Penal Code for the State of Louisiana, in which the labours of our distinguished countryman are fervently extolled. In another place, in speaking of one of this gentleman's productions, we ventured to pronounce it a model of juridical eloquence and argument. We allude to his answer to Mr. Jefferson's defence on the Batture Question; and we now add, that this report is worthy of the author of that masterly performance. It is "an American book," which the sneerers of the Edinburgh Review may compare with the visionary schemes of Jeremy Bentham, they have praised so loudly. Of such a man, the Westminster reviewers may well pronounce that—"he is one of those extraordinary individuals whom nature has gifted with the power, and whom circumstances have af-

furnished the opportunity of shedding true glory and conferring lasting happiness on his country: and of identifying his own name with its freest, and most noble, and most perfect institutions."

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## MISCELLANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

A cause was lately tried in the Court of Common Pleas, at New Philadelphia, Ohio, against Jesse Upson, Jr. who pretended to practice Physic and Surgery, without having obtained a license, or studied so as to qualify him to practice. He was called on to set the plaintiff's leg, which was broken; this was so unskillfully done as to cause his patient to be lame. The court charged the jury, that if the defendant held himself out to the world as a Doctor, or a Physician and Surgeon, he was answerable in damages to his patients, for any injury that happened through his ignorance or want of skill. The defendant was a poor man, yet the jury returned a verdict of \$250 damages.

A young gentleman recently applied to his friend for the best mode of giving a darker shade to his hair:—The young pupil had been previously pointing out the particulars of a lecture he had heard, and which was upon the nature of the hair. A solution of nitrate of silver, he said, he had no doubt would have the desired effect. Now, whether he designed this advice for a trick, or whether the prescription was the effect of ignorance, we cannot say. The solution was, he said, to be used in considerable quantity; in short, he was to wash the whole head in this fluid. Accordingly, the young gentleman applied it on going to bed, and put on his night-cap comfortably, only a little wet. On washing his head with the solution, the fluid naturally wetted the greater part of his face, and whatever part of the skin it touched, left its

mark. The next morning the patient was first seen by his brother, who, believing him suffering under suffocation or some terrible dream, alarmed the whole house. The alarm, however, soon subsided in all except the mortified patient, whose face was the colour of an old shoe. The skin received no injury by the solution, except that of discolouring, which cannot be removed by any means for some weeks. The skin grows gradually red, before it disappears.—The young gentleman is in a truly deplorable state, and seldom speaks, except to utter curses upon the head of his hair adviser.—*Eng. pap.*

In the House of Commons on the 24th of Feb. when on the question of supply for the Naval College, Sir J. Yorke said he understood that one individual, at least, educated at this college, had carried his improvements which he had acquired to the United States. Mr. Crocker said that a bond of £500 was taken to insure the Students entering the British service, and if they left the country their securities paid that sum.

*Albany, April 6.*—A petition was presented to the SENATE of New York, at the last session, which was of some importance. It was a memorial from the members of the bar recently assembled in the court-room of the capital, to take into consideration the importance of legislative interference to prevent the delays experienced under the present organization of the courts, in the administration of justice. From the memorial it appeared that the accumula-

tion of suits, was annually increasing, and gave no indication that the evil could be remedied without an important change in the system.

*French Proprietors of Hayti.*—It is stated in the *Courier Francais*, that an English Company, the formation of which is not unknown to the President of Hayti, is engaged in purchasing the titles of property and debts belonging to the former colonists of St. Domingo. The object for which the company operates is unknown; but it is little likely that it is to make to the Haytian government a cession of the rights which it shall have acquired; for hitherto that government has offered to France a pecuniary indemnity, with a view to obtain the recognition of its political independence. The existence of this Company is a fact well known to the administration; and it is even said, that the chief of the Company has received, from the Police, orders to cease from his proceedings.

Complanter is one of the chiefs of the Seneca Nation of Indians. He lives on the Allegheny river, 16 miles above Connewango, Pa. He is noted for courage, and the active part he took against the Americans in the bloody scenes at Wyoming; he is averse to saying any thing on that subject or even to hearing it spoken of. He was instigated to the part he took (as is said) by the noted Butler. He is about 90 years of age; retains his power of mind remarkably well. His speeches, though quite untutored, are generally forcible and prevailing. He is decidedly opposed to selling out their lands. The nation is about equally divided on that question—have held several councils on the subject, and he was the means of carrying the vote against it. He is also opposed to have the ‘Black coats’ (missionaries) come among them—and to schools. The reason of his opposition to the latter, is this:—he gave his son Henry a tolerable good English education, which he perverted to the worst purposes. It

made him impudent, arrogant and roguish. Among a great many acts of villainy, of which he has been guilty, there is one which has incensed the mind of his father against him perhaps more than any other:—The old man left a quantity of lumber at Pittsburgh to be sold at commission. So soon as his son Henry ascertained that it was disposed of, he forged an order, went and drew the money, to the amount of several hundred dollars, and spent the whole in gambling and dissipation.

The Richmond Compiler states, that the introduction of cotton, in the agriculture of Virginia, is a most fortunate dispensation to the lower part of the state. Its lands will rise—its inhabitants will be enriched—and the tide of emigration may be suspended, or perhaps rolled back. Real and personal estates may both rise. Petersburg is the principal market for Virginia cotton—for the farmers in the lower part of the state were the first to raise it in the field for a foreign market—and the merchants of Petersburg had sagacity enough to see the advantages to which it might be turned. The cultivation is spreading over all the lower part of Virginia—and we learn that it is becoming an object of some attention below Richmond on the James River, &c.

Mr. Hurlbert, of the N. Y. legislature, brought in a bill to authorise females to bring slander suits without proving special damages; the member made an animated speech, concluding thus:—“If there be a man among us, who is not ardently in favour of this measure, I pronounce him no genuine descendant of Adam. Surely he cannot be the offspring of that man, who was unhappy even in Paradise, until woman appeared. And if any one shall dare to vote against this bill, I earnestly pray that he may receive the severest punishment that ever was, or ever can be inflicted upon a man in this world:—the frowns of beautiful women.”

Mrs. Biddy Murphy, a resident o

Saffron-hill, was brought up by This-selton, the officer, to Halton Garden, charged upon the following circumstances: It appears that one Dennis O'Callaghan departed this life a few days ago, which produced a very animated scene among his relations, as will be best understood by the tale of Mrs. Norry O'Hrien. "Please your Honour," said she, "we were all sitting very comfortably round poor Dennis, and as pleasant as you please; and to give every body their due, Mrs. O'Callaghan made every thing genteel, and gave us plenty of good whiskey. In truth, she saw us so happy, that she burst out crying, and said, 'Oh! if my poor Dennis (God rest his soul) could open his eyes, how it would glad his heart to see us all so snug!' when in comes Mrs. Murphy, and she goes to look at poor Dennis. 'Oh!' says she, 'he's the handsomest corpse I ever saw in my life;' says I, 'I crave your pardon, Ma'am, my last husband was as handsome a corpse as ever he was.' Upon which she made no more to do but goes to the fire-place and pulls out a hot brick bat, and clapped it on my face." The appearance of her face dispensed with the necessity of any human testimony; her nose had lost much of its prominence, and there was a mark on her forehead that proved that Mrs. Murphy was determined to be enabled to recognize her friend in future.

Mrs. Murphy was attended by a tail of the most respectable neighbours, who had all pledged themselves to give testimony in her favour, but becoming suddenly panic struck, they withdrew, and poor Mrs. Murphy, unassisted by counsel or witnesses, made a brief defence:—"Please your Honour, when I went into the wake the devil a drop of the whiskey was left, which so aggravated me that I could not drink; 'God be with poor Dennis,' and I certainly lost my senses." The magistrate, not conceiving that this tender regard for the dead warranted such conduct, as it was likely to add to the number of the departed, ordered the defendant to find bail.—*Lond. paper.*

It is proposed to the legislature of New York, to make provision for the wife and children of Fulton, whom the recent decisions of the courts with respect to the freedom of steam navigation, have deprived of income from that source. The great engineer relied upon the exclusive privileges which were granted him by the state of New York. These being invalidated, indemnity is thought due from the state to his impoverished family. But there are higher considerations for an enlightened legislature, the glory and benefit which have accrued from his genius and labours, primarily to New York, and the display of a just sense of their value, and what befits a large and opulent community.

## OBITUARY.

*He died*

among a devoted circle of friends. When his career commenced, few knew him—before it closed, numerous children called him god-father, and hundreds attended his remains to their last abode. He lived an example to the poor how to become rich, and to the rich an example how to employ riches. He is said to have estimated his estate, a short time before his death, at \$750,000.

At Colesville, N. Y., Robert Harper, Esq. aged 95. He was a native of Ireland, and emigrated to this country previous to the revolutionary war. He was a professor in King's College, in the city of N. York, at the commencement of the Revolution, and the only one, out of fourteen, who espoused the

American cause. During the whole of our struggle for independence, he was a member of the Committee of Safety, of this State, and rendered important services to the cause of freedom. At the close of the war, he was chosen a member of the legislature of this state, from the city of New York, for several years in succession; and filled several other important offices in state government.

Angela Millett, died at the Alms-House, lately, in Philadelphia, aged one hundred and eleven years, two months, and eleven days. She was born in Canada, and was admitted in the Alms-House, on the 28th of October, 1824.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We are again under the necessity of apologizing to our punctual subscribers for the tardy appearance of this journal. It is imputable solely to the remissness of another class of our patrons, in whose code of morality the payment of a debt does not seem to be enjoined.*

### • Shall we have no more gossiping from New Jersey?

The attention of the reader is invited to the prospectus of a Philadelphia Souvenir, published in a recent number of the PORT FOLIO. It will not be put to press without satisfactory assurances of such a support as will enable the publisher to print it without loss; and, therefore, their hands. The nation ~~men~~ are equally divided on that question—have held several councils on the subject, and he was the means of carrying the vote against it. He is also opposed to have the 'Black coats' (missionaries) come among them—and to schools. The reason of his opposition to the latter, is this: —he gave his son Henry a tolerable good English education, which he perverted to the worst purposes. It

vour or this measure, I pronounce him no genuine descendant of Adam. Surely he cannot be the offspring of that man, who was unhappy even in Paradise, until woman appeared. And if any one shall dare to vote against this bill, I earnestly pray that he may receive the severest punishment that ever was, or ever can be inflicted upon a man in this world:—the frowns of beautiful women."

Mrs. Biddy Murphy, a resident o





Glenwood, N.Y.

## LIEU<sup>T</sup> JOHN T SHUBRICK

*late of the United States Navy*

# THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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## RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

(Continued from page 280.)

PART II. A new method of supplying any level of a canal with water drawn from a feeder situated at any considerable depth below such level.

THE method recommended for this purpose is analogous to a plan for raising water in small quantities for irrigation and other purposes, of which we have an account in Hachette's *Traité élémentaire des Machines*.

It differs, however, from it in the following particulars, *viz.* the adjustments of the buckets,—the manner of filling and emptying them,—the mode of regulating their movements,—the adaptation of the new method to a variety of circumstances, and especially the quantity of water that may be raised in a given time.

In the location and construction of canals, a supply of water at their different levels, and especially at their summits, sufficient for lockage and other exigencies, is a principal desideratum. It often happens that such a supply can only be had at a considerable depth below the level, at which the canal in other respects may be practicable. It is accordingly my intention, in this part of the essay, to point out a method of appropriating a portion of the water thus situated to the supply of the canal.

*Description of machinery, and references to the drawing.*

Plate II. Fig. 1. exhibits a view of the machinery employed for the purpose above mentioned.

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Let A represent the feeder, affording a supply of water, a portion of which is required to be raised to the reservoir or receiver F. The feeder must be furnished with one or more valves, a, by means of which its water may be discharged through the orifices r and s, the latter of which is to be larger than the former. Let B and C represent two buckets,—the former being intended to ply vertically, between the feeder and a point at a suitable distance below it, and the latter between the end of the feeder and a point above, so high that the contents of the bucket may be discharged into the receiver F. The capacity of the preponderating bucket B must be somewhat larger than that of the elevating bucket C; but the weight of C, when empty, must be somewhat greater than that of D.

Both buckets must be furnished with valves at their bottoms, through which their contents of water may be discharged, the orifice of the valve b being a little smaller than that of the valve c. The stem or rod of the valve b, must protrude through the bottom of its bucket, while that of c must extend upwards, and be attached to a lever w, connected with the bucket, and acting in a manner to raise the valve.—v is a spout attached to the bucket C at its top, and projecting a little way over the bucket B.—x is a plug or knob to receive the action of the lever in raising the valve c.

Let E represent a hydraulic brake, differently modified from that described in Part I., and better adapted to the method before us. Plate II. Fig. 2. represents a brake of the description alluded to. AA is the trunk, the internal cavity of which tapers from the centre to both extremities. B, a hollow or perforated piston, with two valve-seats, a and b, fronting each other, and limiting the valve-chamber a b, which communicates laterally with the internal cavity of the trunk.—c, an inflexible piston rod attached to the elevating bucket C, Fig. 1, or to any other machinery, to be acted upon by the brake, and passing longitudinally through the piston,—alternately raising and depressing the latter, by means of the valve c acting alternately on the valve seats a and b. The operation of the brake will be considered in its appropriate place.

D, Fig. 1. is a pulley-wheel of suitable size, over which the bucket-chain G is to pass, by means of which the preponderating bucket B may raise the elevating bucket C, when both are loaded, or the latter may elevate the former when both

are empty. A drum or shaft, d, may be connected with the pulley-wheel D, upon which a brâke-chain may be made to ply in the same manner as explained in Part I., of this essay; answering as a substitute for the brake just described. An additional pulley-wheel, upon the same axis, together with another set of buckets and other appropriate apparatus, may be applied in situations where a large supply of water is afforded; the whole to be adjusted in such a manner, that when one set of buckets is at the outer extremities of their range, the other may be at the inner.

In certain cases, hereafter to be noticed, it will be necessary to apply a pulley-wheel to one or other of the buckets, in order that the range of each may conform to the distance through which they are respectively to move. Whenever the nature of the case requires an arrangement of this sort, the capacity of the bucket to which the pulley-wheel is attached must be proportionably larger than that of the other.

#### *Manner of Operation.*

Suppose the buckets to be situated at the feeder A, in the act of being filled, the valve a, of the feeder, is raised and supported on the step n, of the bucket B, by means of its rod or stem. The orifices r and s will communicate with their respective buckets, viz. the former with B, and the latter with C. But the orifice at s being larger than that at r, the bucket C will be filled sooner than its antagonist B; and as the water will still continue to flow through both orifices, the surplus thrown into C will be conveyed, through the spout v, into the bucket B, till the latter preponderates. The valve a will immediately close of its own accord, and the buckets be transferred to the outer extremes of their range. On their arrival thither, both their valves b and c will be opened—the former by means of its rod impinging against an obstacle placed at the bottom of the range for that purpose; and the latter, by means of its lever w, impinging against the plug x.

The buckets now discharge the water, viz. the uppermost C into the reservoir F, and the lowermost B into the waste-way below it. But the orifice of the valve c being larger than that of b, the water of C will be discharged sooner than that of B, and must remain stationary till the latter is empty, when, in consequence of its superior weight, it will descend

to the feeder, and both will again be in a situation to be filled.

N. B. The buckets must be furnished with guiders to direct them in their course, otherwise they would be liable to oscillation, which would prove a serious inconvenience. The movements of the buckets will be regulated by the hydraulic brake, the agency of which, in this application, will be similar, in its results to that of the brake first described. Its manner of operation is somewhat different, as will appear from the following explanation:—

Suppose the trunk A A filled with water, and the piston occupying a position at or near its top. Let the rod C be forced downward and the valve c will pass from the seat a to the seat b, and close the orifice in the lower part of the piston. As the rod C continues to descend, it will force the piston B downward in the trunk, while the liquid that occupied the space below the piston will be driven past its sides and through the valve chamber and upper orifice of the piston, and be made to occupy that portion of the trunk through which the piston may have descended. On the ascent of the rod C, the operation will be reversed.

Instead of the pulley-wheel and axle, a wheel and windlass, or drum of different diameters, may be substituted, by means of which the application of the method will conform to a greater variety of circumstances. Agreeably to this modification, each bucket must be furnished with a chain, to be wound either upon the wheel or drum, according as the range of its particular bucket is greater or less than that of the other. By this means the machinery for raising water may be made to accommodate itself to the nature of its locality, in such a manner as to produce the greatest possible results. In adjusting the parts of machinery agreeably to the plan here suggested, the following rules of calculation must be observed:—Let the diameters of the wheel and drum be to each other inversely, as the distances through which their respective buckets are to move;—and let the capacities of the buckets be to each other in the same proportion. Moreover, the quantity of water that may be raised by either of the modes herein pointed out, will be to the whole quantity supplied by the feeder, as the range of the preponderating bucket is to the whole range or lift nearly.

It is apparent that the machinery treated of in this part of the essay, constitutes a self-regulating machine. It is also

obvious that the hydraulic brake is essential to its successful operation. Without this appendage, the shock to which the machinery would be liable at the conclusion of every movement of the buckets, would render the method highly objectionable, if not altogether impracticable; whereas, by the agency of the brake, the loaded buckets may be conveyed from the feeder to the points where they are to discharge their water, in a manner both safe and expeditious. In their passage to the centre of their respective ranges, their motion will be gradually accelerated, and thence, to the completion of their courses, their motion will be gradually retarded. In reference to the method first considered, as well as to the present, it may be asserted, that when the machinery is adjusted with precision, the burdens, together with the apparatus employed their conveyance, may be reduced from a state of motion to that of rest.

*Observations relative to Canal Boats, applicable to the method explained in Part I.*

The suggestions to be offered under this head are, for the most part, mere repetitions of opinions that have been advanced by others. They are repeated here, because, as it is believed, they have not received that attention to which they are entitled.

As it has been ascertained that a boat of twenty-five tons burden is best suited to the draft of a single horse, it is proposed to employ boats of this size. The weight of such a boat, constructed in the usual manner, may be estimated at about three and a-half tons, which, added to the burden itself, will make twenty-eight tons. As the loaded boat will not occupy more than about three-fourths of the cavity of the locks, one-third part of the weight just mentioned, may be added for the weight of the water that will remain in the lock with the boat, making the entire weight of the contents of the lock equal to about thirty-eight tons, or 1368 cubic feet of water. The weight of the lock and its appendages may be estimated at about six tons, making an aggregate of forty-four tons, acting in connexion with each lock.

Should the transfer of so heavy a weight be attended with too great a risk or inconvenience, it may be obviated by adopting the following expedient:—Instead of a single boat of twenty-five tons burden, let two, three, or more boats of smaller size, be substituted, amounting, in the aggregate, to the

same tonnage. These may be towed along the canal in conjunction, by one horse, and may be passed separately through the lift in a lock of moderate size. Or should it be found more convenient to employ a single boat of the burden proposed, let it be constituted of two or three distinct sections respectively, of equal burden, and separated from each other by transverse partitions or bulkheads. The sections may be confined together by means of bars or bolts in a manner to be easily separated on arriving at the lift, and united again after passing it.

*Remarks on the comparative practicability of the perpendicular and oblique lifts.*

The difficulty of sustaining the enormous burdens to which moveable locks are necessarily subjected, in the transfer of loaded canal boats of the ordinary size, may be regarded as the most formidable objection that can be urged against their adoption. Whatever the mode of transition, the machinery employed to effect it must be adjusted in a manner to obviate this difficulty, which can only be accomplished by enlarging, as much as possible, the surfaces upon which the load is to be supported. Upon this principle, therefore, we shall found the comparison between the oblique and perpendicular lifts.

In regard to the inclined plane, it is manifest, that the surface upon which the whole weight or load is sustained, consists of the several lines of contact between the rails of the plane and the peripheries of the wheels that support the load. Hence, upon the supposition that a moveable lock is supported upon eight wheels, and that the width of the rail-track is four inches, we have a surface upon which the weight of the loaded lock must be supported, equal only to a single line, thirty-two inches in length. Now, if the whole weight of the loaded lock and its carriage be equal to sixty tons, one-fourth of which we may suppose to be sustained by the lock-chains, we have a weight of forty-five tons, supported by a bearing surface equal to that above stated. This implies an action too violent for the hardest metal employed in the construction of railways and their carriages to resist, without bruising or breaking. But, however plausible it may appear in theory, to introduce a multiplicity of wheels for the transportation of a heavy load upon railways, it is believed that a number greater than four cannot be employed with any advantage, unless it be admitted, contrary to innumerable ex-

amples, in direct opposition to such a doctrine, that an inclined plane, perfectly straight, free from twist, and equally supported at every point, may be constructed. This being true, instead of a line thirty-two inches long, our bearing surface will be reduced to half that magnitude, and consequently the liability to bruising, &c. will be increased in the same proportion.

In confirmation of the opinion just advanced, we may advert to conclusions drawn from long experience in the use of railroads, viz. that carriages of one ton burden are better adapted to railways than those of a larger size; the *wear and tear* of the latter being much greater than those of the former.

These objections, added to the expense of constructing rails sufficiently large to answer the purpose, and the difficulty of laying secure and permanent foundations for the plane, induce a preference in favour of the perpendicular lift, which is incomparably less objectionable in these respects. Agreeably to this mode of transition, each lock is to be sustained by two wheels, five or six feet in diameter, with chain tracks of any suitable width, for example, five or six inches broad. Accordingly, the bearing surface upon which the lock will be supported, is equal to one-half the circumference of the two wheels, or the circumference of one wheel multiplied by the width of the chain-track or groove, which will give for the bearing surface, an area of about six square feet, susceptible of enlargement or diminution, as the nature of the case may require. The other surfaces upon which the locks are supported while in motion, are proportionably large, while a uniformity of action prevails in all parts of the lift at the same time. The action upon the axles of the wheels, being similar in both modes of transfer, has not been considered in the contrast here given.

Very little doubt is entertained that the machinery of the perpendicular lift will be less expensive, and more durable, in all respects, than that of the inclined plane, while the former is believed to possess equal facilities for strength and construction with the latter.

#### *Concluding Remarks.*

In regard to the inventions described in this paper, no particular mode of construction is insisted on;—this may be determined and varied according to circumstances, in a manner adapted to the purpose for which the machinery may be re-

quired. The combination of mechanical principles displayed in both methods herein explained,—the conformation and arrangement of the several parts of machinery employed in the transfer of loaded boats, &c. and in supplying any level of a canal with water derived from a feeder situated at any considerable depth below such level, and especially the discovery of the hydraulic brake, together with its application to these and other purposes, are claimed as new and original.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

**MEMOIRS OF JOHN TEMPLAR SHUBRICK.**

THE following particulars, respecting a gallant officer who fell in the recent war with Great Britain, are derived from anonymous communications in a literary journal, formerly published in Philadelphia. They appear to be entitled to full confidence; and the high character of the individual is established on the most authentic basis.

JOHN TEMPLAR SHUBRICK was born on the eleventh day of September, 1788, in South Carolina. He was educated partly at grammar-schools in Charleston, and afterwards at a private seminary in Dedham, Mass. He read law in the office of William Drayton, Esq. of Charleston. His legal studies were subsequently relinquished for a midshipman's warrant in the navy, which he obtained in 1806. It was said of him that, although his career was so early and so unfortunately closed, he saw more service, and was in a greater number of engagements, than any officer of his age. He received a lesson on the importance of being always prepared for action, in the affair of the Chesapeake. On that occasion a man, standing by his side, was struck by a cannon-ball in the face, and our young midshipman was covered with gore; yet, amidst the horrors of his situation, infinitely more terrible than any combat, he displayed so much coolness and intrepidity, that all who saw him predicted the eminence which he ultimately attained.

He was in the Constitution, in the action with the Guerriere, and captain Hull bore public testimony to his "gallantry and good conduct."

Shubrick sailed in the Constitution, under Bainbridge, and was present in the affair with the Java; after which he volunteered to go on board the Hornet, then blockading, in the harbour of St. Salvador, the ship Bonne Citoyenne, with which an action was daily expected, as captain Lawrence had invited a meeting, and commodore Bainbridge had pledged his honour to be out of the way: but as captain Greene declined the meeting, under the pretext of distrusting the faith of the commodore, the Hornet sailed on a cruise, and on the 22d of February fell in with the Peacock, and sunk her in fifteen minutes. "Never," says the author of the British Synopsis "was there a finer specimen of marine gunnery than the Americans displayed in this engagement." Captain Lawrence, in his official letter, says, "I would be doing injustice to the merits of lieutenant Shubrick and acting lieutenants Connor and Newton, were I not to recommend them particularly to your notice. Lieutenant Shubrick was in the actions with the Guerriere and Java; captain Hull and commodore Bainbridge can bear testimony to his coolness and good conduct on both occasions." The noble spirit which animates the bosoms of our naval heroes, has been seldom more conspicuously displayed than in this voluntary offer, on the part of lieutenant Shubrick, to leave a victorious ship—in whose glory he had a double right to participate, having twice contributed to its acquisition—in order to join another, expecting daily to encounter a superior enemy. When it is considered that the Constitution was on her way home, where the honours and rewards of a grateful country awaited her officers and men—to quit such a ship at such a moment—to relinquish the satisfaction of a triumphant entry into an American port—to forego the pleasure of meeting anxious and ex-

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pecting friends—and this too where duty could not ask the sacrifice, which the danger of the occasion seemed so absolutely to require, cannot but be regarded as one of the highest efforts of heroism.

When the Hornet joined the President and Macedonian, he served as first lieutenant of the Hornet, under captain Bidble. Thence he passed into the President, as second lieutenant. In the action which took place between the President and a British squadron, namely, the Endymion, the Pomone, and the Tenedos, lieutenant Shubrick's gallantry was so distinguished that captain Decatur commemorated it in his official despatches. The peace with England, which occurred shortly afterwards, offered him an opportunity to revisit his home, and enjoy the society of the lady whom he had recently married in New York. But the war which was soon declared against Algiers, again called him into action, under his old commander, Decatur, as first lieutenant of the Guerriere, the flag-ship of the squadron. In this ship he was present in all those affairs which led to the submission of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and the consequent restoration of peace. Lieutenant Shubrick was despatched to the United States, in the Epervier sloop of war, to bear the tidings that the barbarian was humbled, and the captives set free. This vessel, however, never reached her destination. It was supposed that she foundered and every soul on board perished. Thus he who had been engaged in six bloody battles and had encountered every danger, without injury, perished obscurely, as a messenger of peace.

Among his associates Mr. Shubrick was regarded as an example of steadiness, attention to duty, and courage in battle; and by his country he is honoured in his memory, by having his name associated with those who served her well, when her dignity was insulted. The legislature of South Carolina voted him a sword valued at five hundred dollars, and he

was presented with one of equal elegance by the citizens of Charleston.

To a mind naturally acute and discriminating, he added a store of useful information. His manners were so mild, and his conduct so amiable and dispassionate, that a stranger might, at a first introduction, suppose him deficient in that force of character so essential to military greatness. But a very short acquaintance dispelled this idea: his character gradually unfolded itself, and at length he exhibited a boldness and daring for which no enterprise was too arduous, no danger too great, no trial too severe. A sense of honour so refined and delicate, that death itself would have been regarded as the lightest of evils, when put in competition with it, and a self-possession, which no difficulties could disturb, were the characteristics of Shubrick.

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**MEN, MEASURES AND MANNERS IN FRANCE, AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION OF 1825.**

*From the London Magazine.*

THE notions generally entertained in England of French society are derived from those descriptions of it which appertain to a period anterior to the revolution; but since that event the state of society in France has undergone three or four changes. Indeed its character has been so altered, that we can confidently assert that the manners of the higher classes of Vienna, Berlin, and even of London, resemble more nearly those of the same classes in France, at the time when Mesdames Polignac and d'Epinay flourished, than they do the actual manners of the present French aristocracy. To supply, then, as far as in us lies, this want of accurate information, we shall here offer an impartial sketch of the present state of French society. As it is probable, from the actual aspect of politics, and the marked influence the reasonable and moderate duke d'Angoulême is likely to exercise over public affairs, that the present modification of manners may be of several years' duration, the description we mean to

give may merit some attention. Without this probability of duration it would not be worthy of any serious notice. We shall commence by speaking of the king and some other members of the reigning family, after which will follow, in regular succession, the leading characters of the government, the nobles, the rich, the manufacturers, the small landed proprietors, and lastly the peasantry—the class which has gained the most by the revolution, and which, in case of civil dissensions, must furnish the human *materiel* of war.

For the last thirty years French society has changed according to the phases of the government. It may be said to have been almost annihilated under the reign of terror. On awaking from the state of apathy in which it remained during the sway of the parties represented by Robespierre and Danton, it assumed a reckless and inordinate gaiety.—Then followed the aristocracy of wealth, which arose under the Directory, when all sorts of adventurers, gamblers, and swindlers, whose manners had been formed during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI., assembled around the director Barras. Dishonesty and unbridled immorality were the characteristic traits of society from 1797 to 1800; after which the ambition of general Bonaparte introduced into France a moral and almost prudish severity. Never have the public morals in that country been so pure as from 1800 to 1809. At this latter period the foolish desire of having a court, and the mania for imitating the kings of Europe, took possession of Napoleon. At the court some disorders took place, which however were rigorously suppressed as soon as Napoleon was convinced that there would arise greater scandal from tolerating than from punishing them.

This rapid enumeration of the various changes through which society has run in France, within so short a space of time, may serve to prove, that as there is nothing *solidly established* in the country, the manners of its higher classes will still follow, for another half-century, the nature of the new interests created by the various forms of government that may succeed each other. It is necessary, in order to comprehend thoroughly the manners likely to be prevalent for some time, to examine with attention the action of the government of Charles X. upon France. It cannot be said that the Bourbons were established in France, until the late war in Spain. This war was unprincipled; it has probably retarded for half a century, if not much more, the civilization of

Spain; it has been the cause of a thousand assassinations, and of wide-spread desolation; but nevertheless it cannot be denied, that it has established the Bourbons in France. It is only since the taking of Cadiz, that the Bourbons can boast of having a devoted and efficient army. It was only philosophers who knew, before that grand experiment tried by the firing of the first cannon at the Bidassoa, that in France the great majority of the army are for those who pay them. For a short time after a change of masters they may show a little sulkiness, but "ere the shoes are old with which they followed" their former leader, they will display equal courage and fidelity in the cause of him to whom they look for pay and promotion. French officers and non-commissioned officers, who have made eight or ten campaigns, and have become habituated to the service, dread only two evils, which are *ennui* and the neglect into which they fall during peace. The common soldiers of the present French army are, almost without exception, peasants torn from the plough by the conscription; for the policy of the Bourbons has been to prevent as much as possible the sons of the little proprietors, who have received some tincture of education, from entering the service; whereas, under Napoleon, it was especially this class that formed the strength of his armies. These *peasant-soldiers* weep a little the first month after joining their regiments; after which, if it be a time of peace, their sole desire is for the expiration of their five years of service, when they may return to their villages. If, on the contrary, they are sent into the field, they soon acquire a taste for their bloody trade. At the commencement of the Spanish campaign, in many regiments fifteen hundred strong there were but fifty men who had even seen a shot fired; of these fifty, forty were supposed by the liberals and Bonapartists to be adorers of Napoleon and devotedly attached to his family. Upon these considerations many fine theories were raised; but what did the events of the campaign show—first, that fourteen hundred and fifty men of each regiment who had never smelt powder, behaved themselves gallantly, and at the end of two years, may be considered as good soldiers as the Russians, the best in Europe, because they unite a blind devotedness to bravery; the second result has been, that the impartiality of the duke d'Angoulême, the marked displeasure with which he repressed the insolent pretensions of the *gardes de corps*, and above all the prospect of touching at the

end of every month their war appointments, added to their dread of the *ennui* of a half-pay life in a provincial town, have converted to the political faith of the Bourbons forty-five at least of the fifty men per regiment who had served under Napoleon. The five men per regiment whose eyes still fill with tears on hearing the names of Austerlitz, Jena, and Napoleon; the one hundred or one hundred and fifty generals on half-pay, who still preserve similar sentiments; and the four thousand or five thousand Frenchmen who love Bonaparte and his family more than they do liberty, and the two chambers, are convinced that there is but very little probability of success for any effort in favour of Napoleon II. The greater number of them, indeed, are only anxious to find a decent pretext to transfer their blind devotion from Napoleon to the Bourbon dynasty. The Bourbons make common cause with the Holy Alliance (an adherence repugnant to the feelings of the great majority of the nation,) in the hope of preventing the emperor of Austria from supporting with an army the pretension of young Napoleon. Lucien Buonaparte and cardinal Fesch are men of superior talents, who might, with a little encouragement from a high quarter, undertake to give a crown to their nephew.

The little probability of a revolution in favour of this boy in France, is founded upon the personal characters of Charles X. and the dauphin, and even upon that of the dauphiness.—Ludicrous as it may appear, one of not the least efficient causes of the popularity of Charles X. is the circumstance of his being able, notwithstanding his sixty-seven years, to mount on horseback and ride twelve or fifteen leagues in a day. Besides—his fear of being disturbed in the enjoyment of his commodious palace of the Tuilleries, and forced to undertake a journey to Ghent, like Louis XVIII. in 1815; a much less exaggerated idea of his *right divine* to rule over France than the late monarch, considerably less obstinacy and hypocrisy, and less intellect, and probably a feeling of chivalrous regard for his oath; all these reasons, which are secrets to no one, but are openly discussed in the saloons of Paris, lead to the belief, that when Charles X. shall have sworn to maintain the charter (in the month of May, at Rheims,) we shall have a government, still, no doubt, strongly biassed in favour of the Ultra party, and tending every year to become more and more anti-constitutional, but, nevertheless, considering all things, of a tolerably moderate complexion. Charles X. is a man of no

capacity for public affairs; it is with difficulty he can be made to comprehend the simplest report of his ministers. It is for this reason that the dauphin has been called to a share in his councils. When Charles X. finds himself more firmly seated on the throne, it is more than probable that he will resume the ideas he entertained before 1789; in which case the only barrier to the absurd measures that would then succeed each other with a ludicrous rapidity, would be in the personal character of Louis Antoine, dauphin of France, now aged forty-nine years. The extremely irritable nerves of this prince, render it impossible for him to remain in the same attitude a single instant, and consequently precludes him from assuming an easy and majestic deportment. Now, for a monarch to secure the admiration of the French, it is necessary that he should exhibit a grave and pompous demeanour, show himself frequently on horseback, and issue once a month, at least, a remarkable decree that may furnish matter of conversation to his subjects. The outward appearance of the dauphin, and the state of perpetual motion in which his body is, deprive him of all chance, we had almost said of all claim, to the admiring veneration of the French people; but as a compensation, it is not improbable but that he may secure their affections. The severest thing that even those who like him least will be able to say of him, is, "that he was the least hurtful of a choice of evils; for since the eight hundred thousand men that Russia has in readiness to let loose upon France, hinder us from choosing a government, we may think ourselves indebted to fate for having given us a king, to whom so few serious objections can be made."

The future prosperity of France rests upon two hopes; first, that the extremely well regulated, though very scantily informed mind of the dauphin, may enable him to dissuade his father (a few months hence when his fears shall have subsided) from committing errors of too dangerous or ridiculous a nature; and secondly, that when he shall himself ascend the throne as Louis XIX. (an event which in all probability may happen within the next four years) he may, like Louis XIII. have sufficient discrimination to choose a man of talent for his minister, and sufficient firmness to maintain him in power.

Were the dauphin to make choice of a ministry in January, 1825, it is generally understood that Messrs. Roy and Portal would be at the head of it. These two individuals, though peers of France, belonged but a few years ago to the middle

class of society. M. Portal, a protestant, was a merchant at Bourdeaux, and dabbled a little in the slave-trade; he is a man of great application, and rises every morning at four o'clock. M. Roy has amassed an income of six hundred thousand francs by fortunate speculations in the buying and selling of the estates of the noblesse. We have stopped to say a few words upon Messrs. Roy and Portal, as their characters may throw some light upon that of the prince who esteems them.

It may not here be amiss to mention three anecdotes of the dauphin. The first will show his almost total want of education, a defect common to the Bourbons, with the exception of the late king, and which is the result of the influence of the royal confessors. The two last will prove this prince's habits of application and pains-taking. Louis XVIII. named the duke de Angoulême some years ago protector of the polytechnic school, that admirable institution for which the French are indebted to the genius of Monge and Lagrange; but the result of whose labours Napoleon endeavoured to destroy, from his profound fear of the spread of knowledge. However, neither this despot nor the Bourbons have dared to suppress this inimitable institution. From the polytechnic school have issued and spread themselves over France, between four and five thousand men of enlarged capacities and profound knowledge in the natural sciences. One of the present professors of this school is M. Arago, one of the very small number of *savans*, who have preserved independence of character, and not yielded to the corruptions of power. In this point of view M. Arago may be considered the antipode of the celebrated Cuvier, the most devoted worshipper of those who happen to have the distribution of the state loaves and fishes. Some ten years ago M. Arago ascended in a balloon with M. Gay Lussac to make some experiments upon the temperature of the air; they reached an elevation of three thousand two hundred fathoms. The duke d'Angoulême before visiting, as if by *surprise*, the polytechnic school, took care to learn some particulars relative to the professors whom he should find lecturing at nine o'clock in the morning, the hour of his visit. Amongst other circumstances communicated to his royal highness, on this occasion, M. Arago's *aerial voyage* was of course not omitted. The prince, on his arrival at the polytechnic school, first entered the room where M. Arago was lecturing a numerous class of young men, already far advanced in physical science. The duke, in the course of his

conversation with the professor, said loud enough to be heard by all those present—"M. Professor, you must have found it very hot when up in the air—nearer the sun by three thousand two hundred fathoms." M. Arago in vain sought, in the most delicate manner, to make the prince understand his mistake; he only furnished fresh occasion to his royal highness to repeat two or three times over this singular proof of ignorance, the absurdity of which the view of the first mountain covered with snow should have kept him from committing. It was only when he read in the secret police-report the account of the effect of his compliment upon the students, that he became aware of his mistake. His aides-de-camp sought to console him by saying, that a knowledge of these abstract truths might be very necessary to obscure *bourgeois*, who studied the sciences for their livelihood, but were little worthy of the attention of the great ones of the earth. To this fine piece of consolation the prince replied in an angry tone, that "they (the aides-de-camp) were more *bêtes* than himself." The two following anecdotes will show the love which animates him for the public good, and the pains which he has taken to acquire information:—One day he took M. Roy aside and said to him—"I also have made a constitution,—here it is;" at the same time giving him a huge paper book; "read it, and give me your opinion of it. Do not suppose that I think of putting it in execution, if I should be called to the throne, for I am bound by the oath which I took to maintain the charter of Louis XVIII." M. Roy read this constitution; it was little better than school-boy work; but what was most singular in it was, the exceedingly limited power it gave to the king. This constitution had been framed by the duke d'Angoulême before 1814. On another occasion the prince sent for a celebrated jurisconsult (whom we could, but shall not name,) and said to him—"I have made a commentary upon the *code civil*, tell me what you think of it." This commentary was at one and the same time a monument of the extreme ignorance, goodness of heart, and indefatigable industry of its author.

Louis XVIII. entertained but a slender opinion of the dukes of Angoulême and Berry, because these princes sometimes made grammatical mistakes in speaking French, than which nothing so soon irritated this monarch, who had a strong dose of pedantry in his composition. Louis XVIII. was profoundly learned in the complicated science of etiquette,

a study almost as laborious and difficult to master as that of the law. For it is necessary to learn by heart a multitude of ancient ordonnances and descriptions of old usages and ceremonies forming three volumes, 4to. The duke d'Angoulême's horror of this species of erudition was another failing in the eyes of his royal uncle. Happily for France the duke d'Angoulême is either ignorant or heedless of the distinctions made between the old and new noblesse. It may be right to state that it is only within the last fifty years that certain titles carry any importance with them. Before that time, for instance, the duke de Fleury was not considered a *gentilhomme*. A chevalier de Rohan, a count de Latrimouille, or a vicomte de Montmorency, would have considered themselves insulted if put upon a par with the duke de Fleury, and others of the same standing. Those who are curious with regard to those matters may consult a memoir *sur la Noblesse de la Cour*, published by order of the parliament of Paris about the year 1680. It is a very singular work, and but little known, though reprinted in 1817. The kings of France, particularly since Louis XIII. and XIV. were not only persuaded that they were endowed by heaven with the most entire and absolute property in the persons and goods of the French people, but that they ought in conscience to exercise this right by means of two hundred families really noble, and whose ancestors had crusaded to the Holy Land. Louis XV. swerved but little from the strictness of this maxim, and for Louis XVIII. it was an article of belief. Incredible as it may seem, yet it appears that Louis XVIII. even while residing at Hartwell, never for a moment doubted but that he, his brother, and his nephews, should one day re-ascend the French throne. He sincerely believed that God had made over in full property the human species to four or five families, and particularly to those of Bourbon and Hapsbourg. It was in vain that some of his ministers sought to convince him that all Europe was threatened by the fangs of Russia, and that the present arrangement of things in the south of Europe was merely owing to the want of energy or ambition in Alexander. Louis XVIII. only replied, disdainfully smiling—"The family of Romanzoff cannot be considered as the chosen of heaven!" It was equally in vain that his ministers endeavoured to dissuade him from the execution of an absurd measure, by stating that it might compromise the safety of the throne. A bitter and haughty smile was the only answer to

such insinuations. The duke de Richelieu, hazarding an observation of this kind to him on a similar occasion, met with the follow rebuff—"Is it a Richelieu who so far forgets the name he has the honour of bearing, as to make use of such language to me? Leave such baseness, *Monsieur le Duc*, to the Mouniers and the Pasquier." Thus expressing his contempt for those two men of talent on account of their want of birth. These details are authentic, and will be confirmed by any one who has mixed in good society in Paris, where they may be heard from the very lips of one or other of the thirty or forty ministers whom Louis XVIII. has had in the course of his reign.

The principal cause of the poor opinion entertained by the late king of his brother and nephews was their total ignorance of this science of nobility, which prevented them from perceiving the immeasurable distinction there existed between a marquis de Colbert and a marquis de Grammont, or vicomte de Soubise. This monarch looked upon the duke d'Angoulême almost as a Jacobin, whenever he ventured to speak in terms of praise of a man whose ancestors had not been to the Holy Land. This was a cause of serious alarm to his majesty, for he dreaded that the *right divine* conferred by heaven upon the family of the Bourbons, would run some risk of being encroached upon should the duke d'Angoulême take with him to the throne sentiments so unworthy of a true legitimate. Louis XVIII. was perfectly sincere in his belief of *divine right*; for this monarch, though learned, was incapable of reasoning. All that struck him in books or conversation was beauty of language or correctness of phrase. This was so well understood by his ministers that, after a little practice, their reports to him were nothing more than a cento of phrases selected from his writings or conversation; and whenever a minister succeeded in composing a report almost entirely with these coinages of the royal brain, Louis signed the accompanying ordonnance without reading it. Merit and talent were in his estimation almost indicative of Jacobinism; however, fortunately for France and himself, they are the most powerful recommendations in the eyes of the duke d'Angoulême.

As already observed, to understand the distinctions existing between various branches of the noblesse is extremely difficult. For it is only since the last half of the last century, that the title of duke even conveyed any consideration, all the

other titles were adopted at will; besides, as the French nobles take their titles from the names of their estates, the sons generally bear a name different from that of the father, so that it requires a considerable effort of memory to distinguish, amongst the hundred thousand nobles of France, the descendants of the two hundred or three hundred families, who took a part in the holy wars. The attainment of this genealogical knowledge, is not only beyond the reach of the duke d'Angoulême, but is, in a great measure, held in contempt by him. This prince is well pleased that those about him should be noble; but it is very indifferent to him, whether their nobility be derived from an office of treasurer of France, purchased under Louis XV. or have descended from a captain of a hundred men at arms under Charles VIII. The dauphin loves to encourage merit; and when he can find this quality joined to noble birth, all the desired conditions are fulfilled in his opinion. But a quality, which surpasses, in his estimation, nobleness of birth, and also, unfortunately, merit, is devotion to the catholic faith. The importance that he attaches to this point, may be judged of by the following fact: M. Franchet, the police minister, requires the booksellers of Paris to furnish him with a list of all the books they sell, and the names of the purchasers, and the man whose name shall appear in these lists opposite the works of Voltaire, the *Origine des Culles* of Dupuis, and similar productions, may rest assured, that he is lost forever in the good opinion of the duke d'Angoulême. The extreme ignorance of this virtuous prince, arising from the wretched education given him, and the almost isolated state in which he had been kept by the absurd etiquette adopted by the Bourbon family, forced him to take his notions upon men and things from the conversation of his aides-de-camp, and of the principal officers of his household. Now it so unfortunately happened, that a collection of more complete *imbeciles* than those composing his household, until the Spanish war, it would be in vain to seek for even in the saloons of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Such was the predominant influence of folly and ignorance in the persons composing this prince's establishment, before he took the command of the Spanish expedition, that the very few persons of any experience attached to him adopted the prudent resolution of saying nothing, or at least as little as possible. In those very moments, when the dynasty of the Bourbons was most seriously threatened, the only topics of general conversation in the sa-

loons of the Tuilleries were, the details of the last stag hunt, some edifying anecdotes drawn from the lives of the saints, or a discussion relative to the foundation of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, or some other church in the neighbourhood of the palace. To have talked upon these occasions of the government of Louis XIV. or to have hazarded an anecdote of the ministers Louvois and Chamillard, or the marshal Villeroys, would have been considered a singular imprudence (unless in the saloon of Louis XVIII.), and might have brought upon the speaker the reputation of being a philosopher; the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to a courtier of the present family. Except in this last particular, the war of Spain has wrought an entire change, not only in the duke d'Angoulême, but in his wife, and in his court.

This campaign may really be considered as this prince's first acquaintance with the world. It is certainly arriving rather late at forty-eight years of age to this species of knowledge. But such is the result of that *chef d'œuvre* of absurdity invented by the Jesuits, and which is called *Education*, when applied to a prince of the house of Bourbon. It is at the age of forty-eight, that the excellent duke d'Angoulême, the honestest man, probably, that enters the castle of the Tuilleries, has met with difficulties which he was obliged to vanquish by his own efforts; in a word, it is his first step in *experience*. Now if there be any princes in Europe who have need of experience to keep them from falling, and probably perishing, most certainly the princes of the house of Bourbon are such. It is to the Spanish war, so fatal to that devoted country, so useful, we repeat it, to France, by having commenced the education of the dauphin, that the prince and his wife are indebted for the partial dispersion of those mists of absurdity and bigotry in which they have been wandering from their earliest infancy. In order to make Englishmen comprehend so singular a fact as this, it is necessary to state, that when a Bourbon grants an audience to any one, the person so honoured knows beforehand what he is to hear, and prepares his reply accordingly; to swerve from this protocol would be considered in France a breach of what are called *les convenances*, and be looked upon as ridiculous, even by the liberals. From this it results that a Bourbon prince is condemned never to hear the accents of truth and sincerity,—never to know the charms or utility of real conversation. But, in Spain, the dauphin, having to struggle against various diffi-

culties, and resist the duke de Belluno, then minister of war, who wished to direct his movements, chose for his favourite and adviser, general Guilleminot, the chief of his staff, a man of considerable adroitness, and who had served his apprenticeship as a courtier near the person of Eugene Beauharnois, at Milan, where this adopted son of Napoleon held a splendid and military court, in imitation of the great prototype at Paris. In intellect and positive knowledge Eugene Beauharnois was not very much superior to the duke d'Angoulême; his greatest advantage over him was his being fully aware of the machinations of the priesthood. The prince had been scarcely fifteen days with the army in Spain, and as soon as the favour enjoyed by general Guilleminot was known in Paris, when the ultras had recourse to one of those favourite measures, which they had already played off so successfully at Lyons, at Colmar, &c. They got up a pretended conspiracy, in order to destroy the duke d'Angoulême's confidence in general Guilleminot and his officers. They did not dare to arrest the general himself; but they had his aid-de-camp arrested. This mock conspiracy was a thunder-bolt for the single-hearted and unsuspecting prince. He now for the first time in his life, and remark that he is forty-eight years of age, was led to suppose the possibility of a priest or an ultra being a knave, and of a Jacobin, such as general Guilleminot, being a man of honour. As he advanced from the Bidassoa to Cadiz, there was scarcely a day's march that did not furnish additional proofs of the machinations of the priests and the ultras, the only two classes of persons in whom he had placed any confidence before the Spanish war. At Madrid, the ultras, in order to inspire him with indignation against the constitutionists, resorted to the atrocious expedient of setting fire to the church in which he was accustomed to hear mass. And as if something more were yet wanting to open his eyes, the *gardes de corps* refused to obey his orders for marching, because it had been transmitted by the revolutionary general, Guilleminot. The duke d'Angoulême, already profiting by even the short lesson of experience he had taken, resolved, that the insolent corps should neither do duty near his person, nor have the honour of fighting while in Spain. The ordonnance of Andujar, which astonished all Europe, would have been remarkable under any circumstance, as emanating from so timid a character; but it is more peculiarly deserving of attention, when it is recollect ed, that this ordonnance was

really an excess of authority. Reason and humanity induced this prince to overstep the strict limits of his power. He would himself, before his Spanish campaign, have deemed such an assumption as the result of Jacobinism and philosophy.

The change produced by the result of the war in Spain upon the character of the future queen of France, the dauphiness, is still more remarkable. This princess, hitherto so haughty, so prejudiced, and, as it was said by some, so inclined to vengeance, has become a model of good sense and moderation. At a public dinner given in honour of her royal highness at Bordeaux, she remarked, that a certain officer, the son of a regicide, whose rank entitled him to be present, did not appear. She inquired of the preseet the reason of his absence; and on being told, that it was on account of his father having voted the death of the king, she immediately refused to sit down to dinner, until the officer in question had been sent for, and presented to her. This unheard of breach of etiquette in a princess of the royal blood waiting dinner for a subject, and moreover that subject not a noble, horrified Louis XVIII. The grand-daughter of Maria Theresa, and the daughter of Louis XVI. saturated with the unmeaning and hereditary flatteries of the noblesse, and sick to nausea of the eternal declamations upon the antiquity of her race by Chateaubriand, and other manufacturers of phrases, is now proud, and proud as a *parvenue*, of being the wife of a *celebrated general*. For this princess has succeeded in convincing herself that there was really a *war* in Spain. She has even become so warlike in her taste, that she hesitates not to express openly her admiration for Napoleon, and fatigues her royal eyes in reading the admirable memoirs of marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, upon the former campaign in Catalonia. The dauphiness begins to think tedious, and even absurd, the high-bred prattle of the old court ladies, and has been more than once heard seriously asking, "What has the husband of such a duchess done?" At this philosophic, and almost Jacobinical question, the very foundations of the Tuilleries seem to tremble, and the priests, who had so confidently hoped to govern Louis XIX. by means of his wife, turn pale. In a word, this princess has become reasonable; it is not to be expected, that she will ever become seductive; for owing to an obtuseness of feeling, and the total absence of the lighter graces of female intellect, her conversation is arid and unattractive; and this is

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the more particularly remarkable in an age, when an over-excited sentimentality is the reigning characteristic of conversation, at least in Paris, where may be seen pretenders to the pathetic, who are deeply engaged in the infamous slave-trade, indulging in all the luxury of sensibility over the sufferings of a dog that has had its leg broken.

However, the French have good reason to be satisfied with the change already apparent in the character of the dauphiness. The moderation remarkable in her sentiments at present, the desire to be humane and just, the decided inclination to acknowledge and recompense useful actions, in preference to the pretensions of high birth, are traits which were certainly not so strongly pronounced before the Spanish campaign. The dauphiness, hitherto so precise in her ideas, has even gone so far as to join with all Paris in laughing at the silliness of M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, aid-de-camp to the king, and *moral* and *religious* director of the grand opera. She has even become convinced of the dullness of the duke Mathieu de Montmorency, notwithstanding the astonishing fervour of his devotion, which made him some time back profess a vow of continence and separate from his wife. The time is not long passed, when the duchess d'Angouléme would have looked upon such an action as a sublime effort of virtue; it is even said, that she has expressed her disapprobation of the late refusal (Nov. 1824) by a priest to perform the service of the church over the body of a M. Latrobe, at Troyes. This refusal was countenanced by M. de Boulogne, bishop of Troyes, who, it is well known, has always in his palace a very pretty niece, and who is changed, from time to time, for another niece equally pretty, as nearly related to her episcopal uncle. In the remarks attributed to the duchess d'Angouléme upon the above occasion, it is said, she made a very adroit allusion to the circumstance just mentioned.

We fear we have dwelt too long upon the characters of the future Louis XIX. and his queen. But in a despotic country like France, and with a budget of a thousand millions at his disposal, the personal character of the sovereign must most materially influence the tone of the government. The two chambers have been established in France only ten years, and yet already is the chamber of deputies bought and sold. Such an assembly, thus devoted, is one of the surest supports of absolute power. It is cheating the people with a show of freedom; for the voting of taxes by those very persons who

are to share in their produce, though such a mockery satisfies, in some measure, the simple and short-sighted part of the community, at the same time furnishes the wily and the rapacious with a *prétexte honnête* for selling themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

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## NIAISERIES OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

(*From the London Magazine.*)

SIR,—No one can take up a newspaper without being disgusted with a number of stupid little paragraphs that go the rounds of the press. The course of the stars is not more certain than that of those niaiseries, when once they are set going, and an experienced quidnunc will calculate their revolution to a day. Some particularly silly nothing, of about half a dozen lines, just fills up a column in a morning paper; it is copied into all the evening papers; and the other morning papers of the next day cannot forego such a clever little thing, that just closes the chinks, and packs their lumber close. The weekly papers are sure to adopt it, seeing how popular it has been with all the daily journals: then it goes the rounds of the country, as the editors of the provincial papers, finding it in all the London papers, copy it as a matter of course into their pages. By the time it has circulated in this way through the United Kingdom, to say nothing of its foreign travels, it is quite forgotten in the place of its birth, except by the unhappy *constant readers* of newspapers, who have always memories miserably tenacious of rubbish. It then travels back to the metropolis, and the editor of some London paper, in want of six lines, with the scissors dangling at his fingers' ends, espying it in the Bally-nacrasy Newsletter, straightway cuts it out as a novelty, and transfers it to his columns; then it is again set up, and again takes the same circuit, and again comes back like a bad penny, again to go forth. I assure you that I have been so haunted by a paragraph of this kind, that though forewarned of its nature by the customary commencement, “It is an extraordinary circumstance,” or, “It is a singular coincidence,” I have, after having passed it over with a pshaw in fifty different papers, read it at last in absolute despair, in order to

know the worst. You may generally distinguish these naiseries by this token, that they always begin with an *it*, and end with a note of admiration. They begin with *it*, because a man who has nothing to write always starts with *it*; it is the most pregnant of pronouns, and there is a charming vagueness in its demonstrative quality that leaves it open for the addition of any nonsense; to use the favourite phrase of the trivia, *it* is agreeable to any thing. Put a pen into the hands of a scribbler, and set him writing against time, and my life on it he begins with an *it*, for that useful little word is never out of place, and always ready for an amplification; you write it first, and contrive to tack something to it afterwards. At all events it is a good round-about road, and imposing sweep to any nothing a man has got to say. Does he wish to intimate to the universe that the moon is not made of green cheese, see how he ennobles the position by coming to it by the way of *it*—“It is an undoubted truth that the moon is not made of green cheese.” By virtue of this pronoun the sentence is exactly doubled, and a meagre proverb is made into a good sonorous mouthful, fit for Dr. Johnson’s use. Then, as for the notes of admiration with which a naiserie generally concludes,—these marks are ordinarily the tributes which a man pays to his own genius: when he writes a good thing, he puts one of them as a sentinel or guard of honour over it, lest it should pass unnoticed in the crowd; the facts of newspapers being for the most part brilliant strokes of invention, the inditers of them are kept in perpetual admiration of their own creative faculty, and bestow the meed of applause on their powers of fancy in these notes from themselves to themselves. Did you ever, Mr. Editor, hear the story of the Irish journalist, who killed a child to fill his paper? Good manners must compel you to say—No, so I will tell it you. The printer of the paper bawled up the speaking trumpet to the editor, “Sir, we want just three lines to fill the paper.” “Kill a child at Waterford then,” replied the editor. Anon the printer was again at the trumpet, “Sir, we have killed the child at Waterford, but still want a line to fill the paper.” “Contradict the same then,” rejoined the editor. Now can we be surprised that men who thus hold life and death in their hand do not exactly understand the rule *nil admirari?* Nay, may we not find excuses for them if they are apt to wonder a little too much at their own wonders. A good flim-flam is not the

thing to which I object, but what I abominate are the little sneaking foetid nothingnesses that are copied from paper to paper. During the session of parliament when the two houses are sitting, the collective wisdom of the nation finds the newspapers abundantly in nonsense; indeed I am decidedly of opinion, that these assemblies have no other earthly use. But when the houses are up, or during the summer, there issues forth such a delivery of jests, stale even to stinking, and such swarms of standing niaiseries of all orders, as render the perusal of newspapers an operation the most trying to a man of an irritable temper. Let me disgust you with a few specimens of the niaiseries. People are wont to say to their friends when they find any thing particularly disagreeable, "Do taste it, you cannot imagine how nasty it is;" and in the same generous spirit let me beg you to observe the examples I am about to adduce of the follies under consideration, for you can have no notion how offensive they are.

The following is an interesting article of intelligence, that appears, mutatis nominibus, some twenty or thirty times in the course of every year.

*Bell-ringing.*—The ringers of the village of Hollywell, in the parish of Dunderhead, in the East Riding of the county of York, met on Saturday, the 17th inst., and rung round a merry peal of triple bob majors, in the key of D, in the short space of fifty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds (the tenor weighed three hundred and eighty-one pounds;) after which the gentlemen partook of an excellent dinner at the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes, at West Barking, in the same parish. In the course of the evening many good catches were sung, and the party did not break up till Aurora, with rosy fingers, unbarred the portals of the East!

This is also a perpetual paragraph—

*Horticultural phenomenon.*—It is a remarkable fact, that there is now growing in the garden of Augustus Frederick Tottie, Esq. of Mount Pleasant House, near Whitton, in the neighbourhood of Hounslow, Middlesex, an extraordinary large turnip, weighing eighty-two pounds one ounce, and admeasuring sixty-three inches round the waist. It is a curious circumstance, that exactly forty years ago, a turnip weighing one hundred and thirty-seven pounds eight ounces was produced in the grounds of the same gentleman, and presented to the late king by his gardener. An interesting account of this

extraordinary vegetable will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1785.

One is always sure to find a sort of stuff particularly out of place or improbable, under the head of

**FASHIONABLE NEWS.**

It is a remarkable fact, that within the last twenty-three years there have been no fewer than four individuals serving the office of head beadle of Mary-le-bone parish, of the name of Smith!! and what makes the coincidence the more singular, three of the churchwardens during the same period were named John!!! These individuals were in no way related to each other, and they all died before they arrived at the advanced age of ninety!!!!

A statute of lunacy has been issued against a midshipman in the navy, grounded on his repeated applications to the admiralty for promotion or employment in consideration of service, and the loss of a leg during the late war. We should not publish this private anecdote were we not assured that it will not give pain to any noble family.

The pleasant farce of Sinners and Saints now performing with unbounded applause, and greeted with roars of laughter at the Haymarket Theatre, is from the pen of Mr. Guerney, the barrister, a gentleman well known in the circles of fun and frolic for his drollery and humour.

*Retirement and Promotion.*—It is now finally settled that the lord chancellor retires from office as soon as he has wound up the causes now in the paper. His lordship, who has so long filled the woolsack with honour and dignity, will be succeeded by Mr. Horace Twiss. His lordship is not so rich as was supposed, or as he desired to be.

*Literary Novelties.*—The forthcoming number of the New Monthly Magazine, published by Mr. Henry Colburn, No. 8, Burlington-street, Bond-street, on the right hand side, exactly two doors from the corner, and eight from the White Horse public-house, corner of Regent-street, will furnish a great treat to the lovers of fun and jocularity, and, indeed, to all classes of readers, from grave to gay, from lively to severe; for, in this periodical, edited by Mr. Campbell, the celebrated author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude, and other popular poems, every taste is catered for, and the feast of reason affords a dish to every palate. There will, in the forthcoming number, be two or more delightful articles from the witty au-

thors of the Rejected Addresses. In "Bubble and Squeak," and "Blowbladder-row," it is not difficult to trace their eccentric and comical genius—*Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!*

*Narrow escape.*—As a gentleman was walking on the Chain Pier at Brighton, on Tuesday s'nnight, his hat was blown off by the fury of the boisterous element, and had a narrow escape of falling into the briny deep. It is a curious circumstance, that the same individual nearly lost a hat in the very same way some years ago when walking on the pier at Margate!

Brighton is full of visitors, who go there for the invigorating benefit of sea bathing, or to enjoy the salubrity of the saline breezes, which fanned by propitious zephyrs come sweeping over "the dark blue sea" to refresh the exhausted sons and daughters of dissipation, and to revive the roseate blush of health, which the tropical heat of too crowded apartments and procrastinated hours have paled on beauty's cheek! Herrings were sold on the beach yesterday for a groat a bushel, and they are now manuring the land with sprats, such is the plenty of fish in this delightful marine residence!

Yesterday, at 397, Barbican, the lady of Mr. Alonzo Diggles, in the pork line, was safely delivered of three female infants, who, with their amiable and interesting parent, are all doing well.

It is with inexpressible regret that we announce the demise of James Philpot, Esq. who expired at his house, No. 38, Nelson's Buildings, Newington Butts, after dinner, on Sunday last. The late James Philpot, Esq. was the sole proprietor of the "Three Jolly Tars, in Rotherhithe, he was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and if he had lived two days longer, would have died on the anniversary of his lamented lady's death, which long to be regretted event took place on the third of March, 1784. Mr. Philpot was the second son of the late John Doe Philpot, Esq. of Chancery-lane, an officer in the service of the sheriff of Middlesex. Trained in the paths of justice and liberality, he steadily followed those principles which he had early imbibed; he was an inflexible patriot, and voted for Sir Francis Burdett, and was used frequently to observe that liberty was the birthright of Britons, and Magna Charta their inheritance—of him it may be truly said, that to the sublimest energies of the cultivated mind, and the views of the consistent politician, he joined the milder

virtues of domestic life. His religion was without hypocrisy, his friendship without guile, and his establishment for the entertainment of the public was conducted on the strictest principles of honour and integrity. On his eldest son, a gentleman who bids fair to emulate his father's virtues, the premises at Rotherhithe, with the large and choice assortment of genuine liquors in the extensive cellars, have devolved.

William Stewart, who was discovered attempting to set fire to Maynooth college, was discharged after a suitable admonition from the worthy magistrate, to be more circumspect in future.—*Irish Paper.*

*Lamentable accident.*—It is with great pain that we inform our readers that as Mr. James Dobbs, the landlord of the Cock and Bull public-house in Gravel-lane, was going down into his cellar with a green glass quart vessel, such as the juice of the grape is commonly sold in, in his hand, for the purpose of drawing some vinegar out of a cask of beer, his foot slipped on the last step but one, and he was precipitated from the top to the bottom! The bottle flew out of his hand, and was dashed into a thousand countless atoms, so that it is rendered wholly unserviceable as a recipient of vinous liquors, or, indeed we may say, of any other fluids; the landlord was picked up by Mr. Christopher Higgins, the pewter collector of the establishment, unhurt. It is a singular circumstance, that the cork in the mouth of the bottle received no perceptible injury, while the bottle itself was next to annihilated!! Mr. Dobbs' lady, who is five months gone with her ninth child, of whom eight are now living, was much alarmed at the noise made by her husband in his descent, and remarked to a neighbour sitting in the bar, that she thought something must have fallen down!

*Curious Coincidence.*—It is a curious coincidence that James Hogg, aged thirty-three, was hung for house breaking, at the debtor's door, Newgate, on Monday, the 5th of March, and that, strange to say, the father of this very man died at York at the age of fifty-two, on the 7th of August, 1819!!!

*Uncommon Mildness of the Season.*—Mr. Polhill, of Penryn, has now a rose in blossom in his garden.

*Unparalleled Severity of the Opera Season.*—Such has been the unparalleled severity of the Opera season, that the fashionables at the Hay-market Theatre, on the first night of its opening, were all frost-nipped, though the house was thoroughly aired and warmed in the bills and advertisements in

every part. The public were sadly blown about by the cutting blasts from the stage, but this, the wags said, was to be expected under the *Air town* management.

*Remarkable Instance of Sagacity in a Dog.*—On Saturday last, a labouring man named Baldwin, in the employ of Mr. Stokes, of Weymouth, had his dinner brought to him as usual by his second daughter, an interesting little girl of nine years of age, in a covered wicker basket. But being unexpectedly called away for a few moments, his faithful dog (which is a sagacious quadruped, of the terrier breed, curiously dotted over his eyes with light brown, or tan-coloured spots, and partially web-footed) most unaccountably abstracted the poor man's fare, for, on his return, the basket was found lying upon its side, and quite exhausted!!!

Under the head of *Fashionable News*, I often observe a naiserie scandalously pointed in its allusion to persons: for example,

We understand that a fascinating Syren will shortly be led to the hymeneal altar by a gallant son of Mars!

Rumoured political changes are uniformly particularly queer.

*Retirement of Lord Liverpool!*—It is confidently asserted in the higher circles, that lord Liverpool is about to retire from his majesty's councils, his lordship having unfortunately lost the royal favour, as it is said, from his persisting to wear in the morning ill fashioned, baggy, blue kerseymere pantaloons, tied with worsted strings at the ancles, with white cotton stockings, and surprisingly large leather bound shoes; a style of dress to which his majesty has more than once expressed his most unqualified dislike. The noble earl, however, with that independence which marks his character, refused to compromise his inexpressibles, and a rupture has consequently taken place. Boots or trowsers with continuation in office were offered to his lordship, we understand, but he rejected both with great firmness. It was then proposed to refer the matter to the arbitration of Mr. Weston, the king's tailor, but this also was declined. Thus the matter rests at present! We shall keep our eyes on this delicate affair, and shall give our readers the earliest intelligence of every thing that occurs in the progress of it.

**SECOND EDITION.**—Half past two o'clock. We stop the press to announce that we have nothing to communicate!

## POLICE REPORTS.

*Bow-street.*—Kiddy Higgles, a youth of gentlemanly exterior and fascinating manners, in the dust line of business, was this day brought up under a charge of bastardy to this office. He was attired in a kind of jacket, something similar in shape to that worn by sportsmen, a pair of red small clothes, of the same colour as those worn by the 10th hussars, worsted stockings, and short gaiters, with a belcher handkerchief tied negligently about his neck, and a broad-brimmed beaver on his head; altogether his appearance was vastly genteel and highly prepossessing, and, together with the interesting nature of the charge and his fascinating address, made a great impression on the spectators. The parish officers failing to appear, the young gentleman was remanded.

Nimble Ned, a noted dandy pickpocket, stood fully committed for stealing a gentleman's watch and seals. The prisoner was dressed in the extreme of the fashion, in an embroidered shirt collar, silk kerchief round his neck, a green coat with white basket buttons, corderoy small clothes, cotton stockings, and high-lows. His exterior was finically exquisite, but his manners were *fascinating* in the extreme.

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But why should I give examples of the style of police reports? Look at this, or any morning's paper, and you will observe that all the men who are charged with gallantry, swindling, or picking pockets in a genteel way, have *fascinating* manners, that all those youths who do not wear smock frocks are fashionably dressed, and that all young women are at the least *interesting*—as for the *comic* slang I loathe it too much to cite it.

## BOULOGNE SUR MER.

At Boulogne Sur Mer, on the 15th inst. William Soames, Esq. formerly of Bow-street, Covent-Garden, terminated his earthly career amidst the regrets of his admiring and sympathizing countrymen of that place. The remains of this public man were followed to the tomb by at least six hundred of the English inhabitants. A plain marble slab marks the spot where all that was mortal of him rests, and the subjoined inscription, the production of the *genius loci*, will, it is hoped, seldom fail to command the tribute of a tear from the eye of unsophisticated sensibility. That the rigid moralist may tax the memory of Soames with irregularity we shall not deny.

but which of us frail mortals is faultless? and *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OR  
WILLIAM SOAMES, ESQ.  
WHO  
DIED AT BOULOGNE  
SUR  
MER, 15 MARCH, 1825,  
Aged 38 Years two Months.

The Expatriated English Inhabitants of this Place erected this Monument  
TO  
Perpetuate the Memory of  
THOSE VIRTUES  
AND  
TALONS  
They admired in him,  
— “Who held the Strand in awe,  
By slight of hand, and nimbleness of paw!”

### HENDERSON'S HISTORY OF WINES.

*The History of Ancient and Modern Wines.* By ALEXANDER HENDERSON, M.D. 4to. London, 1824.

(From the *Universal Review.*)

THE introduction to this work contains a sufficiently brief and clear account of the chemical value of wine, and of such philosophy on this subject as is necessary to the reader's understanding the subsequent history of modern wines, to which it chiefly applies. One remark we shall here make, and it is, that the author has somewhat too easily followed the popular opinion as to the origin and age of distillation. We have no doubt that this “sweet vice” is of much higher antiquity. It is common to attribute the origin of chemistry to the Arabs, forgetting who, and what the Arabs were; and thus they have also put in their claims, through the hands of their partial friends, to the invention of distillation, or of alcohol. But the Arabs knew nothing but what they learnt from Egypt and the East. They were a warlike and a barbarous people. Their political history is familiar; and that history is inseparable from the history of their literature and science. It was

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from Egypt directly, or from India more remotely, that they learnt their medicine, their chemistry, their algebra, their astronomy, their geography, their architecture, their every thing. We can trace the spring and the stream almost throughout; and the reasoning which we apply to their general science and literature, we may safely apply to their chemistry.

Besides, we could prove this latter borrowing, by a direct appeal to the ancients. The Arabs have put in the same claim to gunpowder, and Greek-fire; and it is easy to show that those are Indian, and of a far higher antiquity. Distillation was assuredly known to the Egyptians at a much more remote date than that of the Arabic empire, since the process is almost even described. To this hour it is practised in Tartary and Hindooostan, in a manner bespeaking an extremely distant and primitive origin. Assuredly those people did not borrow from the Arabians in this art, any more than in their astronomy, their algebra, or their architecture, or the numerous other arts in which India has shown itself the teacher, not the pupil. And in Egypt, it is certain, practical chemistry was in a state of considerable advancement, generally, at a very remote age. This is proved by the knowledge of the Egyptians in calico printing, where various colours in figures, on a single web, are produced by one dye, using pencilled or pattern mordants. It is proved by their knowledge in the art of making glass; their coloured glasses and bugles of the most remote date, emulating the best manufactures of Venice, while they also possessed an art in this department now lost, namely, that of gilding *within* the surface of a plate of glass. But having thrown out this hint for Dr. Henderson's future consideration, we proceed.

We shall not abstract this portion of the work, as it would not be very easy to render the subject intelligible in a limited space. But we are inclined to ask why the matter which follows page 320, has not been united to that to which it belongs, and to what is here placed in the introduction. The arrangement is awkward; and in a work which has been seven years or more in hand, admits of no excuse.

We may also observe here that Dr. Henderson has copied the errors of the writers from whom he has borrowed. He says what others have said before him, that if "wine contains a larger proportion of sugar than the leaven which may still exist in it is capable of decomposing, it will keep any length of time without experiencing any deleterious change." This

is not the fact. Sweet wine is capable of undergoing the acetous fermentation while the sugar is still existing in it in excess; so that the result is to have a mixture of sugar and wine with vinegar. And in this case also the complete acetification takes place in one portion of the liquor, yet without the power of acetifying the whole, unless a further proportion of leaven or extractive matter be added. Such a fact, which is familiar, and ought to have been known to the author, proves that the common doctrine of the regular and necessary transition from the vinous to the acetous fermentation is incorrect, and that we are still but imperfectly acquainted with the theory of this obscure process. Something analogous, if less remarkable, occurs in the dry wines, and very notably in Burgundy, where a similar acetification takes place to a limited extent, yet without destroying the wine, or the alcohol in it; and when, at the same time, it becomes utterly impossible to reduce the whole to the state of vinegar without material additions of fresh matter. We have seen Burgundy which had thus become acid in the second year, containing decided vinegar, and yet remaining for sixteen years afterwards without any further deterioration, so as to be highly inflammable in the fire, and without any sensibly diminished power of intoxication. We well remember having been made "very particularly drunk" by a bottle of this very wine, which we fancied a substitute for raspberry vinegar, and used in water in the same manner. The truth is, that the acetic fermentation can be established before the alcoholic is completed; and it appears that as this occupies and takes charge of the *leaven* which should have united to the sugar to produce alcohol or wine, both processes come to an end, warring with each other. In this case, if the sugar has been in excess, the mixture remains one of vinegar and sugar, or of vinegar, sugar, and wine, according to circumstances; while in the case of the Burgundy, the result is a mixture of vinegar and wine only. This fact is, practically, an important one; and we have noticed it therefore, rather than for the purpose of criticising Dr. Henderson.

The general practices of the ancients with respect to their wines do not appear to have differed very essentially from those of modern days. Yet some particulars have puzzled all the commentators, and the drinkers too. One of these was the mixing of sea water with them, and this also in no small doses. According to Columella, the allowance was a pint of

evaporated sea water (how far evaporated?) to six gallons; and he says that this was extended to two, and even three pints by some persons. We have tasted Port wine, and Madeira also, prepared, we imagine, pretty much according to this prescription, by the Barnacles, which had perforated the casks, and we must confess that it gave us much the same respect for the taste of the Romans in drinking, as the "Silly-kickabees" in Peregrine Pickle, would probably have done respecting their gastronomic opinions.

Another of their abominable inventions we have unluckily not yet got rid of, and this is the mixture of turpentine and rosin with wines. They sprinkled the must with pitch, or introduced turpentine into the casks, and this detestable practice is still followed in many parts of modern Greece, to the utter ruin of the wine. The same flavour is also communicated by the pitched seams of the skins in which the wine is transported; but that is not the sole cause, as is very commonly imagined.

But the ancients also used other perfumes, some of which have also descended to modern times, and with good effect. Such are the flowers of the vine itself, bitter almonds, iris root, shavings of cedar, myrtle berries, and various other aromatic plants. If we may judge by the quantities prescribed, their taste in wines must have been as corrupt in this matter as in that of the pitch and tar. They were also acquainted with the use of gypsum, equally practised in modern times, but the purpose of which our author seems to have misapprehended. It is by absorbing the water, and the water alone, from the wine, that this substance acts; and its effect is therefore to strengthen the wine by increasing the relative proportion of alcohol. It is possible, in fact, to convert wine almost to the state of brandy by this agent; and it is remarkable that even the manufacturers who make a constant use of it, are unacquainted with the real nature of its action, and therefore derive far more limited advantages from it than might probably be obtained.

We consider indeed that very great benefit might be obtained by a free use of gypsum in strengthening the weak wines; whether for the purpose of preventing them from undergoing the changes by which they are destroyed, or for rendering them better and more marketable. The cheapness of this material is also such as to present no obstacle to its use, while it can produce no pernicious effects. At present,

the common practice is to add brandy; a mixture by which the quality of the wine is utterly changed, and by which the finer kinds are destroyed, both in flavour, and in their power of keeping. At the same time, their salutary qualities are diminished, or else they are rendered positively pernicious; because it is certain that the mixed fluid never becomes rigidly homogeneous, or always contains a portion of disengaged alcohol.

Every fluid containing water may be strengthened by evaporation, except wine, because the water being the least volatile portion of the mixed fluid, is the last to fly off. It is a great point, therefore, to have gained the means of doing this by the superior affinity of gypsum for water. But we have yet another agent for this end; the action of which, though known, has never yet been explained, while it has not been applied to this use. We shall explain it, because we consider that advantage might be made of it in the wine manufacture.

If a bladder be tied over the mouth of a vessel containing wine, it becomes stronger instead of weaker, yet is similarly diminished in quantity, as when the vessel remains open. In the open vessel, the alcohol evaporates; in the closer one, the water. Here is the explanation of the apparent mystery, which those who discovered the fact by chance ought to have known. Membrane, or gluten, has no affinity for alcohol, but has a strong one for water. Hence the water alone of the vapour which rises from the wine unites to the membrane or bladder, while the alcohol is rejected. From this it is transmitted to the external air; and thus by a repetition of the same successive operations, the water is separated from the wine or alcohol, the membrane acting the part of a perpetual receiver and transmitter of the aqueous vapour, and of that only. Having thrown out this hint to those who may feel inclined to profit by it, it is easy to see that there would be no great difficulty in applying it to use on a large scale, and, we conceive, with very advantageous results.

Whether the wines of the ancients were good or bad, according to our own notions, has no less puzzled the drinkers and commentators of modern days, than the pitch and salt water have done. Dr. Henderson seems inclined to decide in their favour, from the evidence of the poets. But who ever trusted to a poet's evidence? Besides, words are but words; and that which made a man drunk, whether it were akin to heavenly Haut Brion, or base Benicarlo, could have been praised but in

the words of praise. As to the testimony of Athenæus, or any one else, on the ethereal flavour which perfumed the air, he might have said as much on the stink of Ribaz; and doubtless a modern Highlander would be fully as poetical on his odious whisky. Carolan and Homer may be fairly balanced as testimonies on the nectars which they have severally sung. Hafiz has been equally vociferous in praise of his villainous Schiraz.

They were fond of sweet wines. That is no great proof of their taste. All Homer's best wines are sweet. They mixed honey with them; and the same acumen of taste distinguished the heroes of Valhalla, whose eternal pork was washed down with no less everlasting mead. Lokk drinks six pikins of mead at a draught, and the Cyclops probably did as much; while the old poet seems to smack his lips at the very recital.

We doubt that they had any thing akin to our divine Champagne, the drink of gods, if gods ever drink. The "spumantem pateram" will not prove this: the foaming and the overflowing cup are but one thing. Nor are we inclined to think very highly of wines that required to be kept twenty years before they were drinkable; and still less of the "vina horna," which were to be drunk within the year, and which were probably no better than the present trash of Italy and France, which no man in his senses would drink if he could obtain small beer. What are we to think of wines that became thick with age, and that became bitter by keeping. What are we to think of the Opimian wine? If it was the "Comet wine" of that day, we will stick by our own comet yet; since when it was of most value, it was as thick as honey, and could be used only for mixing with other wines, or with water.

But what is Homer's wine, the Maroween wine, which was mixed with twenty times its bulk of water to make it drinkable, according to the poet, and with eight, according to Pliny, when it had degenerated from the celestial qualities which it had possessed in the days of Ulysses. Dr. Henderson has left us to explain this as well as we can. It was syrup, not wine; and the ancient taste in this case seems to have been, not for strong drink, but for "eau sucree," or sherbet. We do not think that the Cyclops, or his wife either, could have "got" very drunk upon this drink. As to the Pramnian wine, it was so harsh that it shrivelled the features in drinking, (no great praise;) but the Corinthian exceeded all, since to drink it was "absolute torture." But men will drink any

thing that makes them drunk, and praise it too when they write verses; or else Cornwall and Devonshire would not yet glory in what they call cider, and which, to organs not Damnonian, emulates a mixture of vinegar and sand. Give us a good can of flip, or a bowl of bishop, and we will not seek for Pramnian and Corinthian wines. How would Homer have sung, and what would he have said, had he drank of lime punch at Glasgow.

But as we have remarked already, all the favourite wines of Greece were sweet, and it is probable that they were the very same as those of our own day. Chios, Samos, Tenedos, Cyprus, and so on. Those wines were in fact the produce of the Ionian and Egean islands; of Lesbos, Chios, Thasos, Coreyra, Cyprus, Crete, Cnidos, Rhodes, and more. And yet the Lesbian wine was salt, as Pliny affirms. The Mendean was so weak that it bore only three parts of water. If a weak wine was limited to three waters, how did the Greeks make themselves drunk, or even merry with drinking, unless they had emulated in capacity of fluid the tuns out of which they drank. What is even our own Madeira, which it is probable they never reached with three waters. Falstaff would have thought this worse than putting lime into his sack.

But we must pass from Greece to Rome.

It is likely enough that the barbarous savages of early Rome drank no wine, or rather cultivated none. But what reason has the doctor to hesitate in supposing that "Hetruria," agricultural Etruria, the country which "sic fortis crevit," cultivated the vine, and taught that, with all its other arts, with all such arts at least as such savages could learn, to the fierce barbarians by which she was overwhelmed and despoiled.

But to pass from that, the Ictine wine was the favoured of Augustus, who seems to have delighted in thin potations. The Cecuban, on the other hand, was the favourite of his adulator and poet, as more given to inspire that eloquence which he praises as its effect. The Fundanum, similarly, appears to have been a strong heady wine; and Dr. Henderson, without sufficient evidence perhaps, supposes these to have been red and sweet wines. If so, the tastes of Homer and Horace do not appear to have been quite so different as their poetry.

Of the Falernian, all have read, and some may fancy they have drank. Whether it be as immortal as Martial prophesied, and whether we are now actually drinking of the same

cup, is a question not easily answered. It was strong and rough, and also durable, so that it was stored for many years before it was drunk, or drinkable. It was kept even to forty years, or far longer; but the taste of Cicero differed from that of Horace, inasmuch as he preferred it newer. Whether it resembled Sherry and Madeira, as the doctor seems to have settled, is a question in which we shall not interfere. Certainly, the wines of Italy that may be supposed to be heirs of the "ardens Falernus" are neither Madeira nor Sherry. When Tiberius calls the Surrentine wines "generous vinegar," it is probable that he was not far wrong: and as to the Nomentanum, the Venafranum, and the Sabinum, we cannot very well understand what are "their table wines" which "attained their maturity only after six or seven years." That is not the character of their table wines now, at least. The criticism here is not very considerate.

The Romans also imported wines from Sicily and from Gaul, as they did from Spain; and, even in these days, the French wines appear to have been distinguished for their flavour, as the Spanish were for their strength.

But we must pass from a branch of the subject on which we really cannot find that any additional light has been thrown, however we may be indebted to the author for bringing together in an English work what was scattered through various books of not very easy access.

The seventh and eighth chapters treat of some practices of the ancients relating to drinking. On this subject the author does not seem to have consulted Stuckius, or if he has, it is without acknowledgement. That laborious collector has left little for his successors to glean.

The use of hot drinks seems to have been as considerable at a certain period of Rome, as that of Mr. Hunt's radical coffee is now. Ice was also the same article of luxury that it is to the modern Italians. The women were forbidden the use of wine at the festive meetings of the Romans, when present; but Dr. Henderson has not remarked that their introduction of females was rare, and confined to a particular period of Rome.

If there were no "made dishes and no poultry," as he remarks, in the Homeric age, it was because that age was, literally, a barbarous one, an age similar to that of our Teutonic and Saxon ancestry. It is too common to confound refined Greece with Homeric Greece, because we read Homer on

one day, and Xenophon on another. The Athens of Aristophanes was as little like to any town or race in Homer, as modern London is to the Augusta Trinobantum of Julius Cæsar's day. But this whole essay we willingly pass over, to enter on the "History of Modern Wines," which occupies the second part of this book.

Here also we have an introductory chapter that ought to have been amalgamated with the first one, and with the terminal chapters; as the attention is distracted by this remote position of subjects which are mutually connected and dependent. We are surprised that so obvious a plan was not adopted.

The wines of France very properly occupy the first place; and the treatises of Chaptal, Rosier, and others, have furnished ample materials. That even the wines of France are not however what they might be, is most justly remarked. But whatever other causes may be assigned, the chief are the poverty of the wine farmers, arising from the minute division of farms and property, and the want of a sufficient market, from the absurd, and almost prohibitory duties, which nearly exclude from that market the most opulent and most willing purchaser. If the laws of France respecting property descending are not altered, this effect must increase, with many other and greater evils, of which the progress is daily too sensible. The absurd duties which exclude from a British market all French wines but those of the highest qualities, deprive the cultivators of such wines of that stimulus towards their improvement which would speedily follow a demand. The material is a drug; and it is indifferent how that article is manufactured for which there is no price.

The wines of Champagne are among the most familiar and the most esteemed in this country. If there be prejudices against them, they are unfounded; as we are convinced that while they are among the most exhilarating and agreeable, they are equally the least pernicious. It is no argument, on the other hand, that a glass of Champagne may produce a fit of gout; as the same rule holds respecting all other idiosyncrasies. This is the talk of those who understand physic without knowing one of its principles; a numerous class. If the object of wine be to raise the spirits in society, or even to make us drunk for a time, this is done by Champagne, sweetly, speedily, and effectually; and if it be an object also not to be drunk to-morrow as well as to-night, it is by Cham-

pagne alone that we can secure this. That the quiet wines, and those of Sillery are the best, needs any one be told; except those who know nothing of Champagne but its frothing and its sweetness, and who are content if it dances in the glass and pleases "the ladies." This is the wine too that will not turn into ditch water in our hands; and we know that it will keep even for thirty years, while the more fashionable kinds of London are often dead and gone in as many days.

But as we cannot follow out all the wines of France in this way, we must pass on to Burgundy. Burgundy talked of in England rather than known, where all kinds of half-sour and flavourless trash is commonly exhibited under this name at high prices. The fact is, that the wines of this district are very numerous and extremely various and unequal; while the produce of the best kinds, the Romanée Conti, Chambertin, St. George, and others, is so small that little comes into the hands of the foreign consumer. As to the white wines, they are far inferior to the red in flavour; and this is so generally true of every race and country where white and red wines are produced, that it is plain much more flavour depends on the husk than the writers on this subject have chosen to see, and that its sole use is not, as is commonly said, to give colour. For our own part, with the exception of the Moselle of the best qualities, and of Champagne, we should care little if the whole race of the white wines of France were abolished, provided that we could replace them with the reds of the same districts. Of course, we except the finer sweet wines, of which no man drinks more than a glass.

The wines of the Hermitage and the Cote rotie are the best known in England of those that belong to Dauphiny and the Lyonnais, and are not esteemed more than they deserve, though the finest kinds seldom reach our market. The character of the produce of the vine is here considerably changed from what it is in the northern parts of France, and the change becomes still more striking as we approach the Spanish border, where the wines come to partake of the extraordinary strength which characterises the produce of that country. Some of the red wines of Languedoc and Roussillon appear to us much preferable to our own Port, however Dr. Henderson may despise them. We doubt indeed if he is acquainted with these wines, and with the "Vins de Cote." As to the white, the Frontignan, and most particularly the Rivesaltes, is unquestionably the first sweet wine in the universe:

leaving few behind the produce of Greece, Italy, and Spain, and even, in our own estimation, rivalling, if not excelling, the far-famed Tokay.

But, after all, the king, queen, and emperor of wines is the red wine of the Bordelais. This is THE WINE par excellence; and if Homer and his Cyclops had known of it, heaven only knows what quintuple Greek word he would have compounded to praise it. But we drink *claret*, and we fancy that we are drinking THE WINE. There are a thousand wines of this class, and the total produce of the true wines does not exceed four hundred tons. It is the trade of the merchants to adulterate the good with the bad, to bring the latter to a marketable state by means of the former, and to prevent the good from telling the tale, by keeping it out of sight; while by aid also of Alicant and Barcelona, of the fire and blackness of vile Benicarlo, they are all rendered potent enough for the true English drinker, who cries out for body, body, careless of the soul, and to whom the great merit of wine is to make him drunk, and to feel hot in his mouth.

To enumerate all these wines is beyond our limits; but every one knows that Haut Brion, Lafitte, Latour, and Chateau Margaux, are the names at least of the best wines, whatever they may know of the wines themselves. That the whole world cannot drink itself drunk by means of four hundred tons annually of these wines, is very certain; yet we wish that those who govern our part of the world at least, would allow us to drink of common Graves and ordinary Medocs, of Bernauld, and Pontet, and St. Pierre, and Mandavit, and hundreds worse, without paying ninety pounds a ton duty for them, and that the merchants would permit us to drink them without the dose of so many "pintes" per "velte" of *black strap*. Shall we ever see this consummation; shall we ever see an exchequer and a custom-house that have wit enough to contrive a duty "ad valorem."

The doctor has been culpably brief on the wines of this district; but we cannot afford to add, as we might, to his information, since we must now pass the mountains with him. And when we do, it is to pass our unlimited condemnation on Spain and all its abominable wines, fitted only to deprive the drinker of them of his health, his senses, and his money. Xeres indeed bawls loudly for an exemption; and certainly if Falstaff, and fashion, and brandy are to carry it, we must concede the point. Why will not the Spaniards make good

wines when they have all the soils, and suns, and climates of the universe in their own hands? Because they are lazy and dirty, and bigots, and slaves, and—but let them go.

We must praise Port, of course, else we should not be true Englishmen. We must praise it too because of the Methuen treaty. A treaty so fine, so clever, so profound, that the like was never made, that no parallel can be found to it in all Rymer, nor in all the “federa” that have ever been struck since that between Lot and Abraham. A treaty to poison a whole nation, for the sake of compelling another to buy from it what it could not have helped buying, what it would have thronged to buy. Sir Paul Methuen has much to answer for; the fate of Prometheus would have been but a retaliatory punishment. For thus our livers are consumed with brandy under the colour of Port. Who does not know that this compound is often half brandy, and who reflects that when he is drinking a bottle of it, he is drinking a pint of brandy? Yet so it is. But we must refer to the doctor for such further history of this manufacture as we have not room to give. That the wine *might* be good, we are ready to admit. But then it must be under a much smaller consumption. That consumption would be reduced by the admission of French wines; and thus the effect would be to improve two countries at one blow; and we may fairly add our own as the third. With the present demand for Port, it must inevitably be manufactured from the ordinary as well as the good, from Figueras as well as from Oporto, and what is worse than all, from Benicarlo and brandy. To say nothing of the home mixture, which Dr. Geddes has consecrated in his macaronic poem. We may parody Boniface feelingly; for of such trash we may safely say, “how should we be men that drink it?”

The characters, generally speaking, of the German and Hungarian wines are sufficiently familiar to us, though very few find their way to an English market. And their characters also are markedly distinct from those of the growth of France, and of all other countries. The wines of the Rhine are the best known; and that of Hochheim, or others which go by the name of Hock, from their analogy, is familiar. This is a very singular wine in its chemical construction; weak, yet not subject to the diseases of weak wines, and hitherto baffling all our chemical knowledge. The doctor has attempted unsuccessfully to explain this peculiar phenomenon, and we are not prepared to give a better solution. The Ja-

hannisherger is known to be the best; but, as of all other good things in this world, the quantity is very limited. The Steinberg and the Graffenberg are the next; but those who cannot get them, must be content with a humbler produce, and even then will not always have cause to complain.

Of Tokay, the name is better known than the taste; since the produce is both scanty and high priced. We have always considered this as the chief merit of that wine. That it is made from half dried grapes, is pretty generally known. If Dr. Townson thinks it no better than the Spanish sweet wines, Grenatch and Malaga we suppose, we must however enter a dissent, though we should look twice on the fourteen sides of seven ducats before we gave them for a bottle, or even a gallon of it, like the ex-king of Holland.

Why are the Italian wines not better, when Italy is so delicious and fertile? Because the Italians are a dirty, obstinate people. That is not true however of their other farming, since, assuredly, in some departments, there are no better farmers in the world. Yet it is true, that to neglect we must attribute the badness of the common Italian wines, in which it is most difficult to say, out of the various qualities of weakness, dirtiness, sourness, and stench, which predominates. It is impossible but that the wines of Italy would equal those of France, were care bestowed on them. If volcanic soils are the most favourable to the vine, they ought even to exceed them; for France has comparatively but little of such land. But they neglect the culture of the plant, as they do the manufacture of its produce.

The Tuscan wines are the best, because the most care has been bestowed on them. Every one has heard of the Montepulciano. Every man, says a traveller, when he arrives at an inn where this wine is sold, goes to bed before he begins to drink it, because he knows full well that, after he has begun, that will be impossible. Has Dr. Henderson never heard this; and has he forgotten too, or never heard, the celebrated epitaph on the toper, over whom it was inscribed, "Est, est, est, propter nimium est." It was sufficient to denote that Montepulciano was sold by inscribing est over the door. This is *πατ' ξεχω*, to some purpose.

But there are other good wines in Italy, besides its muscadines and its lacrymæ, which Dr. Henderson does not seem to know of, and bearing promise of much better, provided that a foreign demand could be excited. What has he done

with Lipari, which is among the best of the sweet wines. Has he forgotten also the wine of Nissa, a wine at least of promise. A freer trade would do much even for Italy in this matter; but as long as it is the system of commerce in all countries to exclude instead of encouraging the interchange of their several commodities, by avaricious and absurd duties, which defeat the very ends and purposes of commerce, Italian wines will continue to stink and sour, and we shall go on drinking porter and small beer. That Sicily also is capable of making much better wines than it has ever yet produced, even under its recent improvements, we have no manner of doubt. The wine of Marsala is a sufficient proof of this.

But it is true, as the author remarks, that among other impediments to this improvement, is the English taste for strong wines, and the necessity thus imposed on the growers, to mix all the produce intended for that market, with brandy. Here, unquestionably, this English taste is one of the radical causes of the evil, but it is not the sole one. Let it bear no more blame than its due. If the Englishman is to pay a high price for every wine that he buys, because there is but one duty, and that a high one, for all wines, he must demand a strong article. The object of wine is to make a man drunk, more or less, and he cannot afford to pay more than four or five shillings for this object. Give him two bottles at the price which he now pays for one, and we shall soon see his taste improve, as he discovers that it is somewhat more pleasant to have plenty of drink, as well as drunkenness for his money, than to be condemned to the drunkenness without the enjoyment of a long drink. Then will other wines besides those of Sicily be improved also.

Dr. Henderson has entirely forgotten the Balearic wines. Did he not know of them? There are many of them which are worthy of his notice. The Alba flora of Majorca is a very respectable white wine; though we must not take our estimate of it from the brandied and fiery drink sold by that name in London. In nothing throughout this trade is the bad effect of brandy so sensible, as when it is attempted to raise a weak wine to the English standard of strength: in the naturally strong ones, the mixture is far less offensive. Hence the vile qualities, not only of the London Alba flora, but of the trash called Lisbon and Calcavella. The Carcavelos wine is naturally far from bad, and the best qualities are really good. But what is known by this name, as well as Lisbon, is scarcely

more than "grog;" a mixture of weak wine and brandy, instead of brandy and water, and scarcely so good a mixture.

The information on the wines of Greece is very slender indeed, and we may pass it over without any loss. Of Madeira wine, the history is familiar, and Dr. Henderson has added scarcely any thing to that which is universally known. That this is the best of the strong wines, we have never doubted; although royalty has lately discovered that it is acid and pernicious, and omnipotent fashion has confirmed the decision. Yet that even such a wine should be mixed, mixed and spoiled with, and by brandy, proves the insatiable appetite of Britain for strong drink; that Teutonic taste which they have inherited from the sons of Odin, and which displays itself, in Scottish and Hibernian land, in the more honest and open love of John Barleycorn and Potsheen. At present, even with the fashion against it, the demand for Madeira is such that the best kinds are rarely sent into the market undeteriorated; while, what Dr. Henderson does not seem to have known, the wines of the Canary islands, and even of the Azores, are largely substituted for the growth of Madeira.

The Cape of Good Hope deserved more than two pages, and we are sorry to say, that the way in which it has been past over, confirms the opinion we had formed before, that the author has brought much less original matter and less thinking to the subject, than it demanded and merited. Unquestionably, good wine can be made in that country; and there is a great fault somewhere, when, in an infant colony under the declared and dear-bought protection of government, a colony which was to remedy the evil of a superfluous population, one of the most obvious and favourable modes of a new industry has thus been neglected. The produce is almost unmarketable. Whether it is better or worse than that of Schiraz, we shall not trouble ourselves to inquire, detesting both as equally as we well can; and therefore we shall pass on to see what is said of "wines used in England."

We do not consider the testimonies of Cæsar, Pliny, and Tacitus, worth one farthing as to the existence of the vine in Britain in their day; however probable that it really was of more modern introduction. Dr. H. ought to have known that neither of these persons was competent to give an opinion on such a point. Cæsar scarcely saw Britain, and the other two did not see it at all. As to the story of Probus, it is likely to be true for all that has been advanced against it.

It has been an idle fashion among antiquaries to maintain

that the vineyards of Britain were orchards, and its wine cider. Nothing but the rage of antiquarian disputation could have maintained such an opinion. There were vineyards every where, and wine was made currently at the monasteries. There was a vineyard at Fulham, and the record of bunches of grapes presented, is still preserved. Nobody but an antiquarian could have disputed the positive and plain testimony of William of Malmesbury, even if that were not supported by a thousand other evidences equally incontrovertible, and which we have not room to quote.

But wine has been made since, and is made now, and might be made almost annually, in any of the warmer counties; and even to a profit, as long as the excise chose to permit it. It is very certain, however, that if this practice were to become common, it would not be long in interfering, as in the case of tobacco. Mr. Hamilton's wine, made at Pain's-hill, was equal to the inferior classes of Champagne when new, and became a sort of Rhenish by keeping; and similar events happen still. That wine was also sold at French prices to those who did not know its origin; and we ourselves have seen English wine of this nature sold, experimentally, at five guineas a dozen; and not only sold and bought, but drunk and approved as excellent French wine. In a small essay on this subject, some time published, it has also been shown by Dr. Mac Culloch, that similar wines may be made by compounding the infusion of green fruit, and even of vine leaves, with sugar; and, in these cases, the trials, often repeated by various persons, have shown that the wines are no way inferior to those made from ripe fruit, generally better, and that they are fully equal to the middling, and sometimes, to the better classes of French white wines. We have seen them corresponding to Champagne, Moselle, St. Peray, and White Hermitage wines, and in some cases not at all inferior to the respective kinds which they resembled. The sugar here seems to be a perfect substitute for the maturity of the fruit; and the other necessary ingredients appear to be found as conveniently in the leaves as in the fruit itself. This is a branch of industry which we believe might really be turned to account; and it is one deserving of more notice than it has yet experienced; since a crop of leaves can be produced, to a certainty, in every season and climate of Britain, though the fruit should fail; and since, by augmenting the consumption of sugar, such a manufacture would tend materially to relieve the distressed situation of the West India planters.

## ECONOMY OF THE EYES.

*The Economy of the Eyes: Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight, &c. &c. By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D. Author of the Cook's Oracle, &c. &c. 12mo. London, 1824. (From the Universal Review.)*

DR. KITCHINER has done himself credit by a succession of works, curious, useful, and popular. He writes at once like a man of research, a man of humour, and has the art of conveying a great deal of good sense and observation under the cover of pleasantry.

His *Cook's Oracle* is an admirable work for its purpose, and when all cooks shall have learned to read and to reason, will make a revolution in our culinary concerns.

The present work is still more distinctly the result of that benevolent ingenuity which characterises the spirit of its Author. We allow him to introduce it in his own words. None can be better.

"Without spectacles all the other working tools, of most artists, soon after their 40th year, would be almost useless.

"At that precious period of life, when genius begins to wait upon judgment, the persevering student would no longer be able to enjoy the fruits of the labours of his predecessors, or to preserve the produce of his own for the benefit of posterity.

"The accomplished artist, almost as soon as he acquires his art, would be incapable of pursuing it,—the seeds of perfection which he has been industriously cultivating during the first period of life, would very soon after cease to be productive, and, but for the eye-invigorating art of the optician, his latter days would be melancholy and forgotten.

"It is hoped that by a little attention to the following pages, that all who can hear, may be enabled to procure precisely such glasses as are most proper for them.

"Every body is in want of such information, because nobody has given it,—therefore, I have endeavoured to render it as easily attainable, as it is universally desirable, by communicating it in such plain terms that every body may understand.

"The choice of *spectacles* is one of those acts which cannot be properly performed by proxy—the sight cannot be perfectly suited, unless

*"Every eye negotiate for itself."*

"This is so absolutely true, that not only one person cannot choose for another—but one eye has very little notion what glass will be best even for its own brother, so extremely does the left eye occasionally differ from the right.

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"No faculty of man varies more in its nature, or is susceptible of so high a degree of improvement and refinement by art, as the sense of sight. The highest degrees of its discriminating power are acquired slowly and imperceptibly."

"From organic imperfection and neglect of cultivation, many people pass through life who (it may be said, comparatively,) never see—*i. e.* whose eyes never have the faculty of accurately appreciating either form—or colour:—to very few indeed is it given to perfectly perceive and portray both."

"There cannot be a more evident proof of the general defect in people's sight—than the general acceptance of capricious and unreasonable fashions, which appear to be prevalent, in proportion that they are in direct opposition to all the principles of good taste, and which, to a fine eye, are frequently frightful, and absolutely painful to behold."

"From the different modes of colouring of different artists, I suppose that the eyes of no two painters feel exactly the same impression of colours.—and objects, appear of different colours accordingly as they are illuminated with different lights."

*"The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam,"*

POPE.

do not differ more extremely than does the sight of different persons—and of the same persons at different ages.

"The peculiar conformation of the eyes, differs quite as much in different persons, as the construction of their noses;—it is just as impossible to guess exactly what spectacles will best suit the sight of another person, as it is to tell what tunes are most delightful to his ear,—or what tastes are most delicious to his tongue."

"Nothing can be more erroneous than the common notion, that there is an invariable rule, that *a certain form of glass is calculated for a certain age.* No rule has more exceptions:—but this *vulgar error* has been productive of great and irremediable injury to the eyes of thousands!"

The spirit of this little volume is kindness, and we find in the earliest pages this suggestion, in which we fully coincide.

*"There could not be a more useful charity—than that of providing proper*

#### SPECTACLES FOR THE POOR.

"*The best glasses*, set in single-jointed steel frames, may be purchased wholesale at the rate of eighteen shillings per dozen pairs;—if a single-jointed frame is fastened round the head with a riband, it may be kept on, almost as steadily and comfortably as a double-jointed frame.

"For the small sum of eighteen pence the benevolent may enjoy the gratifying reflection of giving an industrious workman the power of long continuing his labour with undiminished ability, and of earning a subsistence to extreme old age.

*"In no way—can so much good be done with so little money!"*

*"Qui Visum, Vitam dat."*

"The greatest part of the disorders of the eyes of poor people who are upwards of forty-five years of age, are occasioned by their straining their sight for want of spectacles,—or by looking through bad glasses,—or those

of a focus not suitable to their eyes—I hope when this is considered by THE OVERSEERS OF THE POOR,—THE DISTRICT SOCIETIES FOR BETTERING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR, and the patrons of THE EYE INFIRMARIES, that they will make the distribution of spectacles a part of their bounty.” P. 10.

We have no desire to mingle our own remarks with the odd and original observations of our author. We select some of his remarks on the decay of the eyes.

*Symptoms of the eyes requiring spectacles to read with.*

“The natural decay of the sight commences, in common eyes, very soon after ‘the Meridian of Life,’ which, according to those who train men for athletic exercises, and according to Dr. Jameson, is about our twenty-eighth, —according to others, about our thirty-fifth year.

“‘The crystalline humour is clear and transparent like water—till about the twenty-fifth or thirtieth year of our age, when it begins to become a little yellow towards the centre, which yellowness grows gradually deeper and deeper, and extends more and more towards the surface, in so much that Dr. PETIT found that the crystalline of a man eighty-one years old, resembled two pieces of beautiful yellow amber.’ Dr. PORTERFIELD on the *Eye*, 1759, 8vo. vol. i. p. 229.

“The commencement and progress of the deterioration of the sight, depends upon the health of the individual upon the original formation of the eye,—and upon how it has been used.

“Some eyes, at thirty years of age, require the aid of art as much as others do at fifty, while the sight of some persons continues almost as perfect at fifty as it was at thirty.

“The average period of the eyes requiring spectacles to read with, is about the forty-fifth year.

“Nature has decreed, that soon after our fortieth year, the most perfect eyes shall no longer retain the privilege she gives to youth, of the power of adjusting them to see distinctly at different distances: this range of accommodation diminishes gradually, till it fails almost entirely—those to whom it is given to continue to discern distant things distinctly, no longer see those which are near distinctly.

“Very few persons past the age of forty can see quite so well by candle-light, as they could before that age—those who can, will generally find that there is a small degree of shortness in their sight, which is the cause of their possessing that advantage longer than persons in general do—if they will try that very shallow concave which is called by opticians, ‘No. O. concave,’ or ‘half a number’—they will find it give a decided outline to distant objects, which they never saw defined sharply before.

“However, people who do not use their eyes for minutely examining near, or for accurately delineating distant objects, are quite unconscious of the finer perceptions of a fine and cultivated eye, and are equally insensible to the smaller gradations of the deterioration of their sight, and happily suppose that ‘they have a good eye,’ while, as Beatrice says,

“They can see a church by day-light.”

“There are several symptoms, too evident, even for the self-love of the weakest and the vainest to mistake, by which all persons will easily perceive when they really require the assistance of spectacles.

“The first indication of the eye beginning to be impaired by age, is that when you wish to read a small print, you are obliged to remove it further

from your eye than you have been accustomed to do, and desire the aid of plenty of light; and on looking at a near object, it becomes confused, and appears to have a kind of mist before it, and the letters of a book run one int' another or appear double, &c.; and, BY CANDLE-LIGHT, you catch yourself holding a book, &c. close behind the candle—and, that you begin to admire the ingenuity of the gentleman who invented snuffers.

*" You will begin to feel the absolute necessity of using glasses, when you want to read a small print by candle-lights, for twelve months before you require their assistance by day-light."*

" If you obstinately strive against nature, and barbarously refuse your eyes that assistance from art—which will enable you to see with great ease, but without which, you cannot see without great difficulty—you will act as absurdly as if you refused to eat when hungry, or to sit down when you are tired—and will soon strain and weaken your sight, which will receive more injury in a few months by such forced exertion, than it would in years, if assisted by proper glasses which render vision easy.

" However, some people seem to be about as unwilling to acknowledge this truth, as they are to confess that they do not feel quite so frisky at forty-five as they did at twenty-five.

" The common objection which people make to put on spectacles, is, that 'if they once begin to wear them, they are afraid they can never leave them off again:' this is true enough; but why should they? if by such aid, their sight is relieved and preserved, and they are enabled to see easily and distinctly, and when they attempt to read without, their eyes ache, their head aches, and every bit of 'em aches.

" A man afflicted with incurable lameness, who cannot move without crutches, would act just as wisely, in refusing to avail himself of them, because he can never hope to walk again without.

" Timely assistance from glasses will ease the eyes, and in some degree check their tendency to grow flatter—whereas, if they be not assisted in time, the flatness will be considerably increased, and the eyes be weakened by the efforts they are compelled to exert; all delay is dangerous, and the longer those who feel the want of assistance, defer the use of spectacles, the more they will increase the failure of the eye." *ADAMS on Vision, 1792, 8vo. p. 109.*

" The change in the conformation of the eyes, which renders spectacles useful, seems to be one of those which nature has destined to take place at a particular period of life, and to which there is no gradual approach through the preceding course of life. A person for instance at forty, sees an object distinctly, and at the same distance that he did at twenty. When he draws near to fifty, the change I have spoken of, commonly comes on, and obliges him in a short time to wear spectacles. As it proceeds he is under the necessity of using others of a higher power. But, instead of supposing that his sight is gradually becoming worse, from a natural process, he attributes the increase of the defect in it, to his too early and frequent use of glasses. Upon the whole, I should draw this inference from what has been said, that—*no person whose sight begins to grow long, ought to be in the least prevented from enjoying the immediate advantage which spectacles will afford him, by the fear that they will ultimately injure his eyes.* Dr. WELLS on Vision." P. 23.

Among the inventions for relieving the sight, lamps are not without their value, and the virtues of one newly invented, the Cumumbra lamp, are thus commemorated:

"The shade of this lamp is so contrived that it completely prevents any of its rays coming to the eyes, the pupil of which is therefore regulated solely by the object under examination. Every part of the frame, &c. is coloured a dead black.

"The faults of all the other reading lamps which I have seen, are, that the shade does not come either high or low enough to completely shade the light, and the top is partly composed of fretwork which shows the light through it, and the frames are frequently painted with a light colour, and highly varnished.

"To this lamp may also be fixed a half shade, which will screen the light from the person reading, and at the same time light the room, which in some cases is a very desirable contrivance.

"It is so simple in its construction, that it is not liable to get out of order, and there is very little more trouble in trimming it for seven hours, than there is in once snuffing a candle.

"It is not only cheap in the purchase, but in use, for I think it affords more light than two candles at the cost of one. The oil reservoir holds three-fourths of half a pint of oil, which at the present price of the very best lamp oil (5s. 6d. per gallon,) costs three pence, which divided by twelve, (the number of hours it will burn,) gives the expense of this light, i. e. a farthing per hour.

"The light of the *Cumumbra* is so good, that persons whose sight is beginning to fail, and who read by candle-light without spectacles of thirty-six inches focus, with this lamp read as well as they can by day-light; and so it deserves all the praise which the pick-pocket gave to the gas light, 'It is as bad as day-light!'—i. e. for opticians; for by the help of this lamp persons may read a year or two longer than they would be able to do without, and always with glasses of the same magnifying power which they use by day.

"The effect of a strong light I have seen evinced by the fact, that persons who have many years used spectacles, when the sun shines on their book, can see without.

"I believe, that the main reason why the sight is not so sharp at night as it is in the morning, is, that the eyes are tired, by having been at work all day.

"The sensibility of the sight is surprisingly recruited by sleep. Dr. Porterfield, in p. 38 of Vol. II. of his *Essay on the Eye*, observes, 'the pupil is very large upon our first awaking.'

"I have for many years been accustomed to sleep with a light in the room, and if at any time it has gone out, I have generally awoke just time enough before to previously light a candle: and have often wondered, that the diminution of so faint a light had such a strong effect on my eye, as to awaken me out of a sound sleep.

"I read the above to Mr. Bundy the engineer, and he said, 'The very same thing happens to me, I always awake just before my night lamp goes quite out.'

"The best light for burning all night is the *Semiumbra* chamber lamp; this may be set with perfect security on a table by the bedside within reach, and by turning it half round, you may in a moment have either light or shade; a frame may be made to carry it over a *Bainmarie* saucepan, like the nursing lamps for keeping children's food warm, which will keep half a pint of tea or broth warm all night. This will be a great comfort to invalids, especially to those afflicted with nightmare, for which a draught of hot water will give more immediate, and more permanent relief, than any remedy I have tried.

"The strongest objection to candle-light is, that the degree of light given by a candle, and its distance from the eye, is varying every moment; a lamp has not this disadvantage by merely bringing it nearer to, or removing it farther from, the object under examination, its light may either be increased or diminished, and may be adjusted to almost any degree; and it will continue the same for several hours."

"Those who cannot recollect having played so much with a new plaything, 'and fancied toil a pleasure,' till the pleasure became a toil, must have a much worse memory, than I hope you have, gentle reader!" P. 59.

Dr. Kitchiner then ranges through the whole practical detail of eye glasses, and really exhibits a great variety of practical knowledge upon the subject. He states the merits of the *Pancretic* eye tube, or universal power for the eye glasses of telescopes, and details the fortunes and excellencies of some of the more favourite instruments of the private astronomers of our day.

The work is appuived upon the authority of men of science, oculists, opticians, &c. To those whose sight is beginning to be feeble, it contains some of the most sensible and consolatory advice that we are acquainted with; even to those who take it up to pass the hour, its neatness of expression, its gentle pleasantry, and its accurate observation, will make it attractive.

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#### CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON WITH CANOVA, IN 1810.

NAPOLEON was very desirous that Canova should take up his residence in Paris, and made several attempts to induce him to do so. During the time that Canova was at work upon his Venus he received a formal invitation to go there, transmitted to him at the desire of Napoleon, who was then in Holland, by the steward of the imperial household. The most flattering prospects were held out to him as the probable consequences of his acquiescence. Canova excused himself politely, alleging, among other reasons, that if he made any material change in his manner of living, he should be lost to himself and to that art to which he devoted his whole existence. He intreated cardinal Fesch and the chevalier Denon to use their influence, that he might be spared from farther importunity. At last he took the resolution of going himself to explain his sentiments to the emperor. His arrival at Paris was solemnly announced. The 11th of October, 1810, he arrived at Fontainbleau, and on the following day he was

presented to Napoleon. The emperor at that time engrossed the attention of all Europe; every thing which related to that extraordinary man excited universal interest. This induced Canova, who had many very familiar conversations with him, to take notes of them, imagining that, perhaps, they would hereafter be of value; he also hoped, as he confessed, that they would remain as proofs of his firmness, and would show that, neither seduced by brilliant offers, nor intimidated by dangers, he had ventured to speak the truth to a powerful monarch.

These notes have been found among Canova's papers, and were published a few days ago in French at Paris, in a little pamphlet. Discussions upon subjects connected with art between two such men as Canova and Napoleon cannot fail to be interesting to our readers; we therefore give them entire.

## CONVERSATION I.

On the 12th of October, about noon, marshal Duroc presented me to Napoleon. The emperor was just beginning breakfast. Nobody but the empress was present. "You are a little thinner than when I saw you last, M. Canova," were the first words he addressed to me. I replied, that this was the consequence of my incessant labours. I then thanked him respectfully for the honour he did me, in inviting me to cultivate my art near his person, and in desiring my opinion on whatever was connected with it; at the same time I did not, from the first moment, disguise that it would be impossible for me to fix my residence out of Rome; and I told him my reasons. "This," said he, "is the capital of the world—you must remain here—you shall be well provided for." "My life, Sire, is at your disposal; but if your majesty wishes that it should be devoted to your service, you must permit me to return to Rome, after the completion of the works I am come to execute." At these words he smiled and answered, "You would be in the centre of all that interests you here—here are all the chiefs d'œuvres of the masters of your art; we want only the Farnese Hercules; but we shall have that too." "Your majesty," replied I, "will surely leave Italy something. These ancient specimens of art form a chain or connexion with an infinity of others, which cannot be removed from Rome or Naples." "Italy may replace them by excavations," said he; "I will have some made at Rome. Tell me, has the pope expended much in excavations?" I told him,

that the pope had expended little for that object, because he was at that time poor; but that his heart was generous, and inclined to great enterprises; that by his ardent love for the arts, and by great economy, he had been enabled to form a new museum.

He then asked me if the Borghese family had spent much in excavations. I replied, that they had spent but little, because they usually undertook them in company with others, and afterwards bought their part. I here took occasion to explain to him, that the Roman people had a sacred right to all the monuments of art discovered in their territories; that they were a sort of produce of the soil, and that neither the great families, nor the pope himself, could alienate these remains from the Romans, to whom they belonged as the heritage of their ancestors, bought by so many victories. "I paid fourteen millions of francs for the Borghese statues," said he. "How much does the pope spend a year on the fine arts? A hundred thousand crowns?" "Not so much; he is extremely poor." "Then much good may be done with even less than that?" "Certainly."

He then fell to speaking of the colossal statue of himself, which was my work, he seemed to wish it had been clad. "It was not in the power of God himself," replied I, "to have produced a fine statue, if he had chosen to represent your majesty as you now are, in breeches, boots, in short, dressed à la Francaise. In sculpture, as in all the other arts, there is a certain standard of sublimity. Our conceptions of the sublime are attached to the naked figure, and to a sort of drapery appropriate to the art. I then quoted several examples taken from the poets, and from ancient monuments of art. The emperor seemed convinced; but proceeding to speak of the other equestrian statue of him, which I was about to model, and which he knew was to be draped, he said, "And why is not that to be naked also?" "It is to be habited in the heroic costume," replied I; "the naked figure would be inappropriate to the character in which I am to represent your majesty—that of a general commanding an army." I added, that this was warranted by the authority of the ancients as well as of the moderns; that the equestrian statues of the old kings of France were represented in the same manner, as was also that of Joseph II. at Vienna." "Have you seen the bronze statue of general Desaix?" said he; "it appears to me badly done. The waistband is ridiculous." I was going to

reply; but he resumed, "Do you intend to cast my statue, the one on foot?" "It is already cast, Sire, and very successfully. An engraving of it is also executed, and the engraver wished to have the honour of dedicating it to your majesty. He is a fine young man, and it would accord with your usual munificence to encourage young artists in times so unfortunate for them."

"I will go to Rome," said he. "It is worthy your majesty's attention," said I; "you will find there many objects which will powerfully excite your imagination. The Capitol, Trajan's Forum, the Via Sacra, the Columns, the Triumphal Arches," &c. I then described to him some magnificent remains, particularly the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi, each side of which, as of the other consular ways, is bordered with tombs. "What is there surprising in that?" said he; "the Romans were masters of the world." "It was not the power of the Italians alone," replied I; "but their genius, their love of what is great, which produced so many magnificent works. Your majesty will reflect how much was done by the Florentines alone, masters of so small a territory, compared with what the Venetians produced. The Florentines built their magnificent cathedral, by adding only a penny in the pound to the duty on the manufacture of woollens: this increase of the tax furnished the sole means of constructing an edifice, the cost of which would exceed the powers of any modern state.

"They paid Ghiberti 40,000 sequins for executing in bronze the gates of St. John, a sum equivalent to several millions of francs now. Your majesty must reflect on the industry and the magnanimity of these people."

This is the substance of our first conversation, after which I received the necessary orders for beginning a statue of the empress.

#### CONVERSATION II.

On the 15th of October I began my work, and continued it for many sittings, during which I had constant opportunities of talking to the emperor on various subjects. These sittings being at his breakfast time, he was not attending to business. The following are some of the principal subjects of our conversations.

"Was the air of Rome," said he, "as bad and unhealthy in ancient times, as it is now?"

" It appears that it was," said I; " according to the Roman historians, the ancients preserved the woods and forests they called *sacred*, as barriers against the bad air; besides, the immense population which covered the country diminished the effects of this scourge. I recollect to have read in Tacitus, in the part where he treats of the return of Vitellius from Germany, that his soldiers fell ill from sleeping on the Vatican Mount." He instantly rang for his librarian to bring him Tacitus. He could not find the passage. I afterwards found it and sent it to him. They proceeded to tell me that the soldiers who go from distant parts of the country to Rome always fall ill the first year, but that afterwards they enjoy very good health. I then described to him the desolation of Rome; I represented to him that the imperial city could never raise her head without the aid of his mighty power; that since the loss of the pope, all the foreign ministers, forty cardinals, and more than four hundred prelates, besides a vast number of canons, and other ecclesiastics, had abandoned the city; that, in consequence of this emigration, the grass was growing in the streets; that my zeal for his glory gave me a right to speak frankly to him, and to entreat him to find some remedy for the total obstruction put to that stream of wealth which formerly flowed into Rome through so many channels. " This wealth had not been considerable of late years," said he; " and the cultivation of cotton ought to be productive of some revenue." " Very little," replied I; " Prince Lucien is the only person who has attempted this sort of cultivation. Rome is, indeed, in a state of total destitution; nothing remains for her but the protection of your majesty." " We will make her the capital of Italy," said he, smiling; " and will unite Naples to her: what say you? would this satisfy you?" " The arts," said I, " might be made a great source of prosperity to Rome; but the arts languish, and, with the exception of your majesty and the imperial family, no one employs her artists. Religion, which contributed so much to foster the arts, is herself become cool and languid." I proceeded to show, by examples drawn from the histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that religion had been the sole nurse of the arts; that immense sums had been dedicated by the Greeks to the construction of the Parthenon, to the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, to that of Minerva, &c.; that conquerors offered their busts, and courtesans their statues, to the gods; that the Romans followed the ex-

ample of the Greeks; that they had impressed a character of religion on all their works, in order to render them more august and venerable: I adduced instances—their tombs, statues, theatres, &c. &c. I recalled to him the *œuvres* of modern art, executed for the service of religion; the church of St. Mark at Venice, the cathedrals of Pisa and of Orvieto, the Campo Santo of Pisa, and innumerable other wonders of architecture, filled with the finest marbles and pictures. I concluded by observing that all religions were favourable to the arts, and our Roman Catholic religion above all others. Protestants content themselves with a simple chapel and a cross, and consequently give no employment to the arts. The emperor, turning to Maria Louisa, said, “It is true, religion always furnishes occupation for the arts; the Protestants have produced nothing fine.”

## CONVERSATION III.

Another day the conversation fell upon a more delicate subject—upon the government of the sovereign pontiff—upon the succession of popes, and the manner in which they had used their power. On this occasion I ventured to say rather strong things to him. I was much surprised that Napoleon listened to me with patience; and it seemed to me that he was not originally of a tyrannical temper, but that he was spoiled by flatterers who concealed the truth from him.

The conversation having fallen on my benefactor, Pius VII. I thought it my duty to say, “Why does not your majesty attempt some sort of reconciliation with the pope?” “Because priests always want to govern,” replied he: “they will meddle in every thing, and be masters of every thing, like Gregory VII.” “It appears to me that there is no danger of that, since your majesty is in possession of the supreme power.” “The popes,” added he, “have always prevented the regeneration of the Italian nation, even before they were absolute masters of Rome. They effected this by means of the factions of the houses of Colonna and Orsini.” “Certainly,” replied I, “if the popes had possessed the courage of your majesty, they might have availed themselves of many very favourable opportunities of becoming masters of all Italy.” “For that,” cried he, placing his hand on his sword, “this, this is the necessary thing.” “It is true,” I replied; “we have seen that if Alexander VI. had lived, duke Valentino, with the help of his sword, would probably have succeeded

in subduing it: the attempts of Julius II. and of Leo X. were not wholly unsuccessful; but the popes were most frequently chosen at too advanced an age; and if one of them was enterprising, another was pacific and tranquil." "The sword is the only thing," replied he. "Not the sword alone," said I, "but the crozier also. Machiavel could not decide whether the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa contributed most to the aggrandizement of Rome; so true is it that these two means ought to co-operate. If the pontiffs have not distinguished themselves by arms, they have, nevertheless, achieved so many other brilliant things, that they will always excite universal admiration."

"The Romans were a great people," said he. "Certainly they were a great people up to the second Punic war," replied I. "Cæsar—Cæsar was the great man. Not Cæsar only," continued he, "but some other emperors, such as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius. The Romans never ceased to be great until Constantine. The popes were wrong to foment discord in Italy, and to be always the first to call in the French and the Germans. They could not be warriors, and they therefore played a losing game." "Since we are in such a state," I resumed, "your majesty will not permit that our evils should be increased. I can nevertheless assure you, that if you do not come to the assistance of Rome, that city will become what it was at the time when the popes transferred their seat to Avignon. Before that time it was supplied with an immense quantity of water and of fountains; but the aqueducts fell into ruins, and the water of the Tiber was sold in the streets. The city was a desert." At these words he appeared a little moved. Then he added with vivacity, "Resistance is opposed to me. Why is this? I am master of France, of Italy, and of three parts of Germany. I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the present pope was like his predecessor of those days, every thing could be arranged. Have not the Venetians also broken with him?" "Not in the same manner as your majesty," replied I. "You, sire, are so great, that you could afford to grant the pontiff a place where he might be seen to be independent, and where he might freely exercise his ministry."

"What," said he, "do I not let him do as he likes, when he commands only in matters relating to religion?" "Yes, but your ministers do not act so. As soon as the pope publishes a decree which does not please the French government,

it is instantly torn." "How?" cried he. "Do I not permit the bishops to govern the church according to their opinions? Is there no religion here? Who rebuilt the altars? Who protected the clergy?" "If the subjects of your majesty," said I, "are religious, they will be the more affectionate and obedient to your person." "That's what I wish," replied he; "but the pope is quite German." In saying this he looked at the empress. She then said, "I can assure you that when I was in Germany, it was said that the pope was quite French." "He has not chosen," added Napoleon, "to expel from his states either the Russians or the English; this is the subject of our quarrel."

I was emboldened to say, that I had read the papers, and the justifications printed by the pope, with the official documents; and that he appeared to me to have strong reasons. At that instant marshal Duroc entered, but Napoleon interrupting me went on to say, "He even pretended to excommunicate me; does he not know, that if he goes on thus, we may, perhaps, become like the English and the Russians?" "I humbly beg your majesty's pardon, but the zeal by which I am animated inspires me with confidence to speak freely. You must acknowledge, sire, that such a schism could not be for your interest. May heaven grant you many years; but if hereafter any misfortune were to happen to you, it is to be feared, that some ambitious man might suddenly arise, who, espousing the party of the pope for his own interest, might occasion great troubles in the state. In a short time, Sire, you will be a father, you must think of establishing affairs on a solid basis. I entreat of you to accommodate affairs with the pope in any manner you can." "You wish, then, to see us reconciled—I wish it too; but consider what the Romans were before they had popes." "Let your majesty consider also, how religious the Romans were during the time of their greatness. Cæsar, whom you admire so much, ascended the steps of the capitol on his knees, to go to the temple of Jupiter. They never engaged in battle unless the auspices were propitious; and, if a battle was fought, and even gained, without these auspices, the general was punished. It is known what Marcellus did for the affairs of religion; and how a consul was condemned to death, for having taken off the tiles of the temple of Jupiter, in Magna Græcia; in God's name, I implore your majesty to protect religion and its head; and to preserve the beautiful temples of Italy and of Rome; it is much better

to be adored than to be feared." "That's what I wish," said he, and he broke off the conversation.

#### CONVERSATION IV.

Another day we happened to speak of Venice; of its artists, and of their works. Napoleon said, that he had found good geographical maps in Italy. He asked me the names of the architects of Venice. I mentioned the principal; at the same time giving to each the praises he deserved. I then spoke of Soli, the architect, who was directing the new operations at Venice, and who had prevented the intended destruction of some beautiful works. I mentioned Palladio, and the engravings with which he had illustrated Cæsar's Commentaries; I reminded him likewise of the superb edifices he had built, and which are to be seen scattered throughout the Venetian state. I recommended Venice to his protection with so much warmth, that the emotion I felt brought tears into my eyes,\* and I added, "I assure your majesty the Venetians are good people." "It is true—I believe they are good." "But they are not happy, Sire; their commerce is destroyed; their taxes are heavy; in some of the departments the people have no means of subsistence; as, for instance, in Passereano, in favour of which a celebrated paper has been circulated, which perhaps has not reached your majesty." "No," said he. I took courage, and added, "I have a copy of it, which your majesty may see if you desire it." I opened my portfolio and presented it to him.

Napoleon, looking at this paper, said, "It is short;" and, interrupting his breakfast, he added, "I will speak to Aldini about it." He laid it by him, and took it away when he left the room. When we resumed the conversation concerning Venice, I enlarged a little on the form and spirit of its government; and I remarked to him, that Machiavel appeared to think it impossible that Venice could ever fall. That great politician, going, in the quality of minister from Florence to the court of the emperor of Germany, wrote to Vettore Vettorito, *My dear friend, it appears to me, that the Venetians have at last determined upon the right course, since they have had St. Mark painted with a sword in his hand,*† *indeed the book alone is not sufficient.*

\* Canova was a Venetian,

† The lion was the emblem of Venice, and as this animal was also one of the four which, according to the Apocalypse, were the symbols of the

I added, that the Venetians, from the fear lest any Cæsar should arise among them, had never suffered any general of their nation to remain on terra firma;\* and that if they had had one (imposing limits to the duration of his functions) they would have performed much more brilliant exploits. "Certainly," replied the emperor, "the continuance of a military authority is a very dangerous thing; I told the directory myself, that if they would always have war, some man would arise who would seize the reins of government.

CONVERSATION V.

At another time we talked of the Florentines, and it was on this occasion that he asked me, where I had placed the monument of Alfieri? "In the church of Santa-Croce," replied I, "in which are also to be seen those of Michael Angelo and of Machiavel."

"Who paid for it?"—"The countess of Albany."—"Who paid for the monument of Machiavel?"—"A society, I believe."—"And who for that of Gallileo?"—"His descendants, if I mistake not. The church of Santa Croce," continued I, "is in a very bad condition; the water penetrates through the roof, and repairs are wanted throughout; it will be to your majesty's honour to preserve these fine monuments; if the government takes the endowments, it is but just that it should leave funds for the maintenance of the buildings. The same may be said of the cathedral of Florence; it begins to decay for want of funds, appropriated to keeping it in repair. *Apropos* of churches filled with interesting objects, I am charged with a petition praying of your majesty not to permit the monuments of art they contain to be sold to the Jews." "How! sold?" cried he. "Whatever is good shall be transported hither." "I entreat your majesty to leave to Florence all her antiquities; they are a necessary accompaniment to the paintings in fresco, which cannot be removed. It is desirable that the president of the academy of Florence should be empowered to take the necessary measures for the preservation of the beautiful works of architec-

evangelists, he held in his paw the gospel of St. Mark; but it appears from this letter of Machiavel, that the Venetians had exchanged the gospel for the sword.

\* The Venetians called all the countries subject to their domination on the mainland of Italy, Terra-firma; such as Padua, Verona, Brescia, &c. &c. in order to distinguish them from Venice, surrounded by the sea, and from their other islands.

ture, and of the frescos." "Well, it shall be so," said he. "It would be extremely honourable to your majesty; the more so, as I have heard you are of Florentine extraction. At these words, the empress turned round, and said, "How! are you not a Corsican?" "Yes," replied he, "but of Florentine origin." I added, "that the president of the academy of Florence, who so zealously interested himself in the preservation of the antiquities of the city, was the senator Alexandri, descended from one of the most illustrious houses of Florence, one of the daughters of which was formerly married to an ancestor of the Bonaparte family.\* "You are, consequently, sire, an Italian, of which we are very proud." "I am so, certainly," replied he. I thus lost no time in recommending to him the academy of Florence.

#### CONVERSATION VI.

Another day, I spoke to him for a long time in favour of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was without a school, without revenues, and without resources. I represented to him that it was necessary to establish it upon the same footing as that of Milan. I renewed this conversation at another time, and said, "Let your majesty suppose for a moment, that you have a musician or a singer the less, and that you give an endowment to the academy of St. Luke." I said this, because I knew that he gave Crescentini about 1500*l.* a year. I found him very favourably inclined; in consequence of which, I wrote a letter to M. Menneval, the emperor's private secretary, to inform him that his majesty was much disposed to encourage the arts at Rome, and that he had promised an order, of which I was very desirous of being the bearer. On the 8th of November, M. Menneval transmitted to me, through the minister Marescalchi, a letter which contained his majesty's instructions in favour of the Roman academy.

In the course of our conversation on the subject of the academy and the Roman artists, the emperor said, "Italy is poor in painters; we have better in France." I replied, that I had

\* It is true, that in very remote times, the family of Bonaparte was known in Florence; but it appears that, in consequence of the lapse of time and of the revolutions by which that state was constantly agitated, one branch passed to San Miniato, a small town between Florence and Pisa, and that this branch has existed there in recent times; other branches afterwards fixed themselves at Sarzana, in Genovafatto, and at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica.

not seen the works of the French painters for several years, and I could not therefore make the comparison, but that we had some very distinguished men—that Cammuccini and Landi at Rome, Benvenuti at Florence, Appiani and Bossi at Milan, were very excellent artists. He said that the French were rather deficient in colouring, but that in drawing they surpassed ours. I took care to observe that ours also drew well; that, putting aside Cammuccini, whose extraordinary merit is well known, Bossi had produced some divine figures, and that Appiani has painted the saloon of his majesty's palace at Milan in fresco in a manner which I thought it impossible to excel. "Yes, as to painting in fresco, you are right, but not in oil," replied he. I defended our painters, and said that he must observe that the French artists received greater encouragement; that they were more numerous; that, if he would count them, he would find that they exceeded in number all the artists of the rest of Europe.

He interrogated me concerning the saloon and other architectural works, which were going on at Paris; and I paid the compliments they so well deserved to the eminent French architects, and to their works. "Have you seen the bronze column?" "Yes, sire, I think it very beautiful." "I don't like those eagles at the corners. The same ornament, however, is to be found on the Trajan column, of which this is a copy."

"Will the arch, which is now constructing in the Bois de Boulogne, be beautiful?" "Very beautiful. Many of your majesty's works are truly worthy of the ancient Romans, particularly your magnificent roads." "Next year," said he, "the road of La Cornice will be finished, by which you may go from Paris to Genoa without crossing the snows. I shall cut another from Parma to the gulf of Spezzia, where I mean to make a great port." "These are grand projects," replied I, "worthy of your majesty's comprehensive genius; but it is also desirable to provide for the preservation of the exquisite remains of antiquity."

#### CONVERSATION VII.

On the evening of the 4th of November, I went to the apartment of the empress with her bust in plaster. She put herself in the same attitude in which it is taken, to enable the ladies who were with her to judge more accurately of the resemblance. They all agreed that it was very like.

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Napoleon was not there. The empress therefore said, that she wished to show it him the next morning at breakfast time; she added, "Is it really true, M. Canova, that you will not remain here?" "I wish to return to Rome immediately," replied I, "in order that your majesty, on your arrival there, which I hope will take place soon, may find the model of your statue of the size of life completed." The empress here asked me many questions as to the manner of moulding the model, and of executing it in marble. Some one mentioned my statue of the princess Leopoldine Lichtenstein, when the empress said to me, "There, indeed, we see ideal beauty."

#### CONVERSATION VIII.

Some days afterwards, the emperor saw the bust; he begged the empress to place herself in the attitude; he made her smile, and was pleased with my work. I told him that I thought a rather gay physiognomy was best suited to the character of Concord, in which I intended to represent the empress, since it was to her we were indebted for peace. The empress had a cold, and I took the liberty of telling her, that she seemed to me to take too little care of her health; that she rode out in an open carriage, which was dangerous, particularly in her situation. "You see how she acts," said Napoleon; "every body is astonished at it; but women, (striking his forehead with his fore-finger,)—women will have every thing done according to their fancy. Would you believe it, she wants now to go with me to Cherbourg, which is so many leagues off. I am always telling her to take care of herself. Are you married too?" "No, sire," replied I; "I have been several times on the eve of marriage, but many accidents have contributed to keep me free, and the fear of not finding a woman who could love me, as I should have loved her, deterred me from changing my condition. Another motive was, that I wished to be free, and to devote myself entirely to my art." "Ah women, women!" said Napoleon, and continuing to eat. As I frequently expressed to him my earnest wish to return to Rome, as soon as I had modelled the bust of the empress, and distinctly told him that I had nothing to ask for myself, it appeared to me, that my refusals displeased him, and at that moment recurring to the subject of my departure, he dismissed me, saying, "Go, since you desire it."

## ROME.

*Dello Stato Fisico del Suolo di Roma; Memoria per servire  
d'illustrazione alla Carta Geognostica di questa Citta.  
Di G. BROCCHE. Con due tavole in rame. pp. 282. Roma.*

If the old empress of the "Seven Hills" were permitted to utter a voice, we fully believe that she would, with *Gray's* priestess, say, "Leave, leave me to repose."

Unquestionably no sovereign city, since the invention of laying stone upon stone, has undergone so many molestations and plunderings by all kinds of spoilers, heathen and christian.

First, in the days of her full majesty, when she "sat a queen," came Constantine, and robbed her palaces of all that his imperial hands could carry away, to leave it on the banks of the Bosphorus in deposit for the Turks to come.

Then rushed down the iron men of the north, breathing war, rapine, and Selavonic, to make sport of her gods and goddesses, stable their polar commissariat in her temples, and boil their *mangel wurzel* over camp-fires of her poetry, eloquence, and philosophy.

Then came the endless, voiceless, pale-faced multitudes of monkery, to deface what the Siberians had spared, turn her marbles into quick lime and convent walls, and swamp the land.

Then came the Italian barons all silk and steel, gay and gallant, but treacherous and bloody as becomes war; and, above all other forms of slaughter, civil war; battling from house to house, till their French and German seconds warmed themselves into principals, and devastated on a more heroic scale; alternately turning her monuments into fortresses, and battering them down with catapults and cannon.

Then came the generation of *Virtuosi*, a race of born plunderers, who let nothing escape that could be had by ravage or roguery; the merciless buyers and stealers of the bones and integuments of the mighty matron in her grave—the *resurrection men* of classic mortality, torsos and trophies, princely heads, and Venuses destitute of a nose.

And now come the geologists, the final, fatal visitation. The soil on which her relics have reposed, with whatever disturbed rest, is now to be shaken up: parricidal Italians,

*trap and gneis-puzzled* Anglo-Saxons, and Teutonic men, hammer in hand, and uttering an unknown and barbarous tongue, are to descend into her sepulchre, and full of ferocity and *Freyberg* are to dig up her *strata*—lay bare her *alluvia* to the eye of vulgarity and day, and extravasate and extirpate Rome for ever.

ROME! that Milton shows as the grand allurement of the Tempter,

“The imperial city!  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, and palaces adorned,  
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes.”

We shall never see those things again; they will be rooted out by scientific foolery, by men with spectacle on nose, and system and self-sufficiency in heart, analyzers of brickdust and developers of oyster-shells; the sons of Odin will yet encamp on the naked Aventine, and the ghost of *Feldzeugmeister Werner* will sit in scorn and the *malaria* on what once was the capitol.

And what hope is there that another Rome will rise, even in diminished glory, among the nations? Germany will never build any thing better than a barrack, nor France than a theatre. England will for ever busy her restless hands in the fabrication of a prison or a penitentiary, a new conventicle or a new street. She is, after all, nothing but a younger *Carthage* —a huge emporium of bustle and self-interest; of factious orators and sleek burghers; of docks, arsenals, and admirals; of machines and monopolists; of haughty soldiers, browned from campaigning through the world, and bold-faced mariners, lavish of their oaths, their lives, and their gold; of the pride of blood, and of mushroom ambition; of visages dyed to ebony under the torrid zone, and of the shivering and sallow physiognomies of *Thule* and the world of snow and ocean!—a great compound and concentration of all the evils of ships, colonies, and commerce. Such is the creation of trade; and such it will be when England is a fishing-bank or a salt pan, and men rejoice in the ribbons and stars, intrigue for the places, and live by the Court Gazette of the empire of *Australasia*.

We will assert on our knowledge of human nature, that in the *Carthago vetus* they never built any thing of stone but a dock or a dungeon: and on the same authority we will predict

that the new Carthage will be barbarous, mouldering, and *la-ter-it-i-an*, while one brick can be agglutinated unto another; that white-wash and *stucco* were the grand architectural implements of the mother country, and that the daughter, with similar loveliness in her life, will subside into *calk* and sea-sand, with filial identity of decay.

Yet, hating war, as all men in their senses do; not loving paganism, and looking on unmitigated human nature with alternate scorn and fear; we must own that those materials were once wrought up, like Virgil's thunderbolt, twisted together, of the simoon, the shower, the hail, and the "pursuing flame," into a phænomenon of matchless power, sublimity, and splendour. ROME, the city of war, of paganism, of human nature unchecked by christianity, exhibited a picture living with such figures, and coloured with such colouring, as shall never meet the eye, till cities and architects are alike at rest. The richness and pomp of her public life; the return of armies from the east and the west, loaded with barbaric pearl and gold, triumphing up to the capitol; the crowd of high functionaries, perpetually moving to and from their governments; the stateliness of the senatorial and public assemblies, the gorgeous pageantry of the national worship; the consular and imperial pomps; the influx of all nations, in their infinite variousness of habit, complexion, and language; and this whole current, this great *gulf-stream* of human life, rushing with continual roar and swell through those "streets of palaces and walks of state," that even in their fall are nobler than all the labours of posterity; the richest treasures of magnificent and melancholy thought in the world;—all formed a combination which no time shall rival. The spirits of GENIUS and FORTUNE shall never again sit upon so dazzling a throne!

It is probably already well known to many of our readers, that the situation of Rome itself is in a great measure on a volcanic soil; and that parts of the adjacent country exhibit appearances of the same nature. With that, however, there are found all those peculiarities which we have already noticed as characteristics of Italy, together with a great extent of recent alluvial deposits. They are divided by signor Brocchi into three *formations*; but all these soils are rendered more or less obscure and inaccessible within the bounds of the ancient city, by the immense quantity of ruins which time has accumulated above them. The rock of the Palatine mount, for example, is buried not less than forty feet under the ruins

of the palace of the Cæsars. An ancient street has been discovered twenty-four feet below the present level, and another upwards of forty, between the Viminal and Quirinal mounts. This accumulation or rise of soil, in the places of the larger towns of ancient date, is often so great, that it is almost inconceivable how it should have been produced from the ruins of buildings. It is not long since, that in repairing Bow church in London, there were found beneath its foundation, the remains of a small church of Saxon architecture. The immediate soil throughout the greater part of modern Rome is a deposit of an alluvial nature, varying in depth in different places. This clay is mixed with a certain portion of carbonate of lime, so as to constitute what may be called a clay marl, and is of a yellowish colour; containing scales of mica with fragments of quartz and pyroxene. Together with this marl, is found, in some place, a yellowish calcareous sand, together with a sand composed of quartz chiefly, mixed with a little clay, and containing also mica and pyroxene, with minute crystals of felspar. The alluvial nature of the substances is considered to be established by their containing fragments of calcareous stalactites and fresh water shells. Among the latter are to be observed the *Helix palustris*, and the *planata* of Linnæus; shells that belong to stagnant or slow running waters.

From this last fact it is concluded, that the condition of the Tiber in former times must have been different from what it is at present, as those shell fish do not now live in it; or that it formed marshes, or stagnant pools, in that tract which is surrounded by the Capitol, the Palatine, Celian, Esquiline, and Quirinal hills. Hence also it is concluded that the ancient deposits of the Tiber must have been different from the present. This river has no longer the property of depositing those tufas and travertinos which are found forming great banks on some of the hills of Rome, any more than the kinds of marl and sand already described; carrying along, on the contrary, nothing but a very fine yellowish sand, which is composed of very minute particles of calcareous carbonate, mica, and pyroxene. As all the low soil of the plain of Rome that lies in the intervals of the hills, is now of the same nature, it is imagined by Signor Brocchi, that in ancient times, all this region was subject to inundation by the rising and overflow of the river.

On this subject of the rise of the Tiber, it is still more re-

markable, that it appears to have been at times such as to reach to considerable elevations on the hills of the city, where it has left its marks. The testimony of classical authors on the subject must be familiar to most readers. Examples of this former rise are found at the eminence now called Pincio, formerly the Collis Hortulorum, at an elevation of 150 feet above the level of the sea. Deposits of river alluvia are also to be seen at a similar elevation, or even greater, on an elevation to the right of the church of the Agostiniani Lombardi, near the Porta del Popolo, and in many other places which we need not here enumerate. The quantity of tufa and of travertino which is found on the left bank of the river, from the last mentioned place to the Ponte Milino, is "wonderful." These rocks form a series of horizontal strata, extending from the bottom to the top of some of these elevations; and they often contain vegetable remains, together with stalactitic concretions formed round the fragments and branches of trees. The catacombs of St. Valentine are excavated in this rock; and they are apparently the only excavations in Rome which are not formed in volcanic substances. The tower called the Torre di Quinto, is also built on a huge mass of a cavernous travertine, lying upon the calcareous sand.

To account for this former high level of the Tiber, is a difficult task. Von Buch thinks that the sea itself at Ostia, was once at a higher level, and our author agrees with him in this opinion, while he also wishes to attribute all the phænomena of the Italian soil, which we have already ascribed to a subsidence of the sea. We have the most sufficient reasons for considering this as a gratuitous hypothesis, and an impossible state of things; but we have not room for them here. We shall, for the same necessity, pass over the remainder of our author's remarks on the former level of the Tiber, as warped by this view; remarking only, that it did certainly exist, and was the cause of the marshes and stagnant pools which infested the environs of ancient Rome. Neither need we dwell on the chemical changes which the waters of this river are supposed to have undergone; it is a merely gratuitous supposition that they formerly contained more carbonic acid, and were therefore capable of dissolving more lime, than at present. It is more probable, that if the distant branches of it were traced, it would be found, that they are running through strata less calcareous than at the time when they deposited the tuſas and travertinos.

The volcanic tufas compose the principal part of the soil of the Agro Romano, and the patrimony of St. Peter; and these rocks are, in fact, the prevailing substances found in the volcanic territories of southern Italy. They compose the chief part of the hills to the right of the valley of the Tiber, namely the Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Celian, Aventine, Palatine, and the capitol. These rocks are distinguished from lavas by their scoriform aspect; or rather by their aggregate structure; being formed of various volcanic matters. It is a question where the craters are that produced these. Breislak is of opinion that the crater once existed in the Campo Vaccino; as well as in some other parts of the plain of Rome; an opinion to which our author does not subscribe. These tufas are distinguished into various kinds. The first is a stony substance, of a reddish brown colour, hard enough to be used for building, and with an earthy fracture. It contains white amphibole, mica, crystals of black and green pyroxene, with some fragments of felspar. Besides that, there are sometimes found in it fragments of lava and of carbonate of lime. This rock occurs at the capitol, on the Aventine, Celian, and Esquiline hills, and in many places in the vicinity of Rome. By the ancient Romans, it was known by the name of lapis quadratus; a name which antiquaries have sometimes mistaken, so as to have imagined that ancient writers were speaking of stones squared by art. It occurs as an ingredient in various ancient buildings.

The next rock is called granular tufa; it is of various colours, as blackish brown, yellowish, and dark purple; it is also light and friable, being composed of grains slightly adhering, including fragments of amphibole, pyroxene, mica, and lava; being in fact, a congeries of volcanic scoria. It is found in several parts of Rome, as in the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, and Palatine hills. It is also found in the environs, in many different places. In some situations, as near the church of St. Lawrence, it contains leaves of vegetables and fragments of plants, which have in some places left long festulous cavities in it. Most of the catacombs of Rome are excavated in this yielding substance. It is subject to be decomposed by moisture, and becomes resolved into a clay which has been used for making urns, and for various other purposes.

The earthy tufa appears to be the produce of the decomposition of this kind. This is yellowish, very friable, and easily reduced to powder. In its natural state, it is found on the

top of the Monte Mario, and beyond the Porta del Popolo; but, in most places, its characters have been altered by the effects of moisture. Pumice is also found in several parts of Rome in distinct patches, or intermixed with the tufaceous rocks. Among these is particularly worthy of notice, that part of the city near the Monte Gianicolo, under the walls of the Barberini gardens, where it is found mixed with a volcanic conglomerate, and as perfect in its qualities as the specimens found at Lipari.

In examining more particularly the structure of the separate parts of Rome, our author begins with the Pincio, and the Collis Hortulorum of the ancients, already mentioned, which is the first of the hills that flank the left side of the valley of the Tiber. The lowest bed here, to an unknown depth, is a granular tufa, formed of volcanic materials, but appearing to have been deposited from water, as it contains concretions of calcareous matter, including vegetable remains, among which reeds are easily traced, together with leaves of the *Populus alba*, *Betula alnus*, and *Tamarix Gallica*. This is followed by a bed of softish argillaceous rock interspersed with numerous scales of mica. It also contains leaves; among which those of the *Salix alba* may be ascertained. The third bed is another tufa requiring no particular description. Above all these lies a sandy deposit, which nearly conceals the inferior strata. It is siliceous and calcareous; farther containing tubular calcareous concretions; and other materials, of which some are of volcanic origin. Our author here enters into some long discussions respecting the manner of distinguishing the recomposed tufas from the original ones; but we need not follow him through this part of his theory.

Next to the Pincio is the Quirinal hill, on which there is little to observe, that would not be to repeat what was said of the foregoing. The same series of rocks also occurs in the Viminal, and no additional description of this spot is therefore required. The strata of the Esquiline consist, first, of a bed of brown earthy tufa, containing fragments of pyroxene and felspar; which is followed by a smaller stratum of a granular tufa, containing a large portion of amphibole, and of minute crystals and pyroxene. To this succeeds a thick bed of granular tufa, containing fragments of scoriaceous lava, and traversed by small veins of clay crossing each other in numerous directions. This again is followed by a bed of stony

tufa of a reddish colour, containing fragments of a spongy lava, amphibole, pyroxene, mica, and common lava; and, like the former, traversed by argillaceous veins. The last bed is a yellowish clay, interspersed with calcareous concretions, and repositories of tufa, decomposed and passing into an unctuous clay.

All these elevations, we must now remark, are not distinct hills, but the parts of a common plain, of which the geological structure is pretty nearly similar. The Mons Cælius, which rises between the Esquiline and Aventine hills, is composed chiefly of an indurated tufa; but it contains, towards the sides, portions of friable tufa also. This appears, in some places, to be of a secondary or recomposed character; as it contains the river shells before named, the *Helix palustris* and *complanata*. The Palatine hill is examined with great difficulty, owing to the great mass of ruins by which it is encumbered; but it appears to consist of a brownish granular tufa.

The hill of the capitol is the part of Rome in which the structure is most perfectly displayed. The principal part of its mass is formed of an indurated tufa, of which the celebrated Tarpeian rock consists; but a deeper section displays many inferior strata. The lowest of these is a bed of indurated brown clay, containing mica, and not ductile in water. Next to that is a compact dark calcareous rock, traversed by sparry veins; which is followed by a bed of gray sand slightly agglutinated, formed of grains of tufa, carbonate of lime, and mica. The fourth bed is a yellowish ductile clay, above which is a bed of granular tufa, followed by a greenish stratum of the same nature, and lastly by the hard tufa, which forms the Tarpeian rock. In other parts about the capitol, are found fresh water, or river deposits of various characters; among which have been found the *Tellina cornea*, *Helix tentaculata*, and *Cyclostoma impurum*. The Aventine hill consists of different strata; the lowest of which is a very friable tufa, formed of volcanic sand, above which is a very large stratum of tufa, of a recomposed character, and formed of fragments of lava, and concretions of carbonate of lime. Above all lies a series of beds, partly consisting of calcareous sand, and partly of travertino, containing some terrestrial and fresh water shells. It is remarkable that these beds contain some sea salt, but this is supposed to arise from this place having been used by the ancient Romans as a repository for

this article. The Monte d'Oro consists of a granular tufa, in which was excavated the tomb of the Scipios.

The hills of the Transteverine side of Rome present different characters. The rock of the Vatican is principally a siliceo-calcareous sandstone of a yellowish colour, resembling that which extends through so great a part of Italy, along the foot of the Apennines. Some bones, supposed to be those of the Paleotherium, were found in it in digging for a foundation for part of the Museum Clementinum. The marl bed formerly mentioned, is also found in the Vatican hill, containing selenite, with shells, chiefly of the genera *Dentalium* and *Fellina*, together with parts of the *Lepas balanus*. Skeletons of some fuci also occur in it; as also fragments of bitumenized wood, containing pyrites. The structure of the Gianicolo corresponds with that of the Vatican; and, in former times, it contained a spring of petroleum. But besides this part of its structure, which must be of marine origin, it exhibits the same fresh water rocks and deposits which have already been so often described; among which have been found the *Cyclostoma obtusum*, *Helix fascicularis*, and *Helix piscinalis*.

Some volcanic rocks also occur in these parts. A granular tufa is found at the Vatican, presenting various aspects which it is unnecessary to describe; and similar substances are found as the Gianicolo. Not to prolong this part of the description unnecessarily, we shall only add, that the small elevations called Citorio, Giordano, and Cenei, are entirely formed of the ruins of ancient buildings; the first of those of the theatre of Statilius Taurus, and the last from those of the theatre of Balbus.

This marine formation is not limited to the place now described; but constitutes a chain of low hills, round Rome, extending from the Northward towards Aqua Traversa, and from the west towards Ostia and Civita Vecchia. It forms part, therefore, of the general deposit, which reaches from the base of the Apennines to the Mediterranean on one side, and to the Adriatic on the other; and Signor Brocchi concludes that the same material forms the foundation of all the hills of Rome.

Emanations of hydrogen gas are not uncommon along the banks of the Tiber, from the Porto di Ripetta to the Penna. This gas, accurately analysed, was found by professor Molichini to consist of a mixture of carburetted hydrogen with

carbonic and azotic gases. The same occurs near the Milvian bridge, as also in the districts that surround Rome; and is properly presumed to proceed from considerable depths in the earth.

The bones of elephants have been found in the Pincio, together with large teeth, as well as in other places about Rome. Various marine shells have also been discovered. Signor Brocchi considers that the latter are not in their places, but have been brought for various purposes in ancient times; and he seems also somewhat incredulous respecting the bones.

In concluding his remarks on this subject, he repeats his unwillingness to admit that the volcanic substances found in the plain of Rome could have been produced by any of the neighbouring mountains. The nearest are the Tusculan and Alban hills; but he finds their products so different, that he considers it impossible that they should have been the sources of the productions under review. Because he finds no pumice in these mountains, and because they abound in preperino, which is very rare in Rome, while they contain more of the indurated tufa which is there so abundant, he concludes that these several productions mark distinct sources. Whatever the truth may be, we consider this reasoning as very inconclusive. The antiquity of all these tracts is confessedly very high; and when we consider the changes which the world's surface has undergone, and is daily undergoing, from the ordinary causes of waste; changes of which all the country under review contains so many proofs, we do not think we can ever be warranted in drawing conclusions from such a negative species of evidence. But we shall now put an end to our remarks on this work; trusting that we have done ample justice to the learned and industrious author, and that we have also given our readers a clearer insight into the general structure and peculiarities of the most interesting portion of Italy, than they could have derived from the work itself.

Yet a few remarks may be useful, for the purpose of giving a more perfect view of the value of the Italian Phænomena in the science of geology. The positions of strata, once submarine, and now found at enormous elevations above the level of the ocean, prove that the solid matter of the earth has undergone great revolutions, and that the surface has been subjected to considerable change of place, in consequence of violent actions, since the creation, of marine animals and vegetables, at least. The proofs of violence are found in the fractures and displace-

ments of the strata. The proofs of relative date are found in the presence of marine shells in the great mass of the secondary strata, and of vegetables in the coal series, and in other rocks. These strata must have been elevated by a subjacent force; not only because of these marks of violence, but on account of the height to which they now reach beyond the level of the ocean. In the Andes, they are found at about 13,000 perpendicular feet. The sea could not have subsided from this height, because there is no place to which it can have retreated. It could not have been destroyed or annihilated, because nothing is destroyed. There can have been no partial elevation at that particular point, because it is opposed to the laws of hydrostatics.

The elevation of rocks may therefore be considered as a fact demonstrated ab absurdo. It remains to prove it by direct arguments.

The coral islands of the South Pacific are formed by the coral polypi. It is the instinct of these animals to erect their works, or lythophyte vegetation, from the bottom of the sea, till it reaches the surface. Sometimes they work in straight or slightly-curved lines, determined by the form of the submarine land or hills. On these they form mountain ridges, as the great reef of New Holland, extending for a thousand miles, may be safely called. On other occasions they work in circles or ovals. It is in this way that most of the islands and groups have been formed. To windward, the reefs are perpendicular, so that a vessel strikes in a moment from deep soundings. To leeward, they shelve, and thus a circular reef gradually fills towards the middle, but generally so as to have a vacuity in the centre. When the animal has reached the surface of the water, it can work no higher, and thus the vertical height of the living reef can be no greater than the difference between high and low water, at low tides. Such a reef could never be an inhabited island. But the effect of the waves is to break the coral at the surface, and to throw it up in a bank, where it becomes consolidated, so as to form a species of strata, thus increasing the height of the rock or land, to an altitude of about ten or twelve feet. Thus surmounting the sea, it arrests the floating seeds of pandanus, cocoa, and other plants. Birds add seeds, and manure, and soil, as do sea weeds and shell fish; and it becomes a green island, having a lake in the middle, where the circle remained incomplete. Last of all, comes man.

Such are the flat coral islands. But many of them are so high as to range to three hundred feet. It is plain that the ocean could not have stood thus high, without inundating a large portion of the habitable globe. All Bengal must have been submerged in such a case. These have been elevated by submarine forces.

The proof is at hand, and the cause also. Some of the coral islands contain a central volcanic mountain. In this case, the coral, flat or horizontal in other cases, is inclined to the hill. The same cause, which elevated these, has elevated those where the volcanic hill is not visible. The subjacent and submarine soil has been protruded, carrying the coral before it, but the volcanic matter has only appeared at one point.

We have described these phænomena in some detail, because they have been overlooked by all geologists and navigators, and because they offer ocular proof of geological elevation. But parallel appearances occur in the African volcanic islands and on *Ætna*; that is, marine strata lying on the sides of the volcanic mass, at an elevation above the sea.

These phænomena also are recent. They may almost be said to be passing before our eyes. They illustrate the formation of Italy, and Italy itself is the next in the order of proofs of elevation. But the period is more ancient. It has long passed away. Yet it is within the period of marine fishes; because, as we have shown, these are found at great elevations undisturbed, and therefore untransported. Italy has been elevated from the bottom of the sea, by volcanic action. That action is proved; because the materials are volcanic, and because the fires still remain, the relics of former ones.

The power of this agent towards producing these effects is indisputable, and such powers might also have elevated any continent. The central ridge of America is, like Italy, volcanic; and the same causes have probably produced the same effects. The phænomena are precisely analogous, if not identical.

It only remains to show how similar causes might have acted in elevating continents where the rocks are not volcanic, and where there are no volcanoes. It is now agreed that trap and granite are the produce of igneous fusion. *Quoad hoc*, therefore, they are volcanic, incapable of producing the desired effects. Where they occur, the strata occupy the same positions relatively to them, which they do to volcanic rocks,

and present the same phenomena of fracture and disturbance. Where a train of effects are similar, and where analogous causes are present, we have right, in philosophy, to conclude that in both cases, those causes have produced those effects, and that the actions, which we have not seen, were the same as those we have witnessed.

Thus there is a train of phenomena, of which Italy forms a sort of middle term, demonstrative of the action of elevating forces, and demonstrating also that these are to be sought in subterranean fires.

This subject we shall pursue no farther. It would lead too far. It is the conclusion which Signor Brocchi ought to have drawn, but which he could not see. To accumulate facts without general principles, to be unable to ascend from the particular to the generic, and thus to be incapable of entering on the philosophical pathway of causes, is but a low office in science. Yet it is something to narrate them, fairly, and without prejudice; or at least, so to describe them that others shall be able, without fear of being misled, to deduce those corollaries, and to establish those principles, which the observer has not seen. This merit we gladly allow to Signor Brocchi.

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## THE BRITISH CODE OF DUEL.

*The British Code of Duel; a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentlemen. London. 1824. The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum, being a Salutary Treatise on Duelling. London. [From the London Magazine.]*

(Continued from page 243.)

In the instructions respecting the examination of arms, the choice of ground, distance, and the etiquette of affairs, we do not see any thing which every body does not already know, excepting, perhaps, the following passage, which seems to have some sense in it.

To determine upon, and then measure, the distance. This determination has been formed according to the various degrees of magnitude of the dispute. It is however now but little reckoned upon; as when combat is found to be the only resource, such considerations must generally be supposed to have ceased. And moreover nice calculators have often found, that from the parabola described by the ball on its projection, twelve or

fourteen paces are at times more dangerous than eight. The distance, nevertheless, is entirely in the discretion of the seconds, ten paces of *not less* than thirty inches being, however, always the *minimum*. And here the control of the second may be called into operation by the passion of principals, which might lead them to fight muzzle to muzzle. It must also be recollected by gentlemen that eagerness for extreme proximity has always more the semblance of bravado than bravery. "Slugs and a saw-pit," is the proposition of a bravo in a play; and has been used by those who never intended to employ them even above ground. The ground being paced is to be sufficiently marked by any means at hand, and no advance is to be made beyond it. The parties, if they step at all, are to step to it, not from it, as otherwise they gain a pace of each other, which shortens the distance two paces—

(*British Code of Duel*, p. 46, 47.)

It is now pretty generally determined as it should be, that the parties fire by signal. This may be by motion of handkerchief or any other object, in the manner familiar to military men, or even common observers of a parade. It prevents that decisive aim, which might give one party the advantage over another, and is always to be avoided. The custom of alternate firing is now justly exploded; the only end which could ever have authorized it, is answered by the party offending beyond power of redress being bound not to fire upon his opponent.—(*British Code of Duel*, p. 48.)

Alternate firing was unquestionably an advantage to the man of weak nerves, who, in simultaneous firing, is very likely to be hurried and disturbed while taking his aim, by the apprehension of his adversary's coming shot. In alternate firing, after having escaped his antagonist's ball, such a person felt the assurance of momentary safety, and consequently acquired the self-command requisite for the use of his weapons; but when the discharge is simultaneous, the party is likely to think more of himself than of his antagonist. We shall now close The British Code of Duel, which is a jejune treatise written in a strange incomprehensible style, that in common parlance passes under the description of rigmarole; the oddness of the subject, indeed, alone entitles the book to notice, and excites a curiosity which its contents disappoint.

The Young Man of Honour's *Vade-Mecum*, or *Salutary Treatise on Duelling*, by Abraham Bosquett, Esq. is a more original production by far than that which we have above quoted. Mr. Bosquett was admirably qualified to instruct us in the practical part of this subject, having been, as he informs us, four times a principal, and twenty-five times a second; his experience he therefore very safely avers must be pretty extensive, and on the strength of it he lays down the law of duel with a dogmatical professor-like air that is amusing enough, and which reminds one of the martial pedantry of Dugald Dalgetty. We extract some directions for the attitude to be taken on the ground.

But to return;—much depends on the position which a man takes when he fights a duel, which is, at least; as one to four, that he is, or is not killed or wounded. The attitude, therefore, to be taken, is that which presents the least surface; this being premised, it is almost unnecessary to say, that a direct front face is always to be given over the right shoulder, which presents a surface more than one-fourth less than a side face. I have known the ball make a groove across the ear, the side of the head grazed, and on two occasions, the side locks carried away: had the side face been presented, the consequences would have been fatal in all these cases. Due attention also should be had to the position of the body; the side, which is by much the narrowest, should carefully be given, the belly drawn in, and the right thigh and leg placed so as to cover the left; at the same time, the right hip twisted a little, in so much, merely, as to cover or guard the lower extremities of the belly. Balls have been frequently known to graze from one shoulder to the other, making a furrow across the chest, and in like manner across the back; whereas, were the front presented, all such balls would take place, perhaps, mortally. Numberless instances might be given of these hair-breadth escapes, due to a good position;—lastly, do not lower your pistol hand until your adversary has fired, as it is a partial guard to your head, arm, and shoulder.—*The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum*, p. 11, 12.

We are, by no means, convinced by the experienced author's argument—much may be said for a full front. If a man presenting his side be shot in the side, the ball traverses the longest horizontal line of his body, and the chances are many against its missing a vital part—it is like raking a ship fore and aft, the broadside undoubtedly is an easier mark to hit, but the mischief is less considerable, as the space swept by the shot is shorter. On the whole, we incline to Sir Lucius O'Trigger's way of thinking:

*Sir Lucius.* Pray now how would you receive the gentleman's shot.

*Acres.* Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there—a side front, hey?—Odd, I'll make myself small enough, I'll stand edge ways

*Sir Lucius.* Now you're quite out, for if you stand so when I take aim . . . Well, now, if I hit you in the body my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part in your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed in the left. . . . . But then fix yourself so—let him see the broad side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all. . . . . Aye, may they, and it is much the gentlest attitude into the bargain.

Both the books which we have noticed in this article are deficient in several important particulars, respecting which it is extremely desirable that the fighting world should be better informed. We cannot read in a newspaper the correspondence which has taken place in an affair of honour, without feeling that there is some foundation for the complaint made by the Orator in the Mayor of Garret, of the miscarriages

owing to the ignorance of the great people in the curious arts of reading and writing; it therefore seems to us particularly desirable that some hints should be given to young gentlemen of fashion, concerning the framing of those letters, in which they set forth their wrongs and blazon their honour to the world. In former times the parties never took the gray goose-quill into their own hands. In cases of appeal to arms, the language was, "I will go to our chaplain, and get him to pen me a challenge;" of late years the letter-writing business in affairs of honour has fallen into hands of less clerkly skill, and of a truth they make sad work of it—the discord of the subject creeps into the grammar. Much, however, turns on the manner of these notes, and we remember indeed a case, in which even the date of a challenge served to impress the world with an alarming opinion of the writer's resolution. In a famous affair between two learned barristers, the challenge was dated *Slaughter's Coffee-house*, the very place congenial with the spirit of one bent on fee-fa-fum doings. A collection of epistles in the vernacular tongue, containing challenges and explanations adapted to various affronts, appears to us the article most wanted in a treatise on duelling, and until some work of the kind be published, it would be well if a school-master were employed in affairs of honour to superintend the epistolary department, for there is generally more need of his skill than of the surgeon's.

The very last correspondence before the public, that between Colonel Berkeley and Mr. Horatio Clagett, furnishes an example of the common failing we have noted:—

#### CORRESPONDENCE,

*To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.*

Fladong's Hotel, December, 31, 1824.

SIR—You will much oblige me by giving the enclosed correspondence an early insertion in your paper.—I am, Sir, &c. HORATIO CLAGETT.

*London, Fladong's Hotel, Dec. 28, 1824.*

SIR—A morning paper of Saturday contains two letters from you to Miss Foote, mentioning my name and conduct in terms which I do not purpose here to discuss, but to which you will see it is impossible for me to submit without a satisfactory explanation.

For that purpose, Mr. Spooner has accompanied me from London, in whom I have placed my honour on this occasion—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Colonel Berkeley, &c. &c. Berkeley Castle.

HORATIO CLAGETT.

Berkeley Castle, Dec. 29, 1824.

SIR—I cannot have the least hesitation in assuring you, that in the mention of your name in a correspondence, lately published, unauthorized by me, that it was not my intention to make any insinuation prejudicial to your character; and that, as I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I beg you to believe, that, in the exercise of my authority over my children, I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

To H. Clagett, Esq.

W. FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY.

The thing which strikes us most particularly in Mr. Clagett's letter is, that he performs in it what the Irish account an impossibility, "he is in two places at once like a bird." The letter, according to the date, was written in London; and yet the writer informs the colonel in it, that Mr. Spooner has accompanied him from London. But possibly a performance of such labour was commenced in London and finished at Berkeley. Besides this miracle, we remark several ugly dislocations in these six lines, which a skilful school-master would have put in joint. But the colonel's reply is even more curious still, the grammar is rather deranged, but the logic is the most extraordinary we ever observed: "As I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, &c. I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you." The conclusion implied here must be particularly alarming to colonel Berkeley's acquaintances. Thus it is that for want of a little skill in these matters, a man says things most foreign to his meaning. "A man of Honour's complete Letter-Writer, or the Duellist's Assistant," would prevent these awkward blunders. Future writers on duelling would also confer a great benefit on the fighting world, by giving individuals a clear view of their honour (if they have any,) by which they may distinguish plainly when it is wounded, the extent of the injury inflicted, and the remedy which the case demands; it is also expedient that people should be instructed in some logical process, by which they may discover what they are angry about, as much vague and irritating discussion arises in quarrels from the obscurity in which this important point is invariably involved.

## MEMOIR OF WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, about the year 1782; and, after going through the usual course of preparatory instruction, he became a student of Columbia College. His earliest writings were produced between his seventeenth and nineteenth years. They were sportive effusions, that appeared, about 1804, in a New York Journal called the Morning Chronicle, and alluded to the manners and fashions of the times, as well as the current theatrical performance. These essays were carelessly, but humorously, written, and were copied into the newspapers of other cities; but it was not until the year 1824, that they were presented to the notice of English readers; and the re-publication of them as by "*The Author of the Sketch-Book,*" is justly censurable as a mercenary trick of trade, by which the reputation of a popular author was endangered, for the paltry profit to be derived by bringing forward again his long forgotten puerilities. Nevertheless, the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle" are by no means so totally deficient in that grace of style, and peculiar vein of humour, which distinguish the maturer compositions of their author, as his youth might lead one to imagine.

In 1805, the studies of Mr. Irving were interrupted by the delicacy of his health. His lungs being thought seriously affected, and a consumption apprehended, a change of climate was advised. In consequence, he embarked for Bordeaux, where he passed some weeks; and, recovering strength, proceeded to the south of France, and thence to Italy. His health soon returned; yet, he staid some time at Rome and Naples, making also an excursion into Sicily. Through Switzerland, he re-passed into France; he then came to England, by way of Flanders and Holland; and was restored to his own country, in perfect health, after an absence of two years.

On his return, he resumed the study of the law, which he had before entered upon, though merely to complete his education upon the plan laid down for him by his family. When he had spent some time with an eminent counsellor, he was in due course admitted to the bar. However, the details of the law were not to his taste, and he did not commence

practice, but passed several years in literary pursuits, and in excursions among the interesting scenes of his native land.

In 1807, shortly after his travels in Europe, he engaged with two gentlemen, named Paulding and Verplanck, in an occasional publication termed *Salmagundi*, which had great popularity. The main object of it was to ridicule the prevailing follies of the times, after the manner of our *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and among the papers was a series of letters in close imitation of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, or Graffigny's *Letters of a Peruvian*. The idea that Mr. Irving was not encouraged in America, is quite erroneous; for even his boyish contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* were greatly sought after, and *Salmagundi* attained a degree of popularity altogether unprecedented in the new world. The poetry, which had great spirit, was from the pen of his eldest brother, since dead.

In 1810, he published *Knickerbocker's History of New York*; a humourous and satirical work, in which existing customs and follies were whimsically clothed with the antiquated garb of a former century, and paraded forth as coeval with the old Dutch dynasty, at the early settlement of the city. The satire extends to the measures of the general government of the country, as well as to the particular usages of the metropolis. This publication was eagerly received. Some slight umbrage was taken by a few descendants of old Dutch families, at the grotesque costume in which their ancestors were attired, or the jocose familiarity with which they were treated. This feeling, however, was both limited and transient. The Dutch burghers in general were among those most delighted with the work; and many families which are not enumerated there, expressed regret at not finding their names enrolled in Diedrick's records. Many of these malcontents have since been afforded the odd kind of satisfaction they desired; witness the recent tales of *Rip Von Winkle*, *Delph Heyliger*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and the money-digging adventurers of *Wolfret Webber*.—These Dutch stories are greeted with peculiar favour by Mr. Irving's own countrymen. During the war which broke out between England and the United States, Mr. Irving was military secretary and aid-de-camp to the governor of the state of New York, and had an opportunity, in the preparations against an expected invasion of the city, of seeing many of the humorous scenes realised, which he had de-

scribed in his satirical history of it, during the reign of the old Dutch governors. The descriptions there given, seemed to have been whimsically prophetic. As the war proceeded, and the navy of America rose high in reputation as in utility, the proprietors of the *Analectic Magazine*, prevailed on our author to enrich their periodical with the biography of the most illustrious naval officers of the country; and he executed his task in a manly and masterly style, so as to answer the patriotic purpose of his employers, and to sustain, or even augment, his own personal fame. It was about 1816 that he wrote his beautiful preface to Campbell's poems, and showed in it, by the warmth and elegance of his tribute to the charms of *another's* muse, how admirably qualified he himself was to conciliate the favour of his *own*.

On the conclusion of peace in 1815, Mr. Irving's propensity to travel led him into England, and he has ever since continued in Europe. His residence has been principally in England and France, but he has also rambled over the interesting region, and through the romantic scenery of Germany, and the winter of 1822 he passed at Dresden. His writings had preceded him there; and, in consequence, he was received with great hospitality by the inhabitants, and was treated with much kindness by the venerable king and queen of Saxony. Some articles in different periodical publications of Europe have been erroneously ascribed to Mr. Irving. We are well assured that he has written nothing of the kind in any European publication; and we cannot but reprobate the disingenuousness of those authors and editors who, knowing the truth, have from motives of vanity or interest forborne to assert it. It is not a sufficient excuse for them, that they have restrained from actually encouraging the deception; for lukewarm indeed must be his love of right, who will not prevent wrong when he may. The danger to which a writer is exposed by having works unjustly attributed to him, is two-fold; it is a two-edged sword, cutting which ever way it strikes. If what is fraudulently placed to his account, be insufficient to uphold the character he has acquired, his credit accordingly suffers in proportion to the extent of such engagements as his previous undertakings may show him to have made with the public. On the other hand, if compositions at all superior to his own are reported to issue from his pen, the next work that he acknowledges will of course be judged of by the fictitious standard thus set up, and condemn-

ed as not sterling, unless it equal what has thus been erroneously fixed on as its proper value. To this latter disadvantage Mr. Irving is in no especial danger of being subjected; yet the long intervals at which his different works are produced, afford the public a strong hope, if not a reasonable one, that each succeeding effort of his will be more powerful and fortunate than its forerunner,—from the circumstance of his having had so much time to rest and recreate his intellectual force. And it is with considerable shrewdness and propriety that it has been observed, how insufficiently a literary name is supported when the possessor of it merely preserves his talents from retrograding, but does not advance them a step. When soil has lain fallow for some time, we naturally look to find the crop so abundant as to compensate for the time lost in producing that exuberance; and similar expectations, under similar circumstances, are entertained of the growth of the mind. In the race of life, there is no standing still. One must either press onward like the rest, or the rest will soon press him down and pass over him. And thus it is also in that world within a world, that wheel within a wheel, the sphere of literature. Let a man display ever so resplendent a genius, and let him feed its beam ever so equally and attentively, yet unless the curious light be perpetually increasing in brilliancy, it will soon fall upon our eyes with the dulness of satiety, and even seem to be fading in the socket. These metaphorical wanderings of ours are perhaps not wholly without an object, and a worthy one; but our dislike to that arrogance of dictation, so common with modern critics, in discussing the merits of any author, however transcendantly excellent, restrains us here from further pursuing that inference, which we still trust will be drawn from the observations now concluded. Of the *Sketch-Book*, it is enough to record that it was first opened to the public eye in 1820; and of *Bracebridge-Hall*, that it is a kind of sequel to the Sketch Book, and that it was first given to the world in 1823. What more might be said respecting these two *chefs d'œuvres*, would, no less in a future age than in the present, be as “a tale twice told.” In 1824 appeared the “Tales of a Traveller,” which were noticed with some severity at page 251 of our last volume. What is said there, we are sorry for; because (as Vanbruggen said) “it is true,”—at least we still believe it to be so. In extenuation of the faults we then condemned, it may be urged that the author was a much

younger man when he wrote those Tales, than when they were put in print. The account of them given in the preface, and of the motives for publishing them, we have reason to think is strictly correct. They had been lying, it seems, for many years past, in the trunk or port-manteau of our traveller; and, strange to say! the most finished piece of the whole work,—the philosophical and pathetic narrative of Buckthorne, appears to have been the longest composed. One of the greatest pleasures we have in re-perusing that beautiful story, is our certainty, that the author must feel an honest, though regretful, wish that he had brought it out in better company.

Mr. Irving's person is of the middle height, and well proportioned. His countenance is handsome and intelligent, with dark hair and eyes, fine teeth, and a very engaging expression about the mouth. His manners are modest, but easy, his movements have a grace that seems natural to them, and he is animated and eloquent when drawn into conversation. He has a great sensibility to pathos, a keen relish for humour, and a quick perception of the ludicrous; but in his remarks he is very rarely satirical, and never sarcastic, though his writings are so happily distinguished for gentle touches of caricature. His disposition is amiable and affectionate, and his conduct has ever been guided by it to acts of kindness and generosity.—His character furnishes a model of correctness, yet he is full of forbearance and indulgence for the foibles and errors of others. He is now in the prime of life, and his appearance is also youthful for his years.

He is conversant with ancient literature; but his writings are seldom or never interlarded with quotations from the dead languages; a practice which he avoids probably as savouring of affectation. He is deeply read in the sterling old English writers, and no doubt it is from that source he has derived much of the raciness of language and vividness of idea, which diffuse such a charm over his style. He is familiar (in the original tongue) with the most valuable authors in French, Italian, Spanish, and German literature; but he seems to have studied these languages rather for the improvement of his taste, than to make any display of erudition in his writings. His mind has thus become enriched with a most precious and extensive store of knowledge, from which he can at pleasure draw materials for his various publications.

# THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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## MEN, MEASURES, AND MANNERS IN FRANCE, AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION OF 1825,

(Continued from page 377.)

We shall not dwell long upon the characters of the present ministers, who are liable to be changed every moment. M. de Villèle will descend to posterity as the Walpole of France. It is he who has set up a regular tariff for the consciences of Frenchmen. He is a very adroit personage, though naturally of a blunt and unamiable disposition. He seeks to make no converts by his conversation, for two good reasons; the first, that nature has denied him the qualities necessary to captivate the hearts of Frenchmen; and secondly, he takes a shorter cut to their conviction; his arguments are directed only pocket high. After being a Jacobin, in 1793, M. de Villèle went to the isle of France, in the capacity of midshipman. He there married a lady whose grandmother had been a slave from Madagascar (Madame de Bassin.) We afterwards find M. de Villele mayor of Toulouse under Napoleon; the functions of which dignity, it is but justice to state, he filled to the general satisfaction. It was there that his financial talents, which he certainly possesses in a very eminent degree, were first revealed. Of these talents, the best proof is the present prosperous state of the French finances; though such is the want of order in certain quarters, that the supplies granted for the civil list are exhausted every year, by the month of August. Besides providing for these deficiencies,

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M. de Villèle has had to pay, for the last two or three years, immense sums to Madame du Cayla, on whom, a short time previous to his death, Louis XVIII. wished to settle an income of 500,000 francs. M. de Villèle is understood to have amassed a fortune amounting to several millions, by what means it is easier to conjecture than safe to say; but, that the source whence he drew them was an abundant one, would appear from his having allowed, as it is said, Madam du Cayla, and M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, the fortunate rival of Louis XVIII. in his lady's affections, to draw from the same mine. If it be true, as reported, that the minister of finance, and the most famous of European bankers, are no longer upon terms, the latter might, if he wished, give some curious information, relative to this *El Dorado*. What may be considered disgraceful to the French character is, that Madame du Cayla is looked up to with respect as a devotee, and that M. de Villèle on quitting the ministry (provided he does so with several millions in his pocket) will not incur public reprobation.

The other ministers are little better than the head clerks of the president of the council. M. de Corbiere, who is a Breton, is a man of narrow views, but of considerable firmness, and even obstinacy of character. M. de Peyronnet, predecessor of M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld in the heart of Madame du Cayla, has all the petulance and presumption of a *parvenu*. M. de Damas may be said to scandalize his colleagues, by his unblemished probity. M. de Chateaubriand, who thought to play the same *golden* game as M. de Villèle, had too much poetry in his head to make a good financier, and succeeded only in ruining himself, and the husbands of his mistresses. These strange doings, however, do not prevent him from being considered the chief of the devout party in France, where, but in too many respects, there is a rapid return towards the usages in vogue under Louis XIV.; influence of confessors, mistresses, and persecution of heretics. The manners of the present time, however, being less ferocious, the heretics of the day, who are the men of letters, are not sent to the stake, but only to St. Pelagie, or the prison of Poissy, where they are placed in the same apartment with the refuse of society, the galley convicts, not only morally, but physically repulsive from filth and disease. For a proof of this, see a book entitled, *Histoire de ma Translation par M. Magellan.*

Each prefect takes his tone from the minister. One half of these departmental sovereigns are lay Jesuits (*Jesuits de robe courte.*) like Messrs. Mathieu de Montmorency and Franchet. The other half know and dread, like M. de Villele, the power of the Jesuits, and, in order to keep their places, show themselves but too willing to second, or at least connive at, the furtherance of their most unjust and dangerous projects.

The priests, from one end of France to the other, consider themselves independent of the civil authorities, and not only disregard the laws when it is their fancy or their interest to do so, but even brave the king's ministers. For an example of this it is only necessary to refer to the letter of the cardinal, archbishop of Toulouse (inserted in the French papers,) in which he boasts of not having deigned even to reply to the repeated orders of the minister of the interior, relative to the reading in the ecclesiastical seminaries the propositions adopted by the clergy of France in 1682. Even the foulest crimes, committed by clergymen, seem to carry impunity with them. Witness the case of the curate, Mongrat, of St. Quentin, (department of the Isere) who having failed in seducing one of his parishioners, a young and handsome married woman, inveigled her into his apartment, under pretence of hearing her confession, and then, after violating her, cut her body in pieces and threw it into the Isere. This man might have been arrested, but justice on this occasion was slow; he escaped into the territories of the king of Sardinia. This monarch, who had immediately delivered over to the French authorities Didier, accused of conspiracy, would of course not have refused doing the same by the wretch Mongrat, but it is known that a certain illustrious female at Paris requested the minister of the interior not to demand his being given up.

However, some recent circumstances have tended to open the eyes of some members of the royal family upon the presumption of the priesthood. The insolent refusal of the clergy of Paris to form part of the magnificent procession which accompanied the body of Louis XVIII. to St. Denis, because they wished that the royal remains should have been first carried to the church of *Notre Dame*, as was the case on the death of Henry IV. gave rise to an observation, very generally assented to even at court, that if Louis XVIII. had not had the weakness to allow the priests to usurp a part of the royal authority, they would not have dared to refuse appearing at his funeral. Since 1815, the clergy and the noblesse,

guided in common by the cardinal de la Luzerne, the Abbé, duke de Montesquieu, Messrs. de Chateaubriand, de Villele, de Vitroles, &c., have been conspiring to destroy the constitutional system still but in its infancy, and to get possession of all the vantage grounds of power, by means and for the benefit of the occult government\* and afterwards to re-establish the *ancien régime*, for this is the only word to which the hearts of the nobles and the clergy beat truly in response. The resuscitation of the *ancien régime* is for them a return to youth and happiness. However, as they neared the goal of their wishes, some of the most enlightened amongst them became startled by the warnings of that Nestor of diplomacy and political delinquency, the prince Talleyrand. This skilful statesman, who for the last thirty years has evinced such a political second-sight in foreseeing the coming destinies of France, has demonstrated to the ultras in various memoirs that it is impossible to restore the *ancien régime*; for the people will never consent, unless cajoled by the vote of the two chambers, to pay a thousand millions of francs in taxes, with that unmurmuring exactitude that marks the payment of their present contributions. "To succeed in such a project," M. Talleyrand has said, "you must place all the printing-presses in the hands of government, and, in a word, the king must be the only printer in the kingdom."

This observation revealed to M. de Chateaubriand his position. This man of talent, in becoming after his first work a convert to the orthodoxy of power, has gained by his pen a peerage, embassies, a place in the ministry, the *cordons bleus* of France and Russia, and a revenue of one hundred and fifty thousand francs during some years. But M. de Chateaubriand now perceives that his fate is similar to that of those able generals, who, during a time of war, are honoured, flattered, and rewarded, but in a dull piping time of peace, are thrown by as useless. If no more republican pamphlets issue from the press, if legitimacy have no longer any enemies to combat, then M. de Chateaubriand's "occupation's gone." Such, during the last year, has been the position of this arch-hypocrite and clever arranger of sonorous phrases. After the war in Spain, the acquisition of a devoted army to the Bourbons, and the lost battle of the elections, the cause of the country was despaired of, and no one any longer thought of either

\* Denounced by M. Madier de Nismes. See his *brochure*, in which he has advanced nothing but what is strictly true.

writing or reading liberal pamphlets. The game being over, advice was of no utility. M. de Pradt was silent. Benjamin Constant wrote religious sentimentality, M. Courier was afraid, and M. Etienne, who owes his celebrity to the *Nain Jaune*, trembled for the fate of the *Constitutionel* which brings him eighty thousand francs a year. From the moment that the liberal party thus sank into silence and stupor, M. Chateaubriand became useless with all his value, and was turned out of the ministry with as little ceremony as is used in discharging a temporary lackey. It was in vain that he wrote pamphlet upon pamphlet; the first was read, the second a little talked of, but the third passed *incognito* from the press to oblivion. Stung with rage and disappointment, he raised the standard of revolt against the clergy, who can only prosper by paralyzing the press, their direct enemy.

This was the first cause of division between the clergy and the noblesse. The division first showed itself between the chiefs of both parties, and then the journals, which exercise a most extensive influence in France, took up the war-cry. A second incentive to the discord that is beginning to blaze between the priests and the noblesse is, that the latter may be said to have gained their cause, they have got possession of the prefectures, the colonelcies, and all the chamber of peers belongs to them, and the majority of the chamber of deputies. Though they do not preside in the tribunals, because they are incapacitated by their ignorance and hatred of a serious occupation, yet there are few provincial courts that do not incline with deference to their wishes. Though it cannot be said that the present French judges are actually accessible to pecuniary bribes, yet, unfortunately, it may be affirmed that they are but too amenable to the influence of the clergy and the noblesse. There are, no doubt, to be found in each *Cour Royale* some men of probity and independence, but these are noted down by M. Peyronnet, the present worthy minister of justice, as rank Jacobins. This impartial distributor of legal honours seems to have resolved to give the place of president or *procureur général* to no one who has not, by some striking act of servility, as M. Maugin de Saumur (in the affair of general Berton,) given a pledge of utter subserviency to government.

Though the nobles do not hold the reins of power, they being both too ignorant and indolent, yet they may be said to possess the exercise of power, as its execution is almost

exclusively (with the exception of the tribunals) in their hands. They have also all that portion of it which gives eclat, and ministers to their pride and vanity, such as the great offices of state; and M. de Villele, in choosing his under ministers, thought it prudent to have one at least amongst them bearing a distinguished name (M. Clermont de Tonnere, minister of marine;) and, indeed, it is well known that he would have given the six departments of the ministry, particularly that of the keeper of the seals and minister of justice, to possessors of ancient titles, but that he could not find amongst the bearers of these illustrious names sufficient capacity or activity for the offices in question. It thus appears that if the noblesse are not at the helm of affairs, it is because they are satisfied with state *honours*, and too lazy to qualify themselves for its labours.

The clergy are far from occupying so favoured a position as the noblesse have attained. The latter have every thing, or at least all that they wish for; the former have nothing. The clergy receive a certain salary from the state. But the minister of finance might, upon the breaking out of a new war, or upon any other occasion of financial embarrassment, write to all the bishops, stating that there was a deficiency of funds in the treasury, and that their salaries must in consequence be reduced to eight or ten thousand francs a year. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the satisfaction which such a circular from the minister of finance would give to the majority of Frenchmen. It is this precariousness of position that urges the clergy to make such daring attempts at regaining something of their former independence; they must, in fact, either conquer or perish. Besides the necessity which urges them, they are also moved by a sentiment of pride. It is with the sense of the most stinging humiliation that the French bishops see themselves *salaried* by the state; they, the successors of those haughty and ambitious prelates who only after due deliberation consented to pay voluntary contributions (*dons gratuits*) to even Louis XIV. to be thus obliged to depend for support upon a salary, and which salary is subject to the caprice of a chamber of deputies, where, in the annual discussion on the budget, any member may rise up and propose a diminution in the sum set apart for the support of the priesthood. But how are they to escape from this precarious and humiliating position? By acquiring real property. "But," says M. de Villele, "how are you to get

possession of this landed property?" "Give us," reply the clergy, "the *état civil*, and take no notice of our refusal of funeral rites, and by means of *confession alone*, in twenty years, we shall be as rich as we were before the revolution: by terrifying the consciences of the dying possessors of church property we shall make them restore their ill-gotten wealth." This is the vantage ground the clergy are straining every nerve to attain.

To understand the present state of France, it is necessary to comprehend the great importance of this vantage-ground. Under the existing laws of France, it is the mayors of the *communes*, the great majority of whom are noble (note this point, it is an important one,) who are entrusted with what is called *l'état civil*, that is to say, it is they who take legal cognizance of the birth of every child, who deliver burial certificates (*extraits mortuaires*), and give validity to the marriage contract. This contract must first be entered into before the mayor, after which the married couple may either go or not, as it pleases them, to the church to have the religious ceremony performed. During the revolution, numbers, particularly amongst the peasantry, neglected this latter ceremony. They ceased to look upon marriage as a sacrament. Should the clergy obtain the *état civil*, then the religious ceremony of marriage must precede the contract at the municipality, which will be virtually transferring the functions of the mayors into the hands of the priests. Then the clergy will have the power as they have already the will, to refuse christian burial to all those who may die possessed of national or church property. The sources of wealth opened to them by this means are incalculable, for there are no sacrifices almost that the peasantry will not be brought to consent to, rather than that their bodies should be kept out of consecrated ground.

The clergy, who have all the imprudence of fanaticism, will, when possessed of this powerful engine (the *état civil*,) either extort from the people these sacrifices, or else drive them to a state of desperation that may lead to a second overturning of the Bourbons. The danger is real, and so much the more so as all the young priests are as ignorant as they are fanatic. The clerical profession is so despised in France that none of the children of the middling classes are brought up to the priesthood. A few young men of family, such as the duke de Rohan, M. de Forbin, &c. take orders, because

they know that in a few years they shall be nominated to bishoprics; but since 1815 the ranks of the clergy have been almost solely filled up by the sons of peasants. These young boors are well pleased to be supported gratuitously in the *seminaries* instead of working in the fields. But vain have been all the pains taken by the leaders of the clergy (Messrs. de la Luzerne, de la Mennais, &c.) to give some tincture of information, some polish, and decency of deportment to these peasant-priests. The only acquirement they seem to have made, is that of a *blind and burning fanaticism*. The Bourbons, or at least their ministers, see all the danger of placing in such hands an instrument of such immense power as the *état civil*. "Your lower clergy," says M. de Villele to the devout party, "are too ignorant and too fanatical to permit me to place in their hands so dangerous a weapon as that of the *état civil*." To this the devout party reply, "Let us establish openly the Jesuits, and we will recruit their ranks from the middling classes of society,—that class from whence sprung all the energy of the revolution, and the victories of her armies; for all the non-commissioned officers of that period were the sons of respectable parents. Let us make Jesuits from this class." "Your remedy is too dangerous," observes M. de Villele; "If I should give up to your experiment the middling class, which furnishes the nation with its chief force and talent, what would remain to the civil government? The Bourbons of France would soon become, what the doges of Venice were; in ten years the Jesuits would be the real kings of France. No, I shall not re-establish the Jesuits; find out some means of rendering less ignorant, and above all, less fanatical, your country curates, and I shall entrust them with the *état civil*."

Such is the struggle at present between the ministry and the devout party, the result of which must decide the future destinies of the kingdom. All the probabilities are in favour of the clergy and the Jesuits.

But what will become of France, a country in which there is no genuine religious feeling, when it shall be governed by Jesuits in the name of religion? The alarmists say, there will be a civil war, and the great majority of the population will turn protestant. M. de Villele, who foresees with great alarm the state of general confusion likely to result from entrusting the clergy with the *état civil*, is endeavouring to urge the country mayors to oppose the pretensions of the

clergy. These functionaries, who, as we before stated, are in general of noble extraction, have become attached to their municipal prerogatives and white scarfs, which serve to distinguish them from their neighbours, and enable them to exercise something like that *feudal power* which the revolution deprived them of.

We may appear to have dwelt too long upon these matters, but it would have been impossible to convey an accurate idea of the actual state of France without first laying before the reader the reasons which may urge the clergy to commence a combat, in which they must either vanquish or perish; and also the reasons why, to secure success, they must obtain possession of the *état civil*.

The refusal to perform the funeral service over the body of M. Latrobe, at Troyes, forty leagues from Paris, in November last, was an act of premature imprudence on the part of the fanatical bishop M. de Boulogne, the same who has been stigmatized by Madame de Staél, in her *Considerations sur la Révolution Française*; but it may serve as an example and a proof of the truth of what we have been stating. The prospect of the troubles likely to result from the efforts to extort the restoration of church property, sold during the revolution, would be less gloomy, if there existed in France any real religious feeling, or disinterested belief; if the inferior clergy had any thing like a sensible education, and if the Jesuits were less Machiavelian and unprincipled.

Paris may be said to be now, more than ever, the heart of France. Thither tend all those Frenchmen whose pursuit is either instruction, wealth, or pleasure. To all but the class of artizans, small shopkeepers, and peasants, a provincial life appears full of *ennui*. This feeling has been on the increase for the last twenty years amongst all those who possess a competence. The women, from their more sedentary habits, are particularly affected by this *tedium*. In the south and west of France the Jesuits, with their usual skill, have taken advantage of this circumstance. They have got up religious ceremonies for the amusement of the women; they have revived the magnificent processions of the catholic church; the preparations for which occupy their imaginations before hand, and the solemnity furnishes conversation for weeks afterwards. In the confessional the Jesuits show great indulgence towards female *peccadilloes*, the most reprehensible of which result from those daily meetings of the two sexes in church,

which afford such facilities to the intriguing and inflammable natures of the women of the south. The abbé Fayet, a very keen-sighted person, has established female clubs in some of the southern provinces. The same abbé Fayet, who is an excellent preacher, and one of the leaders of the clergy, acquired great celebrity at the court of Napoleon, by a written declaration of love that he made to the princess of Wagram, who is of the royal blood of Bavaria, but whose want of external advantages might have secured her from such a proposition. The Jesuits are triumphant in the south of France; from Marseilles to Bayonne, and from Bayonne to Nantes and Orleans, the number of women not devoted to their interests is very few indeed. Toulouse may be said to be the head-quarters of their power; and such has been its influence, that it is not an unsrequent occurrence in that town to hear persons, otherwise not deficient in good sense, justify the death of Calas, and term the massacre of St. Bartholomew a salutary rigour. In the *Etoile*, a journal belonging to the Jesuits, and edited by M. Genoude, one of their *âmes damnées*, there was, a short time back, (Nov. 30th) an article in defence of the assassinations in Spain. One of the expressions contained in this article was *que les immolations n'étaient pas des assassinats*. This atrocious maxim has had the most astonishing success at Toulouse, where a few years since general Ramel was assassinated. But if the Jesuits reign triumphant in the south of France, they are execrated in the east and north. At Lisle, Metz, Strasbourg, Colmar, Besançon, Bourg, and Grenoble, their machinations are looked upon with horror. The people of Alsace entertain such a hatred of them, particularly since the pretended conspiracy of Colmar (one of the most unprincipled acts of turpitude on record,) supposed to be of their forming, that they would scarcely hesitate to re-act the *Sicilian Vespers* against them. It then appears, that the party who wish to establish theocratic government in France, have the south along with them, but the north against them.

The two chief places where the Jesuits hold their meetings, are at Montrouge, a little hamlet near Paris, and at St. Acheul, near Amiens. They purchase land every year to the amount of two million of francs; whence the funds come, is as yet a secret. The purchases are made in the name of a layman; so that if the government even wished, they could not seize this property. The Jesuits have also established little semi-

naries in several of the departments, where they educate almost gratuitously a certain number of chosen pupils. This important measure has been executed by M. de la Mennais, brother to the celebrated abbé de la Mennais, author of a work entitled *de l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*. The noblesse of Lyons, which dates no further back than a hundred years, being sprung from persons who made their fortunes by trade, is despised by the military noblesse, and has embraced the cause of the Jesuits with all the zeal of a *parvenu* desirous of increasing his consideration. It is these Lyonese nobles who furnish the Jesuits with funds for the support of the little seminaries in the twenty neighbouring departments.

These facts are well known in France, but nobody dares to publish them. The count de Santo Domingo has lately been condemned to a long imprisonment for having revealed the present organization of the Jesuits. According to his statement, M. Fortis, general of the Jesuits at Rome, aided by a committee of eight cardinals, directs the measures of the Jesuits in France. The celebrated abbé de la Mennais, who will be shortly a cardinal, is the chief of general Fortis's staff. He is at this moment at Rome. His departure from Paris furnished a subject of mirth to the higher circles for some time, for the abbé could not conceal the grief with which he yielded to the voice of duty, that called him so far away from his mistress, the pretty and *celebrated* madame C\*\*\*\*. The Abbé duke de Rohan is also an agent of the Jesuits at Rome; but from his want of capacity his rôle is confined to merely watching the motions of the duke de Laval, the minister of M. de Villele. M. de Villele, though detesting the Jesuits, yet yields step by step to them. He sees that they will one day drive him from power; but like the duke Decazes, he endeavours to defer that day to as distant a period as possible, by subserviency and concession to them. M. de Villele has neglected to make an auxiliary of Leo XII. This pope, now an *ultra* and a fanatic, was in his youth a man of intellect and pleasure, nay, of libertinism. As there is no place where the Jesuits are more cordially hated than at Rome, M. de Villele might have made use of the powerful assistance of the Dominicans, who possess great influence at the papal court. But to accomplish this, he should have had an ambassador who was both anti-jesuitical and sincerely devoted to his interests. But the duke de Laval is far from being such a man, and is besides under the surveillance of the Abbé duke de Rohan,

There is also at Rome madame Recamier, a lady celebrated some twenty years ago for her beauty, who has twenty-five thousand francs a year for watching both the duke de Laval and de Rohan. The result of this oversight of M. de Villele is, that the Jesuits are already too powerful for him; they insult him and his prefects. These latter, dreading to lose their places, throw no obstacles in the way of these holy fathers.

It is only since the accession of Charles X. to the throne that the Jesuits avow openly that they are Jesuits: under the existing laws such an avowal renders them liable to certain pains and penalties. The fear that the minister, seeing his ruin approach, might, from an effort of despair, put the laws in execution against them, has been the cause that the point of communication between the Jesuits of Rome and those of France is established in the convent of *Brigué* at the foot of the Simplon in the Vallais. It is now the general opinion that M. de Villele's subserviency is nearly exhausted, and that the last step of his retrograde movement before the invading army of the Jesuits will be the *état civil*, which they now consider themselves strong enough to insist upon, but which it is said the minister will have the courage to refuse.

To finish this sketch of the actual state of parties and passions in France, we must say a few words upon the great financial question, the indemnity to the emigrés, which will form one of the principal subjects of discussion in the session of 1825. The chief noblemen and favourites (such as the dukes de Fitzjames, de Grammont, de Montmorency, Messrs. de Latil, de Bruges, and de Vitrolles,) by whom Charles X. is surrounded, are inimical to M. de Villele. This minister's maintenance in power is owing solely to the persuasion which the king has, that he is the only man in France who possesses sufficient financial talent to accomplish so arduous and important a measure as the indemnity to the emigrés. M. Franchet, prefect of police, he who has earned a name for himself in the annals of French gallantry by persecuting three defenceless ladies (lady Oxford, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the countess de Bourke,) and who has lately caused professor Cousin to be arrested at Dresden, is a staunch Jesuit and a sworn enemy to M. de Villele. This he has shown by endeavouring to counteract the conciliatory measures by which M. de Villele sought to render popular the commencement of the reign of Charles X. M. de Villele has no personal wish to give an indemnity to the emigrés; he brings forward that

measure solely because it is necessary to maintain him in power. The ultra party, whom upon this occasion the Jesuits have left to the guidance of their own stupidity, a stupidity that exceeds all belief, are so totally incapable of any financial combination, that M. de Villele is not without a hope, that the absurdity of their amendments will prevent the measure from passing in the session of 1825, and defer it for another year. The Jesuits are jealous of the emigrés on account of this indemnity, for they had hoped that that of the clergy would have accompanied it, or at least that the nine hundred millions proposed to be granted would have been equally divided between the lay and clerical claimants. The ultra party, thus abandoned by the Jesuits, or but luke-warmly served by them, have no other resource than to entrust the conduct of their cause to the old and wily Talleyrand, who, notwithstanding his seventy summers, has still the soundest head in France. But the actual chiefs of this party feel so sensibly their own insufficiency in presence of the genius of Talleyrand, that they have, under the ridiculous pretext of his being one of the most unprincipled men in France, refused to give him the direction of their affairs.

Besides this want of capacity in the ultra party, there is also a want of unanimity. They are split into three principal divisions. The most heedless and foolish division wish that the sum to be granted may be employed in purchasing from the present possessors (for the most part peasants,) the lands formerly belonging to the emigrés, so that they may re-enter upon their hereditary possessions. M. de Villele encourages underhand these measures, hoping that their foolish propositions may frighten Charles X. and shock the good sense of the dauphin, and thus defer the passing of the law to the session of 1826, in which case he (Villele) will keep firm in his place for another year. The second division following their different degrees of folly, insist that the emigrés should receive double the price for which their lands were sold, inasmuch as these lands are now, from the improvements in agriculture, &c. worth double what they were in 1794. The third division consists of the old court noblesse, a great number of whom were the companions in debauch of the count d'Artois. This division is guided by M. de Chateaubriand; their wish is that the whole amount of the debts of the emigrés should be first deducted from the indemnity, after which the remainder to be distributed proportionably to the losses of each indi-

vidual. This arrangement would be highly disadvantageous to the little provincial noblesse, whose debts are immeasurably less than those of the extravagant nobles of the court. Besides these divisions, there are still other minor shades of difference between the emigrés; but these we shall not stop to describe, trusting that we have already succeeded in conveying to the reader an accurate idea of the two great interests or passions that will animate the speakers in the session of 1825.

We trust also that we have not failed in exhibiting the character of the man who has the reins of power at present in his hands, M. de Villele, who is a person of little conscience, but great finesse and flexibility; very prudent and cautious in his measures, unless when to please his master he finds it necessary to put his name to some absurd ordonnance. In a word, the only object of M. de Villele is to keep in place. With this view he will endeavour to carry through the indemnity, in like manner as he undertook the war with Spain, though it was against his judgment, for he thought the experiment a hazardous one for the Bourbons, not supposing the army would have been so easily won over.

The chiefs of the emigrés, the Montmorencys, the Talarus, &c., are altogether devoid of capacity, so that unless they put themselves under the guidance of the most skilful knave in Europe, Talleyrand, they will but blunder on from folly to folly.

The chiefs of the Jesuitical party are, on the contrary, amongst the cleverest men in France; the Abbé de la Menais; M. de Latil, the confessor of Charles X., and who was the intimate friend of all his mistresses; the Abbé Ronsin, superior of the convent of Montrouge, and chief of the Jesuits at Paris; Messrs. Fayet, Forbin, &c., have more talent and real knowledge of France, than any equal number of Frenchmen. This party must either conquer or perish; for if, before ten years, they cannot get into their hands the education of the French youth, and acquire a full controul over the French press, France will become a protestant country, or at least adopt a *reformation called for by the spirit of the age*. Indeed, the first germs of this reformation are visible to the keen-sighted in the sentiments of the society *de la Morale Chretienne*, which has been attacked with such fury by the *Etoile*, a journal belonging to the Jesuits. This society, *de la Morale Chretienne*, has for its chief supporters, the liberal peers, the duke de Broglie and Boissy d'Anglas (a protes-

(ant,) and Messrs. de Saint Aulaire, de Stael, and other enlightened individuals of rank. The duchess de Broglia, (daughter of Madame de Stael) has written a homily in favour of this society, which may acquire an historical importance, if the chair of St. Peter should continue to be long filled by so narrow-minded and imprudent a fanatic as Leo XII. What is most to be dreaded in any attempt at reformation in France is, the effect of that total indifference with regard to religion entertained by all those who are less than forty years of age, and have more than six thousand francs a year. Nothing is more frequent than to hear persons of the better classes of society say at table, and with that heedlessness so inherent in the French character, "it is necessary to go to church on a Sunday, as an example to the children and servants;" and remark, that this avowal is made in the hearing of those very children and servants.

It may not be uninteresting to give some idea of the characters of those persons who for the last twelve years have most enjoyed the confidence of Charles X. M. de Vitrolles is a *roué* who plays the same part near the king as did *Chandlerlos de Laciros* (author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*) near the duke of Orleans (*Egalité*). M. de Latil, the king's confessor, is as profound as he is unprincipled; his political talents are of the first order, but unless he should be bribed by a present share of power, a place in the ministry, he would prefer giving the weight of these talents to the Jesuitical party, rather than to that of the noblesse. M. de Bruges is of a daring and obstinate character; he was a general in the Prussian service, during the emigration. He is a sort of Ajax about the king. At the present moment, however, there is some coolness between Charles X. and him. The duke de Fitzjames is rather a reasonable person upon most points, except that of birth, upon which subject he entertains all the prejudices of his ancestors, the Stuarts. He has no inconsiderable portion of intellect, but is devoid of patience, and too much addicted to gallantry and the bottle to permit him to take an active or prominent part in politics. He has been guilty of one great imprudence, that of turning into ridicule the society of *the sacred heart of Jesus*. This is a species of jugglery with which the Jesuits excite the imagination of the women in the provinces. The image before which they are called to prostrate themselves is of the most repulsive nature. It is the figure of a man with the breast cloven, and

exhibiting a bleeding heart. There is no public execution in Europe at present, that offers so hideous and revolting a spectacle as this; its parallel can only be found amongst some of the horrible superstitions of India, and yet the women are enraptured with it. There is something romantic and touching in the word *heart*, which immediately inflames their imaginations. It is in presence of this bloody and frightful picture, that most of the young girls of high rank are now brought up, in an institution near the Hotel des Invalides, founded by the duchess de Grammont. The duke de Fitz-james, in alluding to this circumstance, indulged in some pleasantries, but was soon made sensible of his error by the vengeance of the Jesuits, who discovered and made public the name of the man of letters who was paid by the duke to write the speeches which he delivered in the chamber of peers.

Let us now take a rapid view of the perfect nullity of opinion, to which M. de Villele has continued to reduce, within the last three years, all the public functionaries, and other persons in the employ of government. All the prefects and sub-prefects, the inspectors, collectors, officers, and clerks of the customs and excise, all the chiefs and *employés* of the administration of the domains and forests, all the receivers general and particular, of taxes, together with their subalterns, down to the lowest grade, are reduced to the same state of passive obedience as the military. A prefect of a department, as well as the poor clerk at twelve hundred francs a year salary, who refuses to vote as the minister wills, or who takes in the *Constitutionnel*, or the *Courier Francais* (this last the only sincerely liberal journal in France), is dismissed without any ceremony. It often happens, that a prefect, to prove his zeal in the cause of the minister, seizes upon these two journals (the *Constitutionnel* and *Courier*), *in transitu*, and prevents them from ever reaching the subscribers.

Great numbers of Frenchmen of mature age, who entertained sober and reasonable patriotic sentiments as long as they saw any chance of a real constitutional government with two independent chambers being established in their country, have now resigned these sentiments as chimerical, and only seek for an opportunity to sell themselves. Those amongst them who have most forecast treat with the Jesuits; the most needy succumb to M. de Villele. The minister, in order to find place for these recruits, has allowed eight thousand persons,

who have been in the service of government for thirty years, to retire on pensions. This measure has a two-fold advantage. He makes a parade of economy, by suppressing four thousand of these places, while, at the same time, he has four thousand new places with which to reward his proselytes. No one, of course, will be unreasonable enough to allude to the additional expense of the eight thousand retiring pensions. M. de Villele, it is said, does not despair of bringing to reason even the most staunch of liberal deputies. M. Laffitte surrendered last year. Messrs. C. Perrier and Delessert look with a longing eye, it is thought, towards the peerage. General Foy and Benjamin Constant are very poor, and at Paris, the worst of plague-spots is that of poverty; it soon makes a solitude around you. M. Royer Collard, the most powerful and closest reasoner of the *centre gauche*, would not, it is supposed, refuse a good place.

To conclude the sketch of the liberal party, sold, or to be sold, there remain a few words to be said upon the *Constitutionnel*, which, with its twenty thousand subscribers, forms a kind of power in the state. Messrs. Etienne, deputy, Jouy and Jay, principal proprietors and editors, are thought to display some symptoms of yielding to the all-prevading influence of the minister. It is not probable that they will altogether range themselves under his banner, as the gross receipts of their journal being 1,400,000 francs a year, the sacrifice necessary on his part would be too enormous. But it has been remarked for some time back, that the attacks made by this journal upon M. de Villele are far from being as direct and bitter as the circumstances would have warranted. This same species of *ménagement* for the minister has also been observable in the speeches of M. Benjamin Constant. The only dangerous adversaries then that M. de Villele has to fear, are the headlong and furious members of the *côté droit*, Messrs. *de la Bourdonnaye*, *Delalot*, and others, who were formerly his friends. However, these individuals are far from possessing the powerful eloquence of general Foy, the deeply-wounding sarcasms of Benjamin Constant, the keen and polished pleasantries of M. Chauvelin, or the irresistible reasoning powers of Messrs. Royer Collard, Daunou, and Koecklin; these two last-mentioned persons are the most incorruptible men in France.

To conclude this rather long account of the present state of France, some mention must be made of the people. All

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the peasants, little country shop-keepers, and *aubergistes*, enjoy a state of great prosperity. For them the cause of the revolution has been gained since 1810. Since the assignats have been replaced by coined money, this immense majority of the French nation have gradually increased their comforts, and are now perfectly at ease, and without any inquietude. They look upon the Bourbons *comme un inconvenient*, *mais comme un inconvenient peu embarrassant*. They dislike the nobles a little, but it is the priests only whom they really hate. Numbers of this class, who are well lodged, fed, and clothed, frequently work only five days in the week; so prosperous is the state in which they find themselves, particularly in the east and north of the kingdom. From Rennes to Rouen, from Rouen to Amiens, and from Lisle to Metz, at Strasbourg, Besançon, Dijon, Lyons, and Grenoble, they are on a par, in point of comfort and civilization, with the peasantry of Scotland and Belgium. The peasantry of the south, towards Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rochelle, Nantes, &c. are much less happy and less civilized. The revolution has but very slightly modified them. The curates, who are much more fanatic in those parts of the kingdom, have retained too much influence. The geographical centre of France, represented by the town of Bourges, is proverbially celebrated for the stupidity of its inhabitants. The country from Moulins to Bordeaux may be considered the Bœotia of France.

If from the peasants we ascend to the manufacturers and tradesmen of every kind, we shall find the great majority of them prosperous and happy. From the great population of France being accustomed to be well clothed, lodged, and fed, the internal commerce of the country is in the most flourishing condition, and enriches all those engaged in it. The class of these traders and manufacturers who gain twenty thousand francs a year, and put by ten thousand, also look upon the Bourbons, and particularly upon M. de Villele, as *un inconvenient*. This class has for a long time worn the order of the *Lys*, as a kind of defence against the petty persecutions of the sub-prefect and mayor; a species of dwarf tyrants, not a little formidable to the inhabitants of the province. The chief ambition of this class at present is, to get the order of the legion of honour, and to be on good terms with the directors of the *Little Seminaries, and the society of the sacred heart of Jesus*. These two last objects once

attained, the sub-prefect and the mayor are more inclined to fear than persecute them. All the generals and officers on half-pay, who live retired in the provinces, are eager enough to vote for M. de Villele's candidates, in order to shelter themselves from the *tracasseries* of the curates. The French military and clergy abhor each other. They are, in fact, the members of two rival bodies, who only agree in one point, that of esteeming only themselves, and maltreating all the rest of their fellow-citizens; each would wish to become an *imperium in imperio*.

It is the middling class of persons, who follow no profession or trade, but live in the provinces upon a competence of from six to ten thousand francs a year, that furnishes the youth that fill the schools and colleges in Paris, and who form the greatest stumbling block in the way of the Bourbons, of Messrs. de la Mennais, Ronsin, and even of M. de Villele. This class of *liberal* young men, whose minds are imbued with the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the political pamphlets of Benjamin Constant, despise equally M. Latil and the French clergy, M. Etienne, Jay, and the *Constitutionnel*, which is said to be on the turn. The idol of these young men is general Lafayette, the only great character of the revolution that remains unbought. The eight thousand richest individuals of this class come to Paris to study law and medicine; after a sojourn of four or five years, they return to their respective provinces; the young physicians all deists, and filled with a hearty contempt for the priests; the young advocates, *avoues*, and notaries, inspired with a hatred of absolute monarchy, and dreaming of the king of France being reduced to the dimensions of a president of the United States of America. Experience, however, soon divests them of the Utopian part of their opinions, so improbable in an old monarchy like France, where every one is willing to barter himself, if not precisely for money, at least for a cross or a ribbon. But as long as the press can be preserved from falling under the paralyzing controul of the Jesuits, the education of the French youth, which was excellent from 1794 to 1802; debasing under M. de Fontanes and Napoleon, from 1802 to 1814; reasonable and philosophical, in despite of the professors, from 1814 to 1820; but to deteriorate which, altogether, has been the wish of those in power since 1822; this education, we repeat, must necessarily form men averse to both priests and nobles; men who will not ostensibly make

any attempt to overturn the present dynasty (of the danger of that they are too well aware,) but who would willingly applaud, and secretly encourage, those who should be bold enough to reduce the present ruler of France within the limits of a constitutional monarch, such as George IV. Their wish would be, to see their country governed by a constitutional king, but without a bench of bishops and predominant aristocracy, as in England. For never will French vanity allow a privileged class of nobles to take root in public opinion, and exact, as a matter of hereditary right, the deference and submission of their fellow-citizens.

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### CARDAN'S LIFE.

Hieronymi Cardani *Mediolanensis de Propria Vita Liber.*  
*Amstelædami, Apud Joannem Ruvesteinum. 1654.*  
*12mo. pp. 288.*

JEROME CARDAN was the most remarkable, and, at the time, considered one of the greatest men of the sixteenth century. More was written and said about him, and he himself wrote more, than almost any other writer of the age. He was consulted as one who had preternatural information; by some he was almost adored as a demi-god; by others, he was hated as an impostor and a villain; and by others, pitied or despised as a madman. His bitterest antagonist, the elder Scaliger, confessed that at times he wrote as one inspired, and at others as an idiot. Artists frequently came from distant parts of the country, that they might take his portrait. He was a mathematician, and is celebrated as the inventor of one of the most important rules in algebra, which goes by his name. He was a physician, and his advice was requested from all parts. He was invited by the king of Denmark to reside in his dominions, and being sent from Italy to Scotland, cured the archbishop of St. Andrews of a disorder which had bidden defiance to the most skilful physicians in the country: he is hence mentioned as a *magician*, by the Scotch historians. He was an astronomer, and yet he believed in astrology; and at the same time, an eminent metaphysician and moral philosopher. He was called a *polypus* of science—cut off one head, and a score sprang up—refute

him in one department, yet his fame and reputation stood upon the footing of half a dozen others. He was as singular in his birth and death as in his life; in the womb his mother attempted to destroy him by means of deleterious drugs, and he was ushered into the world with fearful signs:

"The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;  
His mother felt more than a mother's pain."

During his life he was afflicted with the pains of poverty, and the miseries of professional authorship, but these have happened to many men; his misfortunes were peculiar—a wandering and unsettled mode of existence, and the being charged with theft and all sorts of dishonesty, moral and literary, were nothing to his family anxieties; his eldest son was ignominiously executed for the murder of his wife, and he himself was compelled more than once to imprison his youngest son, who was an unprincipled knave, and whom he was compelled to disinherit and disown. It has been mentioned that Cardan was an astrologer; he, it is said, predicted his own death at a particular time, and starved himself to prove the truth of the prophecy. The events, however, of the life of this singular personage are not so remarkable as the portrait of his mind which he has left us in the book, of the contents of which we will proceed to give an account.

Cardan, in this production, did not think proper to follow the ordinary mode of biography; he does not begin with his birth and his infancy, and thus narrate in order the incidents of his life. The manner of the book is as singular as the matter. He divides all the qualities and properties incidental to man under different heads, which he affixes to the beginning of a chapter, and proceeds to describe his own individual peculiarities under each; as for instance, *de Statu et Forma corporis; de Valetudine; de Moribus et Animi vitio, et Erroribus*. Thus giving, as it were, a regular inventory of his whole effects, intellectual, moral, and personal. His life is like the statistical statement of the surveyor of a parish—every thing connected with him has its separate and peculiar notice, down to his very food, his clothes, and his exercise. He takes the height and breadth, and marks of his person, as a curious traveller would measure the pyramids. The interest of narrative never entered into his mind; his book is a record of facts, which he felt he was called upon

to make, before so singular a being disappeared from the face of the earth. A naturalist would thus describe an animal he had never met with, and never expected to see again. A mineralogist, in stringing together an account of the external appearances, the component parts and different uses of a mineral, would be just as accurate and just as jejune. It is, perhaps, the most difficult book to get through that was ever written, which contained so many remarkable circumstances. He writes as if he were giving evidence in a court of justice, and every sentence was an answer to a question put to him. It mattered not to him who read his work; for he seems to have written it under the influence of an imperious sense of duty, as if some superior being had demanded the items of his existence. It is like a last account given in to be summed up, on the day when every man shall know his doom.

We will proceed to turn over the leaves of the little volume before us, and make a few extracts as we go along from the different chapters as they occur, paying chief attention to those parts which tend to distinguish the most remarkable traits in the character of this singular person. By so doing, we hope to gain another object, that of making this interesting work better known to the generality of readers, and thus ensuring a more particular notice of it than is commonly paid.

The first chapter our auto-biographer entitles "Patria et Majores," in which he gives a very particular account of the family of Cardan. The duration of life always seems to have been a very favourite speculation with him, probably in consequence of his astrological studies, and the prediction relative to his own death. He therefore dwells, with manifest pleasure, on the remarkable longevity for which his ancestors were distinguished. The sons of his grandfather, he tells us, lived respectively to the ages of ninety-three, eighty-eight, eighty-six; and their sons again to those of eighty-eight, ninety-six, seventy-four, eighty-four; and his father to that of eighty. With the same delight, he reckons up the years of his maternal relations. His astrological propensities lead him to pay particular attention to all coincident events; and he mentions in this chapter, with a laudable minuteness, that his maternal grandfather spent part of his time in prison, at the very same period of life that this wholesome restraint was laid upon himself.

He gives a whole chapter to the account of his birth and the astrological situation of the stars at the time of it.

There is something very singular in the mode in which Cardan speaks of his parents. To his mother, he does not seem to have owed much, but of both he speaks with the utmost indifference, and probably never felt a spark of natural affection for either, and only mentions them, because they were his parents, and should therefore be known. Of his father, (who appears to have been a man of austere morals, for he would not allow an old gentleman to leave his ill-gotten wealth to his son, merely observing, *male parta esse*) he says, that he had a ruddy complexion, and could, like a cat, see in the night, was very fond of Euclid, and had round shoulders, (*Erat Euclidis operum studiosus et humeris incurvis.*) He gives this laconic character of his mother. "My mother was given to anger, had an excellent memory and a good wit, was low in stature, fat and pious."

Under the head of *De Valetudine* he informs us, that he has been generally so free from the disease called the hæmorrhoides and the gout, that he has oftener sought to bring them on, rather than drive them away. "It was my practice, (he afterwards adds) a practice at which many wondered, to bring on some disorder, if I happened to have none upon me, as I have just observed of the gout. The reason of this is, that in my opinion pleasure consists in the subsiding of preceding pain. Now if pain be voluntary, it can be made to cease at pleasure. And I have found out that I cannot exist without a certain degree of pain, for when it altogether ceases, I feel so impetuous a fury seize my mind, that a moderate quantity of voluntary pain is much more safe, and renders me much more respectable. For this reason I bite my lips, distort my fingers, pinch my skin and the tender fleshy part of the left arm even to tears. Thus I have been able to live without reproach. I have a horror by nature of standing on lofty places, however broad, and have always entertained the greatest apprehensions of hydrophobia. Sometimes I have been filled, with what I may term a *heroic passion*, which has often led me to the thought of putting an end to myself."

Under the head of exercise, (*de exercitatione*) he tells us that one of his amusements was to traverse the streets in arms during the night, in towns where he happened to be residing, contrary to the orders of the magistrates. At one

time it was his practice to spend the whole of the day, from dawn to dusk, in athletic exercises, and then, in a state of profuse perspiration, sit down to some musical instrument; after which, he would frequently wander about the whole night. Afterwards he gives a most particular account of his diet, and puts down a bill of fare, consisting of all those articles which he was in the habit of eating. He observes, that he used medicine sparingly, “*preterquam populeonis unguento usus sum, vel ursi adipe, aut oleo nympharum quibus inungebantur loca xvii. femora, pedum plantæ, cervi, cubiti, carpi, tempora, jugulares, cor, jecur, superius labium.*”

Until the age of forty-three, his principle seems to have been to do the thing which promised him most pleasure, and this recklessness of consequences he attributes to the prediction that he would not survive his fortieth year.

In the chapter (xxxvii) on “dreams,” and that (xliv) which he entitles, “things quite beyond nature,” he relates so many extraordinary visions, prodigies, and miracles, as to give no slight confirmation to the opinion of those who consider him to have been a madman. There can be no doubt but that frequently his imagination got the better of his reason, and that for a long time together, he lived under an inferior kind of mental hallucination, in which, though he was never led to forget himself entirely, his mind seemed haunted by a shadow of itself—an interior consciousness which a man in a fever sometimes experiences, and which Cardan felt and watched within him as the operations of a superior being. The visions which were presented to his imagination in these intellectual wanderings were painted in such vivid colours, and so frequently occurred, that he was often totally unable to distinguish the reality from these creations of his fancy. The result of this confusion was that carelessness of the distinction between right and wrong, between the true and the false, which marks his life, as well as the work before us. He has been suspected of insincerity—it has been said that this book abounds with lies—that it contains very much that is untrue, we are ready to allow, but Cardan himself was very far from knowing it to be so. All we can grant to the calumniators of this unfortunate philosopher is, that he sometimes indulged in exaggeration, and that he had not proper ideas of the importance of the distinction between truth and falsehood. He tells us, for instance, when he is giving an account of the various disorders with which he had been afflicted, that during

a fever in his youth, “*sudor fluxit tantus, ut lecto superato, per tabulas in terran defluxerit.*” In another place he gravely informs us, that he learned the Latin language in a dream. “*Post aliquot annos, somnio in spem hujus secundæ (ling. Lat. peritiæ) injectus sum: modum tamen non videbam, nisi quantum miraculo ad intelligendam Lat. linguam adjustus fui!*” Dreams seem to have been his natural element; in the chapter “on my books,” he says, “that the cause which has induced me to write, I have mentioned above, viz. that I was directed so to do in a dream more than four times, as I have elsewhere testified, and also by an ardent desire of handing down my name to posterity.”

In cap. XLVII, this singular character asserts that he has always been attended with a familiar spirit, who gave him a previous knowledge of events, and otherwise assisted him.

His intimacy with his spirit does not seem to have been over familiar, for why it should be peculiar to himself, and wherefore its communications were not conveyed in clearer language, seem to have puzzled him much.

To those who are curious in the history of the human mind, and love to speculate upon its nature and faculties, few characters will be found more valuable for such ends than that of Jerome Cardan. The very eccentricities of the orbit of a star assist the philosopher in determining its true path. Common and every-day minds roll past us without presenting any tangible points which we may seize and hold fast by, till they have undergone sufficient examination. But those which are gigantic and irregularly formed, like that of Cardan, now bounding with inconceivable rapidity, and now heaving and labouring in their progress, present a multitude of favourable opportunities, during which we may make our observations. The literary labours of Cardan, though now obsolete, and very rarely consulted by any but the industrious historian of learning, were, in their time, the foundation of a very high and well deserved reputation. They advanced the interests of literature perhaps more than any other productions of their time; not so much by a well-arranged and valuable collection of useful knowledge, as by their extraordinary singularities. The reader of Cardan is half inclined to agree with himself in believing that a superior being condescended at times to animate his form. The brightest ideas, and the most piercing and profound views are constantly flashing forth—but it is lamentable to add,

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from amidst the most dreary dullness, unacknowledged plagiarisms, and passages of absolute fatuity. The sensations which are felt on the perusal of some of the pieces of Cardan, we can compare to nothing else than an attempt to read a book in "the murky pitch of night," unassisted by any light, except the occasional vivid glare of the lightning, which for an instant illumines the page and then again leaves all in a "darkness which may be felt." But the very absurdity, the daring contradictions, and the almost inspired assertions, as they seemed to be, unconfirmed as they are by any reasoning, but the most incompact and illogical, excited the thinking faculties of the learned men of his age. They answered him, and abused and calumniated him—he replied; and more and more roused the dormant, or, at most, just waking faculties of the time. Few men ever possessed a higher reputation than Cardan did, and yet few have been so eminently miserable.

Many causes probably conspired to produce a being of so inconstant and eccentric a description. In investigating its nature, a great distinction must be made between the character which bears a singular appearance, because its external habits are singular, and that which is the offspring of the mind, showing itself in its fruits, singularity of personal actions.—In the former case, nothing can be concluded of the mind—odd habits may be the result of cunning weakness, or unmeaning caprice—in the latter, the peculiarities which distinguish the life of a great man, are so many symptoms or pulses, by which you may judge of the entire cast of his mind.—In Cardan all the absurdities and contradictions of his daily life, were but the exhibition of the emotions of his mind; and if these different indications of the disorder under which he laboured, were collected and classed, there would be no doubt, but that the inquirer would come to a right conclusion concerning its nature. The eccentricities of the mind of Cardan, we think, may be in a great measure, very satisfactorily accounted for, from the impatient kind of sensibility which seems to have "o'er informed his tenement of clay."—He endured a constant demand for excitement—there was an irritability about him, which preyed upon himself. A state of indifference was impossible to him; when due excitation ceased to affect him, a morbid hunger and thirst of the nerves began their ceaseless gnawing, which drove him into every description of extravagancy. Hence his excessive love

of gaming—hence the biting and pinching of his flesh,—his desire to bring on the gout,—his singular gait, now slow, now rapid. To the gratification of a morbid desire of excitement may be attributed, the habit in which he says he always indulged, of saying precisely the thing which he knew would be most disagreeable to the company in which he happened to be; he would delight to escape from indifference in beholding the anger and passion excited even against himself. He says, in a passage we have quoted, that he frequently felt what he calls a *heroic passion*, viz. an ardent desire to put an end to himself. Cardan was a superstitious being,—he was almost convinced (for we think he had his doubts) that he was attended with a familiar spirit, and he was one whose mind delighted to ramble through all the regions of possibility; add to this, that he always felt the nervous irritability we have mentioned, at continuing to be in any one given state; and we cannot wonder that he should feel this “anxious longing after immortality,”—this impatience of waiting till his curiosity should be legitimately satisfied. He calls it a *heroic passion*, for he deemed that such a death would only be a sacrifice at the shrine of philosophy. Cardan was far from being austere in his morality; he had no very definite idea of the distinction between good and evil, he mentions two or three of his dishonest and disgraceful actions with perfect indifference; and when he speaks of the execution of his son, he seems to think the crime for which he suffered very justifiable—the poisoning of his wife. This perhaps arose from the recklessness into which he滑ed, through the unfortunate prediction of the termination of his life, at his fortieth year, and which caused a good deal of the inconstancy and variability of his character. Literary honesty formed no part of his creed—the ideas of others he seems to have conceived were only made for himself to make use of. He borrows whole systems and passages without the slightest acknowledgment; this, in a great measure arose from his poverty,—he lived upon the fruits of his mind, and he frequently found it a more expeditious mode of supplying his wants, to rob another, than to produce his own. When writing a treatise on any given subject, in order to procure money by the sale of a work of a certain size, he weaved into them any composition which might be lying by him, though of an entirely different nature. This fact, which he has himself recorded, will account for the many singular di-

gressions which occur in his various productions, totally unconnected with the subject, and which, without this key, it is impossible to comprehend or get over. We have already observed, that it has been asserted in order to account for the eccentricities of this extraordinary man, that his intellects were deranged; but they were only deranged to the extent we have pointed out. Undoubtedly his mind was frequently in that morbid state when a single idea, exaggerated into an unnatural importance, weighed him down, and actually haunted him, until he was reduced to escape from the dreary impression, by the commission of all sorts of extravagancy. But that he ever suffered that complete derangement of intellect amounting to madness, we cannot allow. It is singular that he should tell us, that his most constant prayer was the possession of a sound mind in a sound body, and that he is grateful for its having always been granted to him. If Cardan was mad Rousseau was. There is indeed a remarkable similarity between the characters of these two individuals. They have both written their *confessions*; they both hated the world, and were not much loved themselves; they both imagined the whole of mankind were their particular enemies, and had universally conspired to injure them; neither of them had very nice notions of honour or morality, and both were selfish. There was some difference in the constitution of their intellectual powers, though the distinct character of their works and pursuits may be as much attributed to the different ages in which they lived as well as any thing else. They were both passionately fond of music,—both were by inveterate habit superstitious, and yet both had fits of scepticism, and occasional gleams of infidelity.—Both, in short, were the prey of morbid sensibility and a passion for excitation. It has been said, that the valet de chambre of Sylla, would have laughed to hear all the grave speculations which have been made on the cause, which induced his master to abdicate his dictatorship. Had we the benefit of consulting with some intimate friend of Cardan as to the cause of his eccentricity, we might perhaps, have been taught not to look so deep for it. There is a circumstance mentioned in the 1vth chapter, which may, perhaps, account for the waywardness of his mind from a physical cause, which, however, is not inconsistent with the moral one we have assigned; but on the contrary, of which the latter may be considered as the consequence. In his youth it appears, that he fell from a

ladder, raised against a house, that was repairing, having in his hand a hammer, which coming in contact with his head, caused a severe contusion, and injured the bones of the skull, from which he was not recovered, when sitting one day in the porch of his father's house, a stone from some neighbouring building descended upon the vertex of his skull, and caused an additional wound. Perhaps it may not be absurd to suppose, that his brain then received an injury, from which it never recovered; for we ourselves have known cases, where an external injury of the bones of the head, without producing any fatal result, has notwithstanding considerably changed the disposition of the patient, and produced a nervous irritability and impatience of temper, not unlike the passion for excitement, and the rapid excitability of the subject of this article.

Archbishop Parker, in his treatise *De Deo*, has dedicated a section of his disputation on atheistical philosophers to the consideration of this character. As the book is of uncommon occurrence, and one of those sterling works which are suffered to moulder on the shelves of public libraries, we will translate part of the interesting discussion.

The archbishop after collecting and describing very happily some of his most remarkable peculiarities and contradictions, says, "that another cause which acted together with the natural disposition of Cardan to produce that odd mixture of folly and wisdom in him, was his habit of perpetual thinking, by which the bile was absorbed and burnt up. He himself tells us that he was unequal and variable in every thing, except in this constant addiction to thought—though not on the same subject, yet so intent was it, that he suffered neither eating, pleasure or pain, to interrupt the course of it, and whether riding, eating, in bed, watching, or talking, he was always meditating upon something. And while making a voyage down the river Loire, having nothing else to employ himself upon, he wrote his long commentaries on Ptolemy. We do not, however, require Cardan's own testimony to prove his excessive application, when there are so many monuments of his industry and erudition remaining to us; to such an extent, indeed, that perhaps no man that ever lived is to be compared with him for variety of learning. In the first place he was well acquainted with the writings of all the ancients—nor did he just skim over the heads and contents of books, as some do, who ought not to be called learned men,

but skilful bookmongers, or as he himself says, who do not write but copy. Every author that Cardan read, (and he read nearly all) he became intimately acquainted with, so that if any one, disputing with him, quoted the authority of the ancients, and made any the least slip or mistake, he could instantly set them right. In the same manner that he devoured the writings of others, so he produced immense works of his own; he left nothing untried in any one science, and in most discovered something new, so that Andreas Alciatus gave him the name of the ‘man of inventions,’ whom he repaid by the title of ‘light of his country;’ and to say the least, he wrote so many books on every topic of science, that you might form a complete library out of his works alone. Although the books which he has left behind him weigh down the shelves of the library, as many have perished as have been published. He himself at one time burnt nine complete works, at another one hundred and ten, besides many others which have been lost through neglect before they came to be printed. Good God! what midnight watchings, what labours must a man who could do all this have consumed in study. So long and so vehemently did he apply himself to this intense contemplation that at last he began to think he was in possession of a faculty which he calls *repræsentatio*, by which he could understand things without study, by means of an interior light shining within him. From which you may learn the fact that he had studied with such an enduring obstinacy that he began to persuade himself that the visions which appeared before him in these fits and transports of the mind, were the genuine inspirations of the Deity.”

Having spoken of Cardan’s morbid love of fame as a key which lays open the cause of some of his almost unaccountable vagaries, the archbishop proceeds:

“ After mentioning these causes of madness, when we add the extreme calamities of his life, who can doubt but that a sound mind might have been overturned by them. Surely this man, if any one, was persecuted from his very cradle to his death-bed by the insatiable ‘ira Junonis.’ He was attempted to be destroyed in the womb, from which he was obliged to be extracted; the nurse to whose care he was intrusted, had the plague upon her, of which she soon after died; he was treated with great cruelty by his parents; and while a tender infant severely punished; in early youth nearly consumed with disease; more than once bitten by dogs, and on

the point of perishing by a variety of accidents, &c. Before he had arrived at man's estate, he lost his father, and being left in great poverty, was compelled to support his family by making Almanacks; his life as well as his fame was frequently hazarded in consequence of calumnies, law-suits, and plots to destroy him by treachery or poison; he was constantly terrified by dreams and empty portents; he was rejected with disgrace at every attempt he made to advance himself, and in his old age was thrust into prison. The finishing stroke was put to this tragedy of his life, by the miserable death of his eldest son, John Baptist, who was beheaded in the flower of his age, for poisoning his wife. Hence all the woes of Cardan; so deep a wound he could neither bear, nor heal; and so despairing of all happiness, his mind fell under the intolerable misery. Although he was of a hard nature, and rose superior to his other calamities; he perceived himself broken down, and buried under so great a ruin. ‘Hoc,’ says he, ‘primum et maximum infortunium, per quod neque retineri honeste poteram neque sine causa dimitti, nec tuto habitare in patria, nec eam secure relinquere poteram; despectus obambulabam urbem, contemptus conversabar, ingratuus devitabam amicos, quid agerem non occurebat, quo me conferrem, non habebam, nescio an infelior an odiosior.’ ”

We wish that our limits would allow us to continue the quotation—the Archbishop goes on to detail from the “Life” some affecting instances of the dire havoc, which the misfortunes of his son had made in Cardan’s mind; after which, he defends the philosopher very successfully from the charge of atheism and infidelity—on what grounds the latter charge was founded, we are at a loss to conceive, for Cardan was much more of a fanatic than an infidel;—unless it was his audacious attempt to draw the horoscope of Jesus Christ, and proving therefrom, that all the actions of his life necessarily followed from the position of the stars at the time of his nativity, which brought upon him much odium, and for which he is abused by Scaliger.\* Scaliger ought to have been aware of what Naudæus has shown, that Cardan was so far from being the in-

\* “Audi subtilatem nostri sæculi, extitit ante xliv annos cymbalum genethliacorum, qui Domini nostri Jesu Christi thema edidit, et omnia quæ illi acciderunt, ex positu stellarum, necessario illi contigisse ratiocinatur: impiam dicam magis, an jocularem audaciam, qua et Dominum stellarum stellis subjecerit, et natum eo tempore putarit, quod adhuc in lite positum est, ut vanitas cum impietate certaret.” *Scalig. in Proleg. ad Manilium.*

ventor of this scheme, that four other writers had done the same thing long before Cardan lived. The most modern was Tiberius Russilianus Sextus of Calabria, who lived in the time of Pope Leo X. This man undertook to defend four hundred distinct propositions in public at Padua, Florence, and Bologna—twelve of these were censured by the church: the one which chiefly excited their displeasure was this—he undertook to prove that Jesus Christ, in his personal character, was subject to the influence of the stars, and that his birth, that he would be a great prophet, and all relating to him corporeally, especially his violent death, might have been foretold. The upholder of the Thesis, angry at the monks for their interference, published a book, entitled an “Apology against the Monks,” in which he laid down three different schemes of the nativity of Christ. Before him, Peter d’Ailli, cardinal and bishop of Cambray, declared that from astrological observations the birth of Christ might have been foreshown, and also proposed a scheme. Albertus Magnus upheld the same doctrine; but before them all, Albumasar had written much concerning the birth of Christ on astrological principles. Instead of accusing Cardan of impiety, his opponents might have much more justly charged him with a species of literary dishonesty, in concealing the names of the inventors of this scheme, and submitting to the odium of being considered the author, rather than lose the credit of the invention. No one can read this life, without perceiving that religion, and that of the Romish church too, was very deeply rooted in the mind of this singular philosopher. When in England, he refused a very advantageous appointment, rather than acknowledge the supremacy of the king. For this same reason, that neither the air, nor the religion of Denmark, was likely to agree with him, did he reject the invitation from that state. The ground which he assigns for loving solitude, is that of any one but an infidel: “Diligo (says he) solitudinem, nunquam enim magis sum cum his, quos vehementer diligo quam solus sum: diligo autem Deum et spiritum bonum: hos dum solus sum contempnor, immensum bonum, sapientiam æternam, lucis puræ principium et autorem, gaudium verum in nobis, ubi periculum non est ne nos deserat, veritatis fundamentum, amorem voluntarium, autorem omnium, qui beatus est in seipso et beatorum omnium tutela et desiderium: Justitia profundissima seu altissima, mortuos curans, et viventium non oblitus.

Spiritus autem mandato illius me defendens, misericors consultor bonus, et in adversis auxiliator et consolator."—Cap. 53.

It is with some regret that we find, the extent of this article forbids us from enlarging on the many other curious points, connected with the life and works of Cardan. We will conclude both our observations and quotations by the following lines of Horace, in which Cardan characterizes himself.—" Non aliter (says he) de me ego sentio quam Horatius de suo Tigellio; quinimo Horatium dixerim tum de me sub illius persona locutum."

" Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui  
Currebat, fugiens hostem: persæpe velut qui  
Junonis sacra ferret; habebat sæpe ducentos,  
(Sæpe decem servos) modo reges atque tetrarchs,  
Omnia magna loquens: modo sit mihi mensa triples, et  
Concha salis puri, et toga, qua defendere frigus  
Quamvis crassa queat."

Hor. Sat. 1. 3. 9.

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## ON THE PROFESSION OF THE BAR.

THERE is no pursuit in life which appears more captivating at a distance than the profession of the bar, as it is followed and rewarded in English courts of justice. It is the great avenue to political influence and reputation; its honours are among the most splendid which can be attained in a free state; and its emoluments and privileges are exhibited as prizes, to be contested freely by all its members. Its annals celebrate many individuals who have risen from the lowest ranks of the people, by fortunate coincidence, or by patient labour, to wealth and station, and have become the founders of honourable families. If the young aspirant perceives, even in his hasty and sanguine glance, that something depends on fortuitous circumstances, the conviction only renders the pursuit more inviting, by adding the fascinations of a game of chance to those of a trial of skill. If he is forced to confess that a sacrifice of principle is occasionally required of the candidate for its most lucrative situations, he glories in the pride of untempted virtue, and pictures himself generously resisting the bribe which would give him riches and authority, in exchange for conscious rectitude and the approbation

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of the good and wise. While he sees nothing in the distance but glorious success, or more glorious self-denial, he feels braced for the severest exertion, nerved for the fiercest struggle; and regards every throb of an impatient spirit as a presage of victory.

Not only do the high offices of the profession wear an inviting aspect, but its level course has much to charm the inexperienced observer. It affords perpetual excitement; keeps the faculties in unceasing play; and constantly applies research, ingenuity, and eloquence, to the actual business of life. A court of *Nisi Prius* is a sort of epitome of human concerns, in which advocates are the representatives of the hopes and fears, the prejudices, the affections, and the hatreds of others, which stir their blood, yet do not endanger their fortune or their peace. The most important interests are committed to their discretion, and the most susceptible feelings to their forbearance. They enjoy a fearful latitude of sarcasm and invective, with an audience ready to admire their sallies, and reporters eager to circulate them throughout the land. Their professional dress, ludicrous in itself, becomes formidable as the symbol of power; for, with it, they assume the privilege of denouncing their adversaries, confounding witnesses, and withstanding the judge. If the matter on which they expatiate is not often of dignified nature or productive of large consequences, it is always of real importance; not a mere theme for display, or a parliamentary shadow. The men whom they address are usually open to receive impressions, either from declamation or reasoning, unlike other audiences who are guarded by system, by party, or by interest against the access of conviction. They are not confined to rigid logic, or to scholastic sophistry, but may appeal to every prejudice, habit, and feeling, which can aid their cause or adorn their harangue; and possess a large store of popular topics always ready for their use. They do not contend for distant objects, nor vainly seek to awaken an interest for futurity, but struggle for palpable results which immediately follow their exertions. They play an animating game for verdicts with the resources of others, in which success is full of pleasure, and defeat is rarely attended with personal disgrace or injury. This is their ordinary vocation; but they have, or seem to have, a chance of putting forth all the energies of their mind on some high issue; and of vindicating their moral courage, perchance by rescuing an innocent man

from dishonour and the grave, or by standing in a tumultuous season, between the frenzy of the people and the encroachments of their enemies, and protecting the constitutional rights of their fellows with the sacred weapons of the laws. What fancy is more inspiring to a youth of sanguine temperament than that of conducting the defence of a man prosecuted by the whole force of the state? He runs over in thought the hurried and feverish labour of preparation; the agitations of the heart quelled by the very magnitude of the endeavour and the peril; and imagines himself settled and bent up to his own part in the day of trial—the low tremulous beginning, the gradually strengthening assurance; the dawning reeognition of sympathy excited in the men on whose lips the issue hangs, till the whole world of thought and feeling seems to open full of irresistible arguments and happy illustrations; till his reasonings become steeped in passion, and he feels his cause and his triumph secure. To every enthusiastic boy, flattered by the prophecies of friends, such an event appears possible; and, in the contemplation, wealth, honour, and long life, seem as of little value.

But the state of anticipation cannot last for ever. The day arrives, when the candidate for forensic opportunities and honours must assume the gown amidst the congratulations of his friends, and attempt to realize their wishes. The hour is, no doubt, happy, in spite of some intruding thoughts; its festivities are not less joyous, because they wear a colouring of solemnity; it is one more season of hope snatched from fate inviting the mind to bright remembrance, and rich in the honest assurances of affection and sympathy. It passes, however, as rapidly as its predecessors, and the morrow sees the youth at Westminster, pressing a wig upon aching temples, and taking a fearful survey of the awful bench where the judges sit, and the more awful benches crowded with competitors who have set out with as good hopes, who have been encouraged by as enthusiastic friends, and who have as valid claims to success as he. Now then, having allowed him to enjoy the foretastes of prosperity, let us investigate what are the probabilities that he will realize them. Are they, in any degree, proportioned to his intellectual powers and accomplishments? Is the possession of some share of the highest faculties of the mind, which has given him confidence, really in his favour? These questions we will try to solve. We may, perhaps, explain to the misjudging friends of some pro-

mising aspirant, who has not attained the eminence they expected, why their prophecies have been unsatisfied. They think that, with such powers as they know him to possess, there must be some fault which they did not perceive; some want of industry, or perseverance; but there was probably none; and they may rather seek for the cause of failure in the delicacy of feeling which won their sympathy, or in the genius which they were accustomed to admire.

Men who take a cursory view of the profession are liable to forget how peculiarly it is situated in relation to those who distribute its business. These are not the people at large; not even the factitious assemblage called the public; not scholars, nor readers, nor thinkers, nor admiring audiences, nor sages of the law, but simply *attorneys*. In this class of men are, of course, comprised infinite varieties of knowledge and of worth; many men of sound learning and honourable character; many who are tolerably honest and decorously dull; some who are acute and knavish; and more who are knavish without being acute. Respectable as is the station of attorneys, they are, as a body, greatly inferior to the bar in education and endowments; and yet, on their opinion, without appeal, the fate of the members of the profession depends. It can scarcely be matter of surprise that they do not always perceive, as by intuition, the accurate thinking, the delicate satire, the playful fancy, or the lucid eloquence, which have charmed a domestic circle, and obtained the applause of a college, even if these were exactly the qualities adapted to their purposes. They will never, indeed, continue to retain men who are obviously unequal to their duty; but they have a large portion of business to scatter, which numbers, greatly differing in real power, can do equally well; and some junior business which hardly requires any talent at all. In some cases, therefore, they are virtually not only judges but patrons, who, by employing young men early, give them not merely fees, but courage, practice, and the means of becoming known to others. From this extraordinary position arises the necessity of the strictest etiquette in form, and the nicest honour in conduct, which strangers are apt to ridicule, but which alone can prevent the bar from being prostrated at the feet of an inferior class. But for that barrier of rule and personal behaviour, solicitors would be enabled to assume the language and manner of dictators; and no barrister could retain at once prosperity and self-respect, except the few, whose reputations

for peculiar skill are so well established, as to render it indispensable to obtain their services. It is no small proof of the spirit and intelligence of the profession as a body, that these qualities are able to preserve them in a station of visible superiority to those on whom they virtually depend. They frequent the places of business; they follow the judges from town to town, and appear ready to undertake any side of any cause; they sit to be looked at, and chosen, day after day, and year after year; and yet, by force of professional honour and gentlemanly accomplishments, and by these alone, they continue to be respected by the men who are to decide their destiny. But no rule of etiquette, however strict, and no feelings of delicacy, however nice and generous, can prevent a man, who has connexions among attorneys, from possessing a great advantage over his equals who have none. It is natural that his friends should think highly of him, and desire to assist him, and it would be absurd to expect that he should disappoint them by refusing their briefs, when conscious of ability to do them justice. Hence a youth, born and educated in the middle ranks of life, who is able to struggle to the bar, has often a far better chance of speedy success than a gentleman of rank and family. This consideration may lessen the wonder, so often expressed, at the number of men who have risen to eminence in the law from comparatively humble stations. Without industry and talent they could have done little; but, perhaps, with both these they might have done less, if their early fame had not been nurtured by those to whom their success was a favourite object, and whose zeal afforded them at once opportunity and stimulus which to more elevated adventurers are wanting.

Let us now examine a little the *kind of talent* by which success at the bar will most probably be obtained; as, from want of attention to this point, much disappointment frequently springs. We will first refer to the lower order of business—that by which a young man usually becomes known—and then take a glance at the court of Nisi Prius, as it affords scope to the powers of leaders. We pass over at present that class of men who begin to practise as special pleaders, and after acquiring reputation, are called late in life with a number of clients who have learned to value them as they deserve. These have chosen a safe and honourable course; but the general reader would find little to excite his interest in a view of their silent and laborious progress. We

speak rather of the business of criminal courts and of sessions, in which young men generally make first trial of their powers, and of the more trivial and showy order of causes which it may sometimes be their good or ill fortune to lead.

In this description of business, it must be obvious to every one that there is no scope for the higher powers and more elegant accomplishments of the mind. But it is not so obvious, though not less true, that these are often incumbrances in the way of the advocate. This will appear, if we glance at the kind of work he has to perform; the jury whom he is to influence, or the audience by whom he is surrounded. Even if the successful performance of his duty, without regard to appearances, be his only aim, he will often find it necessary to do something more painful than merely to lay aside his most refined tastes. To succeed with the jury, he must rectify his understanding to the level of theirs: to succeed with the audience, he must necessarily go still lower; because, although there are great common themes on which an advocate may raise almost any assembly to his own level, and there are occasions in which he may touch on universal sympathies, these rarely, if ever, arise in the beginning of his professional life. On those whom he has to impress, the fine allusion, the happy conceit, the graceful sophistry, which will naturally occur to his mind, would be worse than lost. But though he may abstain from these, how is he to find, on the inspiration of the instant, the matter which ought to supply their place? Can he, accustomed to enjoy the most felicitous turns of expression, the airiest wit, the keenest satire, think in a moment of a joke sufficiently broad and stale to set the jury box and the galleries in a roar? Has he an instinctive sense of what they will admire? If not, he is wrong to wonder that he makes less impression than others, who may be better able to sacrifice the refinements which he prizes, and ought not to grudge them the success which fairly and naturally follows their exertions.

The chief duties of a junior are to examine witnesses; to raise legal objections; and, in smaller cases, to address juries. We will show, in each of these instances, how much a man of accurate perceptions and fastidious tastes, must overcome before he can hope for prosperity.

The examination of witnesses, *in chief*, generally requires little more than a clear voice, a tolerable degree of self-possession, a superficial knowledge of the law of evidence, and

an acquaintance with the matter to which the witnesses are expected to speak. There are critical cases, it is true, in which it is one of the most important duties which an advocate can perform, and requires all the dexterity and address of which he is master. But the more popular work, and that which most dazzles by-standers, is *cross-examination*, to which some men attribute the talismanic property of bringing falsehood out of truth. In most cases, before an intelligent jury, it is mere show. When it is not founded on materials of contradiction, or directed to obtain some information which the witness will probably give, it proceeds on the assumption that the party interrogated has sworn an untruth, which he may be induced to vary. But, in the great majority of cases, the contrary is the fact, and therefore the usual consequence of speculative cross-examining, is the production of a more minute and distinct story than was originally told. Still a jury may be puzzled; an effect may be produced; and as, in cases of felony, an advocate is not permitted to make a speech, he must either cross-examine or do nothing. Here, then, taste, feeling, and judgment, are sometimes no trifling hindrances. A man who has a vivid perception of the true relations of things cannot, without difficulty, force himself to occupy the attention of the court for an hour with questions which he feels have no bearing on the matter substantially in issue. Even when he might confound the transaction, the clearness of his own head will scarcely permit him to do the business well. He finds it hard to apply his mind to the elaborate scrutiny of a labourer's dinner or dress, the soundness of his sleep, or the slowness of his cottage time-piece; and he hesitates to place himself exactly on a level with the witness who comes to detail them. His discretion may sometimes restrain him from imitating the popular cross-examiners of the day, but his incapacity will prevent him still oftener, until, like them, he has become thoroughly habituated to the intellectual atmosphere of the court in which he practises.

In starting and arguing points of law, a deep knowledge of law, and a faculty of clear and cogent reasoning, might seem qualities of the highest value. At Nisi Prius, before a judge, they are so, or rather would be, if the modern course of transacting business left a junior any opportunity to use them. But they are very far from producing unmixed advantage before inferior tribunals. As the bench is not often filled with magistrates profoundly learned, futile objections

are almost as likely to succeed as good ones, and sometimes more so, because those to whom they are addressed have a vague notion of law as something full of mere arbitrary quiddities, and therefore likely to be found in direct opposition to common sense. Now, a man who is himself ignorant of a science is obviously better fitted to hit the fancies of the respectable gentlemen who entertain such a notion, than one who thoroughly understands its rules. The first will raise objections where the last would be silent; or will defend them with the warmth of honest conviction, where the lawyer would introduce them with hesitation and abandon them without a struggle. When a man has nothing really to say, he is assisted greatly by confusion of language, and a total want of arrangement and grammar. Mere stupidity, accompanied by a certain degree of fluency, is no inconsiderable power. It enables its possessor to protract the contest long after he is beaten, because he neither understands his own case, nor the arguments by which he has been answered. It is a weapon of defence, behind which he obtains protection, not only from his adversaries but from the judge. If the learned person who presides, wearied out with endless irrelevancies, should attempt to stop him, he will insist on his privilege to be dull, and obtain the admiration of the audience by his firmness in supporting the rights of the bar. In these points, a sensitive and acute advocate has no chance of rivaling him in the estimation of the by-standers. A young man may, indeed, display correctness of thought, depth of research, and elegant perspicuity, in an argument on a special case, in the court of king's bench; but few will hear and fewer listen to him; and he will see the proceedings of the day shortly characterised in the newspapers of the morrow "as totally destitute of public interest," while the opposite column will be filled with an elaborate report of a case of assault at Clerkenwell, or a picturesque account of a squabble between a pawnbroker and an alderman!

To address a jury, even in cases of minor importance, seems at first to require talents and acquirements of a superior kind. It really requires a certain degree of nerve, a readiness of utterance, and a sufficient acquaintance with the ordinary line of illustration used and approved on similar occasions. A power of stating facts, indeed, distinctly and concisely, is often important to the real issue of the cause; but it is not one which the audience are likely to appreciate. The man who

would please them best should omit all the facts of his case, and luxuriate in the common places which he can connect with it, unless he is able to embellish his statement, and invest the circumstances he relates with adventitious importance and dignity. An advocate of accurate perceptions, accustomed to rate things according to their true value, will find great difficulty in doing either. Most of the subject matter of flourish, which is quite as real to the superficial orator as any thing in the world, is thrown far back from his habitual thoughts, and hardly retains a place among the lumber of his memory. Grant him time for preparation, and a disposition to do violence to his own tastes, in order to acquire popularity, and he may approach a genuine artist in the factitious; but, after all, he will run great risk of being detected as a pretender. A single touch of real feeling, a single piece of concise logical reasoning, will ruin the effect of the whole, and disturb the well-attuned minds of an enlightened jury. Even the *topics* which must be dilated on are often such as would not weigh a feather with an intelligent man, *out of court*, and still oftener give occasion to watery amplifications of ideas, which may be fairly and fully expressed in a few words. It is obvious, therefore, that the more an advocate's mind is furnished with topics rather than with opinions or thoughts, the more easy will he find the task of addressing a jury. A sense of truth is ever in his way. It breaks the fine, flimsy, gossamer tissue of his eloquence, which, but for this sturdy obstacle, might hang suspended on slender props to glitter in the view of fascinated juries. If he has been accustomed to recognise a proportion between words and things, he will, with difficulty, screw himself up to describe a petty affray in the style of Gibbon, though to his client the battle of Holywell-lane may seem more important than the fall of the Roman empire. If he would enrapture the audience when entrusted to open a criminal case of importance, he should begin with the first murder; pass a well-rounded eulogy on the social system; quote Blackstone and the Precepts of Noah; and dilate on crime, conscience, and the trial by jury; before he begins to state the particular facts which he expects to prove. He disdains to do this—or the favourite topics never occur to his mind even to be rejected; and, instead of winning the admiration of a county, he only obtains a conviction! In addition to an inward repugnance to solemn fooling, men of sterling sense have also to overcome the dread of the criti-

cism of others whose opinion they value, before they can descend to the blandishments of popular eloquence. It is seldom, therefore, that a young barrister can employ the most efficacious mode of delighting his audience, unless he is nearly on a par with them, and thinks, in honest stupidity, that he is pouring forth pathos and wisdom. There is, indeed, an excessive proneness to adopt the tone of the moment, an easiness of temperament, which sometimes may enable him to make a display in a trifling matter without conscious degradation; but he is ashamed of his own success when he grows cool, and was reduced by excessive sympathy to the level of his hearers only for the hour. Let no one, therefore, hastily conclude that the failure of a youth, to whom early opportunities are given, is a proof of essential inferiority to successful rivals. It may be, indeed, that he is below his business; for want of words does not necessarily imply plenitude of ideas, nor is abstinence from lofty prosings and stale jests conclusive evidence of wit and knowledge; but he is more probably superior to his vocation— too clear in his own perceptions to perplex others; too much accustomed to think to make a show without thought; and too deeply impressed with admiration of the venerable and the affecting readily to apply their attributes to the miserable facts he is retained to embellish.

Let us now take a glance at that higher sphere in which a barrister moves when he has overcome the difficulties of his profession, and has obtained a share of leading business in the superior courts. Here it must at once be conceded that considerable powers are necessary, and that the deficiencies which aided the aspiring junior will no longer prevail. The learning and authority of the judge, and the acuteness of established rivals, not only prevent the success of those experiments, which ignorance only can hazard, but generally stifle them in the birth. The number and variety of causes, and the business-like manner in which they are conducted, restrain the use of fine-spun rhetoric to a few special occasions. A man who would keep any large portion of general practice, must have industry and retentive memory: clearness of mind enough to state facts with distinctness, and to arrange them in lucid order; a knowledge of law sufficient for the discovery of any point in his own favour, and for the supply of a ready evasion of any suggested by his opponent; quickness and comprehension of intellect to see the whole case on both sides at one view; and complete self-possession and coolness,

without which all other capacities will be useless. These are essentials for Nisi Prius practice; but does it give scope to no higher faculties? Is there nothing in human intellect which may be allowed to adorn, to lighten, and to inspire the dull mass of facts and reasonings? Was Erskine no more than a distinct narrator, a tolerable lawyer, and a powerful reasoner on opposing facts? Can no higher praise be given to Scarlett, who sways the court of king's bench like a monarch, and to Brougham, whose eloquence sheds terror into the enemies of freedom throughout the world? We will answer these questions as well as we are able.

For the highest powers of the mind which can be developed in eloquence, even a superior court rarely affords room. Some have ascribed their absence to a chilling spirit of criticism in the legal auditors; but it is really attributable to the want of fitness in the subjects, and in the occasions. The noble faculty of imagination may, indeed, sometimes be excited to produce sublime creations, in the fervour of a speech, as justly as in the rage or sorrow of a tragedy; but in both the passion must enkindle the imagination, not the imagination create the passion. The distinction of eloquence from other modes of prose composition, is, that it is primarily inspired by passion, and that it is either solely addressed to the feelings, or sways the understanding through the medium of the affections. It is only true when it is proportioned to the subject out of which it arises, because otherwise the passion is but fantastical and belongs to the mock heroic. In its course, it may edge the most subtle reasonings, point the keenest satire, and excite the imagination to embody truth in living images of grandeur and beauty; but its spring and instinct must be passion. Nor is this all; it must not only be proportioned to the feeling in its author's mind, but to the feeling and intellect of those to whom it is addressed. A man of ardent temperament may work himself into a state of excitation by contemplating things which are remote and visionary; he may learn to take an enthusiastic interest in the objects of his own solitary musings; but if he brings into court the passionate dreams of his study, he will invite scorn and make failure certain. Not only is there rarely a subject which can worthily enkindle such passion as may excite imagination, but still more rarely an audience who can justify it by receiving it into their hearts. On some few occasions, as of great political trials, a burning indignation can be felt

and reflected; the thoughts which the jury themselves swell with may be imaged in shapes of fire; and the orator may, while clothing mighty principles in noble yet familiar shapes, by a felicitous compromise, bring grandeur and beauty half way to the audience, and raise the audience to a station where they can feel their influence. But he must take care that he does not deceive himself by his own emotions; and mistake the inspiration of the study for that of the court. He is safe only while he is impelled by the feeling of those whom he addresses, and while he keeps fully within their view. In ordinary causes, imagination would not only be out of place, but it cannot enter; because its own essence is truth, and because it never has part in genuine eloquence unless inspired by adequate emotion. The flowers of oratory which are withheld by fear of contempt, or regarded as mere ornaments if produced, are not those which grow out of the subject, and are streaked and coloured by the feeling of the time; but gaudy exotics, leisurely gathered and stuck in out of season, and destitute of root. These fantastical decorations do not prove the existence of fervour or of imagination, but the want of both, and it is well if they are kept back by the good sense of the speaker, or his reasonable fears. But while a man, endowed with high faculties, cautiously abstains from displaying them on inadequate occasions, he will find them too often an impediment and a burthen. He is in danger of timidity from a consciousness of power yet unascertained even by himself, and from an apprehension lest he should profane his long-cherished thoughts by a needless exposure. He is liable to be posed by the recurrence of some delicate association which he feels will not be understood, and modestly hesitates on the verge of the profound. He is, therefore, less fitted for ordinary business than another who can survey his own mental resources at a glance, as a well-ordered armoury, and select, without hesitation, the weapon best adapted for the struggle.

Pathos, much oftener than imagination, falls within the province of the advocate. But the art of exciting pity holds no elevated rank in the scale of intellectual power. As employed at the bar in actions for adultery, seduction, and breach of promise of marriage, ostensibly as a means of effecting a transfer of money from the purse of the culprit to that of the sufferer, it sinks yet lower than its natural place, and robs the sorrows on which it expatiates, of all their dignity. The first of these actions is a disgrace to the English character; for the

plaintiff, who asks for money, has sustained no pecuniary loss; and what money does *he* deserve who seeks it as a compensation for domestic comfort, at the price of exposing to the greedy public all the shameful particulars of his wife's crime and of his own disgrace? In the other cases, where the party has been injured, not only in feeling, but in property or property's value, it is right that redress should be given; and that redress, even when sought in the form of damages, may be demanded in a tone of eloquent reprobation of villainy; but the moment the advocate recounts the miseries of his client, in order to show how much money ought to be awarded, his task is degrading and irksome. He speaks of modesty destroyed, of love turned to bitterness, of youth blasted in its prime, and of age brought down by sorrow to the grave; and he asks for *money!* He hawks the wrongs of the inmost spirit, "as beggars do their sores," and unveils the sacred agonies of the heart, that the jury may estimate the value of their palpitations! It is in vain that he urges the specious plea, that no money can compensate the sufferer to sustain the inference that the jury must give the whole sum laid in the declaration; for the inference does not follow. Money will not compensate, not because it is insufficient in degree but in kind; and, therefore, the consequence is—not that great damages should be given, but that none should be claimed. When once money is connected with the idea of mental grief, by the advocate who represents the sufferer, all respect for both is gone. Subjects, therefore, of this kind, are never susceptible in a court of law of the truest pathetic; and the topics to which they give occasion are somewhat musty.

If, however, the highest powers of the mind are rarely brought into action in a court of *Nisi Prius*, its more ordinary faculties are required in full perfection, and readiness for use. To an uninitiated spectator, the course of a leader in considerable business seems little less than a miracle. He opens his brief with apparent unconcern; states complicated facts and dates with marvellous accuracy; conducts his cause with zeal and caution through all its dangers; replies on the instant, dexterously placing the adverse features of each side in the most favourable position for his client; and, having won or lost the verdict for which he has struggled, as if his fortune depended on the issue, dismisses it from his mind like one of the spectators. The next cause is called on; the jury are sworn; he unfolds another brief and another tale,

and is instantly inspired with a new zeal, and possessed by a new set of feelings; and so he goes on till the court rises, finding time in the intervals of actual exertion to read the newspaper, and talk over all the scandal of the day! This is curious work; it obviously requires all the powers to which we have referred as essential; and the complete absorption of the mind in each successive case. Besides these, there are two qualities essential to splendid success—a pliable temperament, and that compound quality, or result of several qualities, called *tact* in the management of a cause.

To the first of these we have already alluded, in its excessive degree, as supplying a young barrister with the capability of making a display on trivial occasions; but, when chastened by time, it is a most important means of success in the higher departments of the profession. An advocate should not only throw his mind into the cause, but his heart also. It is not enough that the ingenuity is engaged to elicit strength, or conceal weakness, unless the sympathies are fairly enlisted on the same side. To men of lofty habits of thinking, or of cold constitution, this is impossible, unless the case is of intrinsic magnitude, or the client has been wise enough to supply an artificial stimulus in the endorsement on the brief. Such men, therefore, are only excellent in peculiar cases, where their sluggish natures are quickened, and their pride gratified or disarmed by a high issue, or a splendid fee. Persons, on the other hand, who are prevented from saying "no," not by cowardice, but by sympathy; whose hearts open to all who happen to be their companions; whose prejudices vanish with a cordial grasp of the hand, or melt before a word of judicious flattery; who have a spare fund of warmth and kindness to bestow on whoever seeks it; and who, energetic in action, are wavering in opinion, and infirm of purpose—will be delightful advocates, if they happen also to possess industry and nerve. The statement in their brief is enough to convert them into partisans, ready to triumph in the cause if it is good, and to cling to it if it is hopeless as to a friend in misfortune. By this instinct of sociality, they are enabled not only to throw life into its details, and energy into its struggles, but to create for themselves a personal interest with the jury, which they turn to the advantage of their clients. It has often been alleged that the practice of the law prepares men to abandon their principles in the hour of temptation; but it will often appear, on an attentive survey

of their character, that the extent of their practice was the effect rather than the cause of their inconstancy. They are not unstable because they were successful barristers, but became successful barristers by virtue of the very qualities which render them unstable. They do not yield on a base calculation of honour or gain, but because they cannot resist a decisive compliment paid to their talents by the advisers of the crown. They are undone by the very trick of sympathy which has often moulded them to the purposes of their clients and swayed juries to their own.

But the great power of a *Nisi Prius* advocate consists of *tact* in the management of a cause. Of this a bystander sees but little; if the art be consummate, nothing; and he is, with difficulty, made to comprehend its full value. He hears the cause tried fairly out; observes perhaps witnesses on both sides examined; and thinking the whole merits have been necessarily disclosed, he sees no room for peculiar skill, except in the choice of topics to address to the jury. But a trial is not a hearing of all the matters capable of discovery which are relevant to the issue, or which would assist an impartial mind in forming a just decision. It is an artificial mode of determination, bounded by narrow limits, governed by artificial rules, and allowing each party to present to the court as much or as little of his own case as he pleases. A leader, then, has often, on the instant, to select out of a variety of matters, precisely those which will make the best show, and be least exposed to observation and answer; to estimate the probable case which lies hid in his adversary's brief, and prepare his own to elude its force; to decide between the advantage of producing a witness and the danger of exposing him; or, if he represents the defendant, to apply evidence to a case new in many of its aspects, or take the grave responsibility of offering none. Besides the opportunity which the forms and mode of trial give to the exercise of skill, the laws of evidence afford still greater play for ingenuity, and ground for caution. Some of these are founded on principle, some on mere precedent; some on caprice; some on a desire to swell the revenue; and all serve to perplex the game of *Nisi Prius*, and give advantages to its masters. The power which they exhibit among its intricacies is really admirable, and may almost be considered as a lower order of genius. Its efforts must be immediate, for the exigency presses, and the lawyer, like the woman "who deliberates, is lost." He can-

not stop to recollect a precedent, or to estimate all the consequences of a single step; yet he decides boldly and justly. His *tact* is, in truth, the result of a great number of impressions, of which he is now unconscious, which gives him a kind of intuitive power to arrive at once at the right conclusion. Its effects do not make a show in the newspapers; but they are very eloquent in the sheriff's office, and in the rolls of the court.

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### THE GYPSY OF DEBREZIN.

Danger, long travel, want or wo,  
Soon change the form that best we know—  
And blanch at once the hair;  
Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,  
More deeply than despair.  
Happy whom none of these befal,  
But this poor *gypy* knew them all.

MARMION.

IT was now the depth of autumn; and, according to an im-memorial custom, the poorer inhabitants of Debretzin, whose lands lie at several days' journey from their homes, pursued their way across the sandy plains; the greater portion in dros-kies, or little wagons, and not a few on small, lean-looking horses.

On the produce of these acres, though situated so far from them, depend their almost only hopes of sustenance, and thither, for a week or so, twice or thrice every year, do they journey with their families, as cultivation, seed-time, and harvest call for their presence.

"Thrice did they cross the shade of night," and three times did the horn, blown beneath the morning sun, summon them to arise, and be going, ere they hailed, at the base of the great Carpathian chain, the scantily tilled fields, enclos-ed with ranges of thinly scattered poplars; the only inher-i-tance which had descended to them from their fathers. In the course of a few hours, they came to a spot marked out by a gibbet, on which a criminal had been hanged, and the road branches out from a central spot in many directions; the cavalcade paused.

After a short halt, to permit of a general palaver, and inter-change of amicable greetings, it divided itself into various

portions; wagons drove to right and left, accompanied or followed by panniered horses, bearing women and children; while, perchance, a listless donkey lagged in the rear, with its burden of kitchen utensils. Behind all, stalked the brawny peasant, with his long whip, which, ever and anon, he threw out before him, and smacked over the heads of the jaded animals, as a tale-bearer of threatening castigation; his wide heavy jack-boots impeding the journey he strove to cheer with a timeous whiff of tobacco smoke, a loud shrill whistle, or the chanting of some old, rude, half-forgotten Sclavonian ditty.

The area of cultivation consisted of small fields, or rather patches of wheat, mingled with rye, oats, or maize, the last of which predominated, from its being the most productive in crop, averaging generally in the rate of thirty-fold. No houses being erected, as no one took up a permanent residence in the neighbourhood, the sound of the hammer echoed in a hundred quarters over the plain, as each family busied itself in fitting up an abode, such as was requisite for accommodation during the time of harvest, varying in shape and dimensions, according to the number intended to be packed in the interior, or as the geniality of the weather seemed to warrant. Some constructed tents, by fixing four poles in the ground at right angles, stretching a blanket between them, and covering in the top by means of skins or oiled cloth. Others, by nailing boards together, erected booths more fit for shelter and comfort; while many contented themselves with simply sleeping in their oblong wagons, screened from the cold and moisture of night by the envelopments of a coarse cloak, or, by burrowing, like pigs in a barn-yard, beneath bundles of fresh straw.

It was now evening. Surmounted by masses of picturesque and illuminated clouds, the great sun was sinking majestically behind the mountain boundary of the west. The voice of song continued from the woodlands, as the birds chanted their vesper hymns, and a shrill murmuring monotonous sound, like the tinkling of a thousand little bells, was heard at a distance, which was afterwards discovered to proceed from innumerable frogs, collected around the margin of the swamps and marshy grounds. The various encampments were now almost finished; and the cattle enjoyed, beside them, the privilege of a conscientiously long tether, to make up matters

with their masters, and annihilate the marks and remembrances of fatigue, encountered in a long and difficult journey. The men in their loose cloaks, during the time that preparations were making for the evening meal, rested before the line of huts, in the fine, serene sunshine, smoking pipes, and making observations on the changes of the landscape, over which their eyes wandered; while, here and there, might be seen some one of the younger females, passing to, or returning, with the pipkin on her head, from the stream that flowed beneath its fringe of pollards, at the western extremity of the enclosures. Among these was Theresa, the heroine of our little story, whom we shall briefly introduce.

This Hungarian beauty was now in her twentieth year, fair as a lily of the brook; and, though born to the estate almost of a peasant, nature had beneficently endowed her with those gentle and delicate feelings, which can alone add lustre to a higher station, and form the only real distinguishing excellence of female character. With her aged parents, who were alike contented, virtuous, and respected by all who knew them, she had come up from their home at Debretzin, to assist in the labours of the harvest. In stature she was rather below the common, and more slender than otherwise; but her form was elegant in the extreme. She had none of that clownish heaviness and insipidity about her, which seems to hang like a dim wintry cloud over a countenance, which is thereby rendered unmeaning, though well favoured; but, in the grace of her gait, and in the expressive quickness of her eye, dwelt the life and animation, which communicate themselves to others. There is no doubt, in a word, that she was a bright sweet little creature; and whoever glanced down for a moment at her small foot and taper ankle, knew at once that the elastic form to which they belonged was one of fairy agility.

She had reached the stream: one foot rested on a stone a little in from the brink; and, with her right hand, she was dipping down the pitcher, while, with the other, she supported herself by catching hold of a wild lilac bush which grew behind her, when she was accosted unawares by a voice, which caused her to start, as she had perceived no one, and deemed herself alone in the solitary place. Turning round to whence the sound came, she saw an old man rising up from the flowery bank, whereon he seemed to have been resting, clad in the habit of a cygani or gypsy, and, as people be-

longing to the wandering tribe are to be met with in every section of the country, his appearance, after the first startle of surprise was over, excited no alarm.

"This is a fine calm evening, my child; may I have a draught from thy pitcher?" He drank and proceeded. "Now, by the sparkle of thine eye, I guess, that since we happen to be here alone, you would confess to me that you would like to have your fortune told. Say at once, now, that I am right. Is it not so, my sweet girl?"

"Nay, now," returned she, making an effort to draw her breath, which her momentary surprise seemed to have impeded, and blushing, as she lingered to answer him; "nay, now, good father, you are wrong, believe me; I have no such anxiety about me. How should I, pray, now?"

"These are women's words," answered the gypsy, "not to be taken just as they are spoken; though, like worn coin, they sometimes pass current at full value. There is one—nay, but look in my face—a secret one, in whose fate and fortune you are not altogether uninterested. Turn not away, child; look up, and tell me, if you dare, you simpering fairy, that it is otherwise."

Theresa looked half playfully at him. "That may, or may not be. I will not make you wiser. You only want to try me, but, if I had secrets, I know how to keep them, my good father. Isn't it foolish in an old man like you," added she, smiling, "to be prying into a poor girl's thoughts? But—good evening—I am loitering with you here, when I have other things to attend to;" and with this she stooped down to raise the pipkin from the stone on which it rested.

"Nay—stop but for a moment, my nightingale; I ask not your secrets. But what would you say were I tell you, without asking you any questions at all, what you oftenest think about? Love promises bring long hours of thought after them, before they come to their fulfilment; as the morning sun casts before him many a flattering and fleeting ray, before he shows his bright face over the mountains. Sometimes they may be altogether forgotten, when change of scene, and change of companions, bring about change of heart. Yours are not so—if I have any skill in reading a lesson from a fair face."

"Old man, you are flattering me. Farewell—I must away—good even."

"Nay, nay—another moment, and I have done. Me-

thinks I see one who is far away; yet, amid strange scenes, and amid strange faces, he is mindful of his home, and of a dwelling still dearer than his home. It stands on the bank of a stream—its windows look to the east—and at each side of the door are two barberry bushes. He is mindful of a love he left there; ah! as mindful as ever you could be of such a one. It will be well for you both when the wars are over, and the weapons put into their sheaths. Now you look down and sigh. I knew that I had something which you would like to hear."

"How can you, who are an old man, speak such silly things? or how can you know any thing about foreign parts, or about people you have never seen? I could almost think—but I am a foolish girl, or I would not stand listening to your nonsense, as earnestly as if it were one of father Nicholas's sermons. Really I am foolish, and the evening coming down so heavily," she added, pointing to the hills, whose declivities were darkening to azure, and to the mass of sombre cloud above them, from whose margin the gold of day was decaying, and lifted up her pitcher to depart.

"Let me look at your hand a moment—but a moment, then, since you have no patience with me, and care not to hear my prattle, however full of good things, and fair promises, and I shall tell you in a breath, fair flower, whether the future shall be sunshiny or sombred with clouds, like yon. Why do you hesitate? Do you doubt my skill? Indeed, you have soon come to think yourself very wise."

Theresa stretched forth her small white hand to him; and, turning up the palm of it, she looked in his face, as, with a semblance of serious thought, he cast his eye along the lines of life.

"Now I know your destiny, Theresa, is not that your name?"

She looked at him perplexed, and then nodded assent. He then added, with a degree of fervour, as he gazed over her beauties with a more than momentary steadfastness, which made her shrink, and turn away her eyes from him, "He whom you love, Theresa,—he who loves thee as his soul, is not far distant. I, who perhaps have never gazed on you before, am prophet enough to assure you of this; and do you still doubt my skill? Lo, the truth is at hand, and the flight of time shall not be far, till my words be made good. But there are leisure hours till then; and I leave these things, my

fair girl, for your dream this night. I bargained for no fee—but you will not refuse me this;" and, gently pressing her yielded hand, he raised her fingers to his lips,—“it is a sufficient reward for my fortune-telling. Despise not a cygani hereafter. Weeds are but flowers under a meaner name. Good night, and may heaven bless you.”

With a mind overflowing with meditation, Theresa returned home; and during the remainder of the evening, her mother observed her pensive and silent. She sate, seemingly attentive to what was going on, yet absent when spoken to, and more inclined to gaze into the fire, than to look her neighbour in the face.

Night passed over with many a dream peaceful or perturbed; and, with the morning sun all were astir, and preparing for the field labours. Theresa, like Juliet, was willing to mistake the nightingale for the lark, such a paradise of vision floated before her heated imagination; nevertheless she arose with the rest, partook of their slight breakfast, and with her sickle thrown over her arm, passed forth in the early sunlight to the labours of harvest. To the buoyant mind, toil is scarcely an effort; the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed; the waters made a pleasant sound, and hour after hour passed rapidly away, while Theresa dreamed sweet dreams, and never before felt such a delight in the soft breeze, and the verdant landscape.

When the sultry day had journeyed by, beholding an industrious band gathering in the treasures which Providence had furnished so liberally for their support, and the evening star had risen to light them on their homeward road, Theresa started, and her heart went a-fluttering, when the band of females were met by the same old gypsy, who was loitering by the wayside. She knew not whether his eye had singled her out or not, as she turned away her head to avoid his gaze; but, when they had passed on a little way, she glanced behind and saw him making up to the men, who were escorting the loaded wains. Like an idler, who had nought but his amusement in view, he turned back again with them; and, at a bend of the road, Theresa, mounting on a stone, saw him in conference with her father.

With that hospitality so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry, he was invited to partake of the evening meal; and when all were duly refreshed, the old men of the party

replenished their pipes, and seated themselves on the temporary settle before the door.

"Have you been long in these parts?" said old Peter Shemnitz to the cygani, after an hour's conversation and fellowship had made them better acquainted; "or do you reside at a distance?"

"You may as well ask the direction to Cain's dwelling as to mine.—We are none of your shell-fish that grow to the rock. As the swallow passes from country to country, so pass we from town to town. Will you have a little music?"

"What can you give us?"

"Why, almost what you choose on violin or dudel-sac—Zrinii's march, Maria Carlvitch, the song of Istolar, or anything you like. I have brought a famous pipe from Vienna."

"So, you have been at the great city; come tell us something about it. 'Tis said all the great kings are there, carousing after the wars are over."

"True, indeed," said the cygani smiling; "the times are miraculously changed. The French lion has at length been caught in the toils; and I hope that a long peace will bring prosperity and plenty along with it."

"Come, tell us what you saw. It is a mighty fine thing to have seen the world. 'Tis said the emperor's town is ten times as big as Pesth."

"Truly, I cannot exactly tell, but an immense place it is without doubt; and so rich and fine! Ah! if you only saw the nobles there, with their crosses and golden stars, galloping through the streets in their grand chariots!—if you only saw the palaces, and the churches, and the castles, you should never think any more of Pesth, and its bridge of boats. But other things than seeing rare sights caused me to travel. I had an only son, and he was called away to join the army; for we borderers of Transylvania must all be trained up as soldiers. He was my only son; and after he was torn from his home, I heard nothing of him for years. I had none to leave behind me, none to care for me, and of what value is life to a man in that case? The news of bloody battles came to us often and often, as the sound of far-off thunder comes upon the wind;—the yearnings of a father's heart are difficult to be borne;—so, having braced my little bundle on my shoulders, and taken my staff into my hand, I even locked

the door of my widowed hut, and set out, on what many would reckon a fool's journey."

"Was it so?—What success had you in your travels? I dare say you found him out after all?"

"Alas! you urge me to recal heavy thoughts to my mind, but \_\_\_\_"

"No, no, save yourself the pains. We understand that he perished on the field of battle."

"Yes, indeed he did; but it was some consolation to my old heart (*here he wiped his eyes*) to find, that he still lived in the remembrance of his comrades, who cherished his memory with a fond regard, and welcomed the father from love to his son. There was one of them who had long been his tent-fellow, and had stood by his side in many an action, in many an hour of danger. By the by, he came from this very neighbourhood. His fore-fathers had possessed a place at Warlada for many generations; till forced, in his father's time, to mortgage it.—His name was Ludivico—I forgot what more."

"Ludivico Marlin!—I knew him well, I knew him well!—Theresa," he cried, turning round his head towards the cabin door,—“Theresa, here is one who has seen——”

"So you knew him?" said the cygani, sharply.

"Knew him! how could I not know him,—Ludovico!—For years many, and full of pleasure, he ate at my board, and warmed himself at my humble hearth; though he was no doubt born to a better fate. Our parting was as the tearing asunder of the nearest and dearest of kindred, though, poor fellow, his only hold upon us was his good conduct, and our own compassion; for his parents, who were once in better circumstances, died early, and left him on the wide world, unprotected and an orphan.—And are we to see him so soon again? The news is like a cordial to my heart."

"So you are the man I am in search of?" said the cygani, catching hold of his hand. "That morning on which I parted from him, he asked me through what part of Hungary lay my road; and, on ascertaining that I journeyed this way on my homeward route to Buda, he begged of me to search out Peter Shemnitz, and tell him of his welfare."

Peter scarcely refrained from hugging the gypsy.—“Theresa,” he cried, “Theresa, my love, bring us out a flagon of your elder wine, and let us make merry. Girl, why do you

stand there moping? make haste!—You have been crying, child;—a pretty occasion, too, surely."

The wine was set down, and circled; the pipes whiffed; the jest and the song went round; and the cygani, elevated with the good cheer, shook off the weight of years; and, as he pressed his dudel-sack with might and main, he failed not to make it "discourse most eloquent music," till twilight had sombred into night, and the glittering stars were high in the forehead of heaven.

Notwithstanding the most kind and hospitable entreaties, the cygani could not be persuaded to consent to an abode among them for a few days. When sunrise warned the local colony to the fields, the old man buckled his knapsack on his back, and, taking his staff in hand, prepared for his onward pilgrimage. All set out together, as their paths lay for a quarter of a mile in the same direction. The morning was calm and delightful; the golden sunshine lay on the sides of the far-off Carpathian hills; and, fringing the extensive plain, arose dark forests, which, in several places, bounded the horizon.

A delicious odour was wafted on the gentle breeze from the luxuriant wild-flowers; and the wide air was musical with the song of birds. Theresa lagged behind with some of her companions, who failed not to remark the feverishness of her looks, and the languor that slept on her heavy eyelid; but she smiled away their inquiries; listened, or seemed to listen, to their carols, as she pointed out the beauties of hill and dale that expanded around them. The gypsy loitered with her father at the cross which parted their several roads; and when Theresa came up, he took her by the hand, bade God bless her, and departed.

If the reader is particularly anxious to know what kind of harvest these peasants had to depend upon for their next year's subsistence, we have the ineffable pleasure of assuring him that he may keep his mind easy on that score, as the crop was considerably above an average one; and day after day beheld them with grateful hearts gathering in the bountiful provision which a kind Providence had willed for their wants; but, with leave, we shall let them alone, until all be cut down, bundled up, and stored into the wagons; while we return, in the mean time, to the city of Debretzin, and endeavour to find something there to fill up what might otherwise prove a vacuum with respect to interest.

After six years' participation with the great army of the Germanic empire, of the fatigues, horrors, and casualties of war, Ludovico had returned to his native place. The field of Leipzig, so fatal to Napoleon, was that in which he had last been actively engaged; and though he had received wounds in less desperate encounters, from that great battle he had escaped unharmed. From that time his military career was restricted to garrison duty, till the arrangement, resulting from the throne-overthrowing victory of Waterloo, once more shed a hope of happy days through the wide extent of the continent, and restored many a war-worn soldier to the bosom of his family. Countless, alas! were the thousands who returned no more.

From the constitutional laws of Hungary, it results, that the tenure of property is next to unalterable—a certain way of maintaining the state of vassalage to which the great body of the people is subjected, as their claims, when preferred, can be carried in all cases of emergency, even from the Herrenstuhl, or court held by the nobles on their own estates, where they are but little likely to obtain impartial justice, to the general council of the nation, at Offen. From the operation of an ancient edict, still enforced, property may be transferred on a mortgage for thirty years; but, at the expiry of that term, it is redeemable by the lineal descendants of the ancient proprietors.

Before Ludovico was born, the small property which, from immemorial time, had remained in the hands of the Marlin family, passed, with this feudal burden of course upon it, into the possession of strangers, who, doubtless, reckoned themselves secure in lasting occupation; for, in the lowly estate of a peasant, the only son had been permitted to grow up to manhood, and had been drawn away at the age of eighteen, in the conscriptions for the army. The time, at which restitution could be demanded, had now well passed on. A large placard was exhibited on the outer wall of the house of the Rent-richer; and, failing the appearance of a claimant, with adequate proofs of his consanguinity, the estate passed, within a month, irretrievably into the hands of the present occupier.

Fortunately, at this very era, fate put it into the power of our young soldier to make a personal demand for the restitution of his paternal estate; and, immediately on his return to Debretzin, he laid his claims before the constituted authorities;

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and as immediately were they attended to. For, to conciliate the lower orders, this branch of their claims upon the state is most assiduously attended to, and the occupant, knowing that no countenance will be given either to litigation or refusal, on the mortgage being paid up, tacitly left the house and adjoining fields, already stripped of their autumnal honours, open for the entrance and occupation of their legitimate proprietor.

With all possible despatch, things were put into order; and the dwelling prepared for the reception of the young officer of hussars; for to that rank the fortune of war, and his own exertions, had honourably raised him. Though, from the absence of all his old friends on their accustomed harvest excursion, he was literally surrounded by strangers, yet money is a rare talisman, and can work wonders which might startle the most profound adept in alchemy. In a few brief days, the house was replenished in a style to which it had not found itself equal for half a century. The plots were weeded and delved into trim; the wild wood pruned away; and the vines festooned with greater neatness about the slender pillars, which form, along with the projecting roof, common to the better houses throughout the country, a kind of piazza, where, during rainy or intensely warm weather, the family may work, sit, or amuse themselves.

In the course of a fortnight, all Ludovico's plans were executed—his grounds set in order—and his house such as he had imaged in his mind's eye;—nor could he look upon either, without a degree of pride and satisfaction, that may readily be pardoned to a newly-created landlord. The future appeared bright before him; hopefulness sate upon his heart; dreams, long cherished, seemed verging towards accomplishment; after procrastination and absence, the anticipations of youthful ardour glowed in more agreeable colours, and he wearied for the time when Peter Shemnitz and his family should return, less that they might wonder at his wealth, than that he might show them all his gratitude for benefits which had been conferred without expectation of fee or reward.

Ten days had elapsed; and the harvest of the peasantry of Debretzin was nearly over; when, one evening, as the young of both sexes were indulging themselves in their accustomed dance on the green sward, beneath the lilac trees, the gypsy again made his appearance. He stood for a few minutes looking on with a pleased countenance, seemingly partici-

pating of the light-heartedness of youth; and, perhaps, revolving in mind the many happy times, when long, long ago, on the banks of the far-off Danube, he himself joined in similar festivities—but the remembrance either overcame him, or some other thoughts called him away, for he shortly turned on his heel, and strayed by the hedge-row of pollards down to the temporary abode of Peter Shemnitz.

While yet at some distance, he descried the old man on his bench by the door, smoking his accustomed pipe; and, as he approached still more closely, was somewhat vexed to meet with rather a cold reception, Peter looking much more sombre and demure than usual. His mind seemed either otherwise occupied, or he wished not to take any notice of him, as he was almost upon him before he raised his head, or wished him a good evening. The old man started from his reverie, but immediately recovering himself, recognized the face of the stranger, and proffered cordially the right hand of friendship.

“So you have come back to see us once more, have you? You are well met; for we are not right here. Most of your people pretend to skill in the application of remedies; and my daughter, poor soul, is ailing.”

“What! Theresa?”

“Yes; I have but one daughter, and I am afraid to lose her. Better 'twere that the old died first; but why should I dare to murmur?”

“Why, she looked blooming and healthy but two weeks ago, when I was here?”

“It is exactly since that time that I have observed her not looking well; food she would scarcely look at, and word would she scarcely speak any. Some slow fever is, I am afraid, working within her; but, come in, and you shall see her yourself.”

Theresa started up from her seat by the hearth, as the cygani entered; and a faintness came over her heart, insomuch, that her head sank back on the wall, but, without complaint, she speedily reassumed composure, and welcomed back the stranger to their dwelling. “That man,” she thought, “somehow or other possesses secrets, which give him a control over my destiny. He seems to know more of what lies nearest to my heart, than he seems willing to make me aware of. Sure he must be the bearer of evil tidings—he dares not to leave them unrevealed; yet he has not the heart to communicate them! May heaven strengthen me for all things!”

"Your father tells me, Theresa," said the gypsy, gently taking hold of her hand, "that you have been unwell since I saw you. Can I do any thing for you?"

Theresa, turning her beautiful, but languid eyes from him, looked on her father, and said, "my dear father, you deceive yourself; I have nothing to complain of, your affection for me deceives you. Believe me, I am well—nay, shake not your head,—quite well."

"Yes," added the cygani, smiling, "I insist upon her being quite well, as I have returned back all the way from Debretzin, on a special errand to her. Theresa, believe me, it is true."

Theresa looked anxiously at him, and heaved an involuntary sigh from the bottom of her heart, that made her bosom swell, as if it would have cracked the girdle that surrounded her waist.

"Indeed, it is quite true. A young soldier has returned to his home, and is making bustling preparations to have all things in order against your return. Hither have I come at his earnest request, to remind you of an old promise, which now demands immediate fulfilment—always providing that your heart remains the same as when that promise was made."

Theresa read in her father's face the lines of doubt and anxiety; and, looking round to the cygani, he said, "To whom do you allude? There is but one person alive to whom my daughter shall, with my consent, give her hand; and, if I am not mistaken, that person is far enough away yet, I'll warrant it. Though, droop not, my Theresa, the day may not be far distant, when the separated may meet to sunder again no more. If faith dwell in a human bosom, fear not. The token which claims you may come to——"

"Knowest thou that?" cried the cygani, drawing from his breast a golden bracelet, marked with the letters T. and L.—"Knowest thou this?—By this token am I sent to claim attention to my errand!"

"Has Ludovico returned?" asked Theresa eagerly, as she started to her feet, clasping her hands together, as she approached the gypsy—"oh, say he is well!—Is he at Debretzin?—Oh, he will be here, father, he will not wait; he will be here to see us!—Then all my fears and my dark dreams are false. Half did my heart assure me that he had fallen on the field of battle; that I—that we should never see him more."

"Stuff—stuff, Theresa," said old Peter, checking her; "you must be well now, and dream so no more."

"Stuff—stuff," echoed the cygani. "On the word of an old man, with one foot in the grave, your lover is well, and awaits your arrival at Debretzin. He could not get away immediately, but hurried me back to apprise you of his arrival. He is to meet you on your road home, nevertheless, and I have my fears, Theresa—why do you look afraid, girl?—that when you enter Debretzin, it must be under a different name than that with which you left it. Nay, but you need not blush—neither need you pout and try to look angry. I am only telling you the plain truth."

"To-morrow we set out early," said old Peter, hobbling to and fro, with his hands thrust into his large coat-pockets, and looking ten years younger than he did but half an hour before; "and, methinks, it is a day too late. Warn our neighbours, Theresa, that we delay not in setting out by sunrise."

Peter and the gypsy spent a blithe night of it together; and as the latter had seen much of the world in his wanderings, the hours passed over, winged with interest and cheerfullness, till the time of sleep arrived.

One of the lowest of the peasantry, with a strong twist of sinister intellectuality, whose province was that of herd to, and feeder of, the cattle, aroused the little colony, by careering out on a donkey, and parading through the whole extent of the lines, whom he summoned by sound of a large crooked horn, to strike their encampment, and prepare for march. Nor was his part ill acted, as, in the course of an hour, the whole machinery of horse and foot was effectually put in motion. The dews of morning, as yet undrunken by the sun, lay on the grass when their journey commenced, and, by an hour before noon, they had gained the height that looked far forth into other valleys. Nothing particular occurred till the ensuing day, when the gypsy produced a letter, which he seemed to have forgot, purporting that Ludovico was to meet Theresa at the chapel of St. John, and to claim her at the altar for his bride.

"And how looked Theresa?" the female reader, with very pertinent curiosity, may be supposed to inquire; "and what like was the dress which, along with his letter, the cygani brought her from her lover? It would be a pretty story, indeed, if essentials like these were to be omitted."

Well, then, Theresa looked charmingly. She had ever been considered a beauty, but, on the ensuing morning, when

the spire of St. John's rose in sight; on the word of an honest tale-teller, I assure you, that, of all days in the year, she looked on that one the most bewitchingly. As to her dress, I suppose that I dare not pass it over, though really—but here it is. Over her head was thrown a square of very thin white muslin, wreathed so as to form a roll in front, one fold falling down the back, and another towards either shoulder, the margin of the whole being adorned with a rich lace, several inches deep. Her vest, which was without sleeves, of a fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with silver spangles, accurately fitted her sylph-like figure, as far as the waist, which was confined by a girdle of blue silk, scarcely to be discerned from the multitude of beautiful small beads ornamenting it. Below the girdle, the vest descended in loose folds to a little under the knee, and terminated in a deep fringe, corresponding with the girdle. At the bosom the vest opened, to display the curiously laced front of a satin bodice, held together by silver clasps, yet affording indistinct snatches of a breast fairer and finer than all that enveloped it; amidst the elysium of which, “a thousand little loves in ambush lay.” Under the fringe of the tunic, a few inches of snow-white muslin petticoat were allowed to descend, so as only partially to interfere with the elegance of a finely turned ankle in its silken stocking; and contrasting well with the yellow boot, delicately edged with black fur, which enclosed her slender foot. Throw, now, a slight shawl of pale blue over her shoulders loosely, and you have her such as she entered the church for the last time in her state of “single blessedness.”

Although no great judge of these matters, yet it may be affirmed, that since she looked so passing well, the taste of her lover is not much to be disputed. It may be said, that a genuine natural beauty must look well in anything. We stop not to dispute the point—but repeat, that in the costume selected by Ludovico, she appeared beautiful, beautiful as the feigned wood nymph, or the Oriental Peri—the light of love glancing in her dark eyes, and the rose of paradise alternately fading and flushing on her damask cheek.

But where was the expected bridegroom? The company were already assembled, and the priest, in his robes, awaited his arrival. Dressed out in their holiday garments, the whole agricultural colony, male and female, attended in honour and affection to the parties; so that the small chapel was crowded, and a hundred uncovered heads formed a semi-circle around

the open space by the altar. Silence and expectation dwelt in the midst of them, and the eyes of every one were turned on the almost angelic beauty of the young bride, who was now led in. The priest summoned the parties to stand forward. Theresa, attended by one of her companions, in a dress similar in fashion, but less costly than her own, was conducted forward by her father. But where was the bridegroom? The old gypsy, who was standing amid the spectators, exchanged looks of anxiety with the venerable Peter, as if in wonder what could possibly have happened. He read perplexity in every line of the old man's countenance—the perplexity of a father—and he stepped forward, in christian charity, to breathe some comfort or consolation into his ear. Theresa lifted up her eyes to him as he came forward. His wide clumsy boots had been cast aside, in honour of the auspicious day, and, considering his years, his step seemed elastic with youthful vigour. He exchanged a second glance with her, but could no more. The hoary beard and mustachois, which had so effectually disguised him, were in a moment on the ground, and, throwing aside the large Hungarian cloak which shrouded him, Ludovico, in a rich huzzar uniform, stood for an instant confessed—then rushed forward to his matchless Theresa—who, meeting him half way, threw her arms about his neck in her surprise and joy, and almost fainted away on his breast.

A murmur of delight and admiration arose—the priest proceeded with the ceremony, and, putting the hand of Theresa into that of her lover, acted as the immediate vicegerent of the Deity, in uniting together a most deserving pair, and leading them to the choicest blessings that earth has in store for her children.

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**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.****LETTERS FROM JOHN ADAMS.**

OUR late president Adams was sent to England as a minister plenipotentiary of the United States, shortly after the war of the revolution terminated. Among other men of letters whose society he cultivated, he was particularly intimate with Mr. Brand Hollis, at whose mansion in Essex, he paid

several visits. This gave rise to a correspondence, from which the following selections are made. We have also transcribed an epistle from the lady of Mr. Adams, which is distinguished for its ease and elegance.

*Fountain Inn, Portsmouth,  
5th April, 1788.*

My dear sir,—If thers ever was any philosophic solitude, your two friends have found it in this place; where 'hey have been wind-bound a whole week, without a creature to speak to. Our whole business, pleasure, and amusement, has been reading Necker's "Religious Opinions," Hayley's "Old Maids," and Cumberland's fourth "Observer." Our whole stock is now exhausted; and, if the ship should not arrive with a fresh supply of books, we shall be obliged to write romances, to preserve us from melancholy.

I know not whether Atheism has made great progress in England; and perhaps, &c.

At this moment, there is a greater fermentation throughout Europe upon the subject of government, than was, perhaps, ever known at any former period. France, Holland, and Flanders, are alive to it. Is government a science, or not? Are there any principles on which it is founded? What are its ends? If, indeed, there is no rule or standard, all must be ascribed to chance. If there is a standard, what is it? It is easier to make a people discontented with a bad government, than to teach them how to establish and maintain a good one. Liberty can never be created and preserved without a people; and by a people, I mean a common people, in contradistinction from the gentlemen: and a people can never be created and preserved without an executive authority on one hand, separated entirely from the body of the gentlemen. The two ladies, Aristocracia and Democratio, will eternally pull caps, until one or other is victorious. If the first is the conqueror, she never fails to depress and debase her rival into the most deplorable servitude. If the last conquers, she eternally surrenders herself into the arms of a ravisher.

Kings, therefore, are the natural allies of the common people, and the prejudices against them are by no means favourable to liberty. Kings, and the common people, have both an enemy in the gentlemen; and they must unite, in some degree or other, against them, or both will be destroyed;

the one dethroned, and the other enslaved. The common people, too, are unable to defend themselves against their own ally the king, without another ally in the gentlemen. It is, therefore, indispensably necessary, that the gentlemen in a body, or by representatives, should be an independent and essential branch of the constitution. By a king, I mean a single person, possessed of the whole executive power.

You have often said to me, that it is difficult to preserve the balance. This is true: it is difficult to preserve liberty. But there can be no liberty without some balance; and it is certainly easier to preserve a balance of three branches than of two. If the people cannot preserve a balance of three branches, how is it possible for them to preserve one of two only? If the people of England find it difficult to preserve their balance at present, how would they do if they had the election of a king and a house of lords to make once a year, or once in seven years, as well as of a house of commons? It seems evident, at first blush, that periodical elections of the king and peers in England, in addition to the commons, would produce agitations that might destroy all order and safety, as well as liberty. The gentlemen, too, can never defend themselves against a brave and united common people, but by an alliance with a king; nor against a king, without an alliance with the common people. It is the insatiability of human passions that is the foundation of all government. Men are not only ambitious, but their ambition is unbounded; they are not only avaricious, but their avarice is insatiable. The desires of kings, gentlemen, and common people, all increase, instead of being satisfied, with indulgence. This fact being allowed, it will follow, that it is necessary to place checks upon them all.

I am, &c. JOHN ADAMS.

*Thomas Brand Hollis, Esq.*

[Here follows some passages from another letter, addressed to the same gentleman:—]

I wish I could write romances. True histories of my wanderings, and waiting for ships and winds, at Ferrol and Corunna, in Spain; at Nantes, L'Orient, and Brest, in France; at Helvoet, the island of Goree, and Over Hackee, in Holland; and at Harwich, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, in Eng-

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gland; would make very entertaining romances in the hands of a good writer.

It is very true, as you say, that "royal despots endeavour to prevent the science of government from being studied." But it is equally true, that aristocratical despots, and democratical despots too, endeavour to retard the study with equal success. The aristocracies in Holland, Poland, Venice, Bern, &c. are inexorable to the freedom of inquiry in religion, but especially in politics, as the monarchies of France, Spain, Prussia, or Russia. It is in mixed governments only that political toleration subsists; and in Needham's "Excellencies of a free State, or right Constitution," the majority would be equally intolerant. Every unbalanced power is intolerant.

P.S.—Mrs. Adams and I have been to visit Carisbrooke castle, once the prison of the booby Charles. "At what moment did Cromwell become ambitious?" is a question I have heard asked in England. I answer, before he was born. He was ambitious every moment of his life. He was a canting dog: I hate him for his hypocrisy; but I think he had more sense than his friends. He saw the necessity of three branches, as I suspect. If he did, he was perfectly right in wishing to be a king. I do not agree with those who impute to him the whole blame of an unconditional restoration. They were the most responsible for it who obstinately insisted on the abolition of monarchy. If they would have concurred in a rational reform of the constitution, Cromwell would have joined them.

[The following letter was addressed to the same correspondent, after he had crossed the Atlantic, and re-visited the country that had given him birth.]

*Braintree, near Boston,  
Dec. 3d, 1788.*

My dear friend,—If I had been told, at my first arrival, that five months would pass before I should write a line to Mr. Brand Hollis, I should not have believed it. I found my estate, in consequence of a total neglect and inattention on my part, for fourteen years, was falling into decay, and in so much disorder, as to require my whole attention to repair it. I have a great mind to essay a description of it. It is not large, in the first place: it is but the farm of a patriot. But

there are in it two or three spots from whence are to be seen some of the most beautiful prospects in the world. I wish that the Hyde was within ten miles, or that Mr. Brand Hollis would come and build a Hyde near us. I have a fine meadow, that I would christen by the name of Hollis Mead, if it were not too small. The hill where I now live is worthy to be called Hollis-hill: but, as only a small part of the top belongs to me, it is doubtful whether it would succeed. There is a fine brook runs through a meadow by my house; shall I call it Hollis-brook?

What shall I say to you of public affairs? The increase of population is wonderful. The plenty of provisions of all kinds amazing; and cheap in proportion to their abundance, and the scarcity of money, which certainly is very great.

\* \* \* \* \*

The elections for the new government have been determined very well, hitherto, in general. You may have the curiosity to ask what your friend is to have? I really am at a loss to guess. The probability, at present, seems to be, that I shall have no lot in it. I am in the habit of balancing every thing; in one scale is vanity, in the other comfort. Can you doubt which will preponderate? In public life, I have found nothing but the former; in private life, I have enjoyed much of the latter.

I regret the loss of the booksellers' shops, and the society of the few men of letters that I knew in London. In all other respects, I am happier, and better accommodated here.

[In 1789, Mr. Adams was elected vice-president; soon after which, he wrote a letter to Mr. B. Hollis, dated "Boston, October 28, 1789," in which he states that—]

This town has been wholly employed in civilities to the president for some days, and greater demonstrations of confidence and affection (adds he) are not, cannot be, given, in your quarter of the globe to their adored crowned heads. My country has assigned to me a station, which requires constant attention and painful labour; but I shall go through it with cheerfulness, provided my health can be preserved in it. There is a satisfaction in living with our beloved chief, and so many of our venerable patriots, that no other country, and no other office in this country, could afford me.

What is your opinion of the struggle in France? Will it terminate happily? Will they be able to form a constitution? You know that, in my political creed, the word liberty is not the thing; nor is resentment, revenge, and rage, a constitution, nor the means of obtaining one. Revolution, perhaps, can never be effected without them; but men should always be careful to distinguish an unfortunate concomitant of the means from the means themselves, and especially not to mistake the means for the end.

[In his next, dated New York, June 1st, 1790, he observes,—]

I am situated on the majestic banks of the Hudson,—in comparison with which your Thames is but a rivulet,—and surrounded by all the beauties and sublimities of nature. Never did I live on so delightful a spot. I would give—what would I not give, to see you here:

Your library and your cabinets of elegant and costly curiosities, would be an addition to such a situation, which would in this country attract the curiosity of all. In Europe they are lost in the crowd. Come over, and purchase a paradise here; and be the delight and admiration of a new world. Marry one of our fine girls, and leave a family to do honour to human nature, when you can no longer do it in person. Franklin is no more; and we have lately trembled for Washington. Thank God, he is recovered from a dangerous sickness, and is likely now to continue many years. His life is of vast importance to us.

Is there any probability of England's being able to carry off her distempers? I wish her well and prosperous, but I wish she would adopt the old maxim, "live and let live."

Will there be a complete revolution in Europe, both in religion and government? Where will the foremost passions and principles lead, and in what will they end? In more freedom and humanity, I am clear; but when, or how?

I am, &c.

[In his next letter, dated from New York, only ten days after, he returns to the consideration of this subject:—]

The great revolution in France is wonderful, but not supernatural. The hand of Providence is in it, I doubt not;

working, however, by natural and ordinary means, such as produced the reformation in religion in the sixteenth century. That all men have one common nature, is a principle which will now universally prevail; and equal rights and equal duties will, in a just sense, I hope, be inferred from it. But equal ranks and equal property never can be inferred from it, any more than equal understanding, agility, vigour, or beauty.

I am delighted with Dr. Price's sermon on patriotism. But there is a sentiment or two which I should explain a little. He guards his hearers and readers, very judiciously, against the extremes of adulation and contempt. "The former is the extreme (he says,) to which mankind in general have been most prone."

The generality of rulers have treated men as your English horse-jockies treat their horses,—convinced them first that they were their masters, and next that they were their friends; at least, they have pretended to do so. Mankind have, I agree, behaved too much like horses,—been rude, wild, and mad, until they were mastered; and then been too tame, gentle, and dull.

I think our friend should have stated it thus:—The great and perpetual distinction in civilized societies has been between the rich,—who are few; and the poor,—who are many. When the many are masters, they are too unruly; and then the few are too tame, and afraid to speak out the truth. The few have most art and union, and therefore have generally prevailed in the end. The inference of wisdom from these premises is, that neither the rich nor the poor should ever be suffered to be masters. They should have equal power to defend themselves; and, that their power may be always equal, there should be an independent mediator between them,—always ready, always able, and always interested, to assist the weakest. Equal laws can never be made or maintained without this balance. You see, I still hold fast my scales, and weigh every thing in them. The French must finally become my disciples, or rather the disciples of Zeno; or they will have no equal laws, no personal liberty, no property, no lives.

In this country the pendulum has vibrated. \* \* \* \* \* France has severe trials to endure from the same cause. Both have found, or will find, that to place property at the mercy

of a majority who have no property, is—*committere agnum lupo.* My fundamental maxim of government is—never trust the lamb to the custody of the wolf.

[Towards the latter end of November, 1790, Mr. Adams, together with all his family, removed to the neighbourhood of Philadelphia; except his son, John Quincy, who was bred to the bar, and at that time practised as a counsellor, at Boston. In a short letter to Mr. B. Hollis, immediately before his departure, he expresses himself thus:—]

This country, too, is as happy as it deserves to be. A perfect calm and contentment reigns in every part. The new government enjoys as much of the confidence of the people as it ought to enjoy; and has undoubtedly greatly promoted their freedom, prosperity, and happiness.

We are very anxious for the cause of liberty in France, but are apprehensive that their constitution cannot preserve their union. Yet we presume not to judge for them, when will be the proper time, and what the method of introducing the only adequate remedy against competitions. You know what I mean.

[Mrs. Adams, also, was the occasional correspondent of Mr. Hollis, and a few passages from one of her letters, dated New York, Sept. 6th, 1790, shall be here inserted.]

My dear sir,—If my heart had not done you more justice than my pen, I would disown it. I place the hours spent at the Hyde among some of the most pleasurable of my days, and I esteem your friendship as one of the most valuable acquisitions that I made in your country,—a country that I should most sincerely rejoice to visit again, if I could do it without crossing the ocean.

I have a situation here, which for natural beauty may vie with the most delicious spot I ever saw. It is a mile and a half distant from the city of New York. The house is situated upon an eminence; at an agreeable distance flows the Hudson, bearing upon her bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country. On my right hand are fields, beautifully variegated with grass and grain to a great extent, like the valley of Honiton, in Devonshire. Upon my left, the city

opens to view, intercepted here and there by a rising ground, and an ancient oak. In front, beyond the Hudson, the Jersey shores present an exuberance of rich well-cultivated soil. The venerable oaks, and broken ground covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot, which is truly enchanting. A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and scarcity; for I have as much as possible prohibited the grounds from invasion; and sometimes almost wished for game-laws, when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon, are too great temptations to the sportsman to withstand. How greatly would it contribute to my happiness to welcome here my much esteemed friend. It is true we have a large portion of the blue-and-gold, of which you used to remind me, when you thought me an Egyptian; but, however I might hanker after the good things of America, I have been sufficiently taught to value and esteem other countries besides my own.

You were pleased to inform us, that your adopted family flourished in your soil; mine has received an addition. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Adams' daughter, and the wife of Col. W. Stephen Smith, respecting the name of the great literary benefactor of her native state, and, in grateful remembrance of the friendly attention and patriotic character of his present successor, has named her new-born son, Thomas Hollis.

Our government acquires confidence, strength, and stability, daily. Peace is in our borders, and plenty in our dwellings; we earnestly pray that the kindling flames of war, which appear to be bursting out in Europe, may by no means be extended to this rising nation. We enjoy freedom in as great a latitude as is consistent with our security and happiness. God grant that we may rightly estimate our blessings.

Pray remember me in an affectionate manner to Dr. Price and Mrs. Jebb; and be assured, my dear sir, that I am, with every sentiment of love and esteem,

Yours, &c.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

## MEMOIR OF EDWARD JENNER, M. D.

(With a Portrait.)

If any man ever existed who possessed an original, and, we might almost add, an intuitive claim to the pretensions of a natural historian and *physiologist*, Dr. Jenner was that claimant. Nature had given him great genius, vast sagacity, much inclination, and great ardour in the prosecution of the subjects of natural history, physiology, and pathology. His researches were consistent and connected. At an early age he was destined to the study of one department of the medical profession, surgery. In the commencement of his studies, he was associated and connected with some late eminent characters, Dr. Parry, of Bath, Dr. Hickes, of Gloucester, and Dr. Ludlow, of Corsham, near Bath; but, besides these, he was honoured with the peculiar friendship and patronage of the late Mr. John Hunter, of whose name it is nearly superfluous to mention that it stands highest in the rolls of surgical and philosophic reputation. Mr. Hunter, well aware of the extraordinary talents of Dr. Jenner, then a pupil, offered to him patronage, connexion, and employment, in his professional and physiological pursuits. Dr. Jenner, however, preferred a residence at his native place, Berkeley; here he acquired not merely high local reputation, but, from the public observations and discoveries which he promulgated, great estimation in the superior ranks of philosophers and medical professors. After some less important communications to the Royal Society of London (of which he was early made a member) he imparted to them a complete natural history of the cuckoo, of which bird the laws and habits were previously unknown, and were involved in obscurity; the singular ingenuity of this paper, and the acute powers of observation which it developed in the observer, enhanced Dr.

Jenner's reputation in the philosophic world. Dr. Jenner also communicated to his youthful friend and colleague, attached to him by congenial feeling and similarity of pursuit, the late highly-gifted Dr. Parry, of Bath, his discovery of the internal diseased structure of the heart, which produces the disease called Angina Pectoris, and which was before unknown and conjectural. Dr. Parry, in a treatise on the subject, not only most honourably recorded Dr. Jenner's original detection of the cause of the disease; but confirmed its accuracy by subsequent and ingenious investigation. After a long and arduous inquiry into the disease termed cow-pox, which is a common complaint in cows in Gloucestershire and some other counties, and which, to those who receive it from the cows in milking, appears, from long existing tradition, to confer complete security from the small-pox, either natural or inoculated. Dr. Jenner determined to put the fact to the test of experiment, and accordingly inoculated some young persons with the matter taken from the disease in the cows, in 1797. From the proof which these experiments afforded of the power of the cow-pox inoculation to protect the human being from the small-pox contagion, Dr. Jenner was induced to bring this inestimable fact before the public in 1798. That this was promulgated with all the simplicity of a philanthropist, and with all the disinterestedness of the philosopher, every candid cotemporary and observer will admit, and will unite in admiring his just pretensions to both characters. The first medical professors in the metropolis declared, that, had Dr. Jenner kept his discovery in the disguise of empirical secrecy, he would have realized immense emoluments; but the pure and liberal feelings which the Doctor possessed spurned and rejected such considerations; and his general remunerations, even including the sums voted by parliament, were well known to his confidential friends to be moderate in the extreme.

The meekness, gentleness, and simplicity of his demeanour, formed a most striking contrast to the self-esteem which might have arisen from the great and splendid consequences of his discovery. He was thankful and grateful for them in his heart; but to pride and vain-glory he seemed to be an utter stranger. On a recent interesting occasion, a short time before his death, the following were among the last words that he ever spoke to the writer of these lines. The nature of his services to his fellow-creatures had been the subject of conversation: "I do not marvel," he observed, "that men are not grateful to me, but I am surprised that they do not feel gratitude to God, for making me a medium of good." No one could see him without perceiving that this was the habitual frame of his mind. Without it, it never could have been that in his most retired moments, and in his intercourse with the great and exalted of the earth, he invariably exhibited the same uprightness of conduct, singleness of purpose, and unceasing earnestness to promote the welfare of his species, to the total exclusion of all selfish and personal considerations. These qualities particularly arrested the attention of the many distinguished foreigners who came to visit him; and they were not less the cause of satisfaction and delight to his most intimate friends. His condescension, his kindness, his willingness to listen to every tale of distress, and the open-handed munificence with which he administered to the wants and necessities of those around him, can never be forgotten by any who have been guided and consoled by his affectionate counsel, or cherished and relieved by his unbounded charity. His sympathy for suffering worth, or genius lost in obscurity, was ever alive; and no indication of talent or ingenuity, no effort of intellect, ever met his eye without gaining his notice, and calling forth, on numberless occasions, his substantial aid and assistance. He was not less generous in pouring forth the treasures of his mind. A long life, spent in the constant

study of all the subjects of natural history, had stored it with great variety of knowledge.—Here the originality of his views, and the felicity and playfulness of his illustrations, and the acuteness of his remarks, imparted a character of genius to his commonest actions and conversations, which could not escape the most inattentive observer.

Dr. Jenner died on the 26th January, 1723, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

A national monument was voted in parliament, to this distinguished benefactor of mankind, and a subscription was raised in the county where he resided, for erecting a memorial of his name and virtues. How soon will these perish! while the long course of time during which unborn generations will pay him grateful homage—unborn generations of every language and climate—will only be terminated perhaps by the dissolution of all that exists of mankind.

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#### THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

By T. CAMPBELL.

NEVER loving, ever woing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrongs you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue,  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited;  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half quench'd appears,  
Damp'd and wav'ring, and benighted,  
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,  
Lips that thrill at your caressing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,  
Soon you'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing,  
Not with age, but wo!

**Impromptu, by WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq. at the birth-place  
of Shakspeare.**

[We have been permitted to transcribe the following lines from the notebook of an American gentleman who lately visited the banks of Avon.]

Or mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see,  
That where he died in vain to find we try;  
Useless the search,—for all immortal he,  
And those who are immortal never die.

• *W. I.s. second visit, in October, 1821.*

—  
**ON DOCTOR BANGHEM.**

Divines, their stiff-neck'd flocks to cure,  
With wond'rous patience will harangue 'em;  
To cure my patients of their ails,  
I quicker means devise—

I. BANGHEM.

There is much truth as well as humour in the following parody, by Lord Byron:

Who are now the people's men,  
My boy Hobbio?  
Yourself and Burdett, gentlemen,  
And blackguards, Hunt and Cobbio.

—  
**ON THE APPROACH OF THE GOUT.**

*By Edward Rushton, of Liverpool, a poet, blind and poverty-stricken.*

'Tis strange that thou shouldst leave the downy bed,  
The Turkey carpet, and the soft settee;  
Shouldst leave the board with choicest dainties spread,  
To fix thy odious residence with me.

'Tis strange! that thou, attach'd to plenteous ease,  
Shouldst leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,  
Where plainest meals keen appetite appease,  
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.

'Tis passing strange! Yet shouldst thou persevere,  
And fill these bones with agonizing pangs,  
Firm as a rock thy tortures I will bear,  
And teach the affluent how to bear thy fangs.

Yes! shouldst thou visit me, capricious Gout!  
Hard fare shall be thy lot—by Jove! I'll starve you out.

## TO BE OR NOT TO BE.—A PETER PINDARIC.

"*The poison works.*"—Shakspeare.

'Mr lady's out, and so,' cried liquorish Betty,  
While smiles embellish'd features rather pretty,  
'I'll to her private cupboard run,  
And there, as every honest servant should,  
Treat myself with a little something good—  
As I have often done.'

This was resolved, but Betty had a fear  
Her prudent mistress might that day  
Have put such matters carefully away;  
For she, as Betty used to say,  
'Was, like all *Missesses*, so very near!'

But no such disappointment was her lot,  
The object of her hope she quickly got;  
No door against the anxious maid was closed,  
That which she sought was temptingly exposed.  
The treasure was, as you may well be sure,  
A very choice and delicate *liqueur*,  
Which ladies, though they seldom eulogise,  
Are often much disposed to patronise.  
Bright as their eyes, and as their bosoms fair—  
Its name ought not to be expressed;  
Its quality I may declare—  
'Twas *Hodges' very best.*

Our heroine snatched it, blushing from the shelf,  
And filled a sparkling bumper to herself;  
Then raised it to her ruby lip,  
Sipped it and coughed, then had another sip;  
Looked slyly round, next took a bolder sup;  
And then—she fairly drank it up;  
And presently, this little theft to smother,  
She filled and swallowed, without pause, another.  
All ladies' maids, it is the will of Fate,  
The habits of their betters imitate.

A pleasing glow was spread through Betty's frame,  
But soon sensations very different came;  
Throbs, pinches, dire varieties of pain,  
Disturb her inwardly. Her burning brain  
Could nothing whisper to the tortured thief,  
To bring relief.

While Betty suffered such repeated shocks,  
Her mistress, home returning, loudly knocks.  
'Twas past dissembling; much against her will  
Poor Betty owned that 'she was very ill.'  
'With what! quick! tell me—what, I say—come, come.'  
'O!' sighed the maiden, 'ma'am my my stom—my stom—!'

'Good heavens!' the lady cries, with mournful face,  
 'You've had the bottle from my dressing case!  
 Speak for your life.' 'Forgive me,' Betty said,  
 'I have. Then you are numbered with the dead.  
 Haste for a surgeon, John, look sharp, man—jump!  
 Tell Doctor Probe to bring his stomach pump.  
 Poor foolish girl—you'll never be a wise one;  
 Why, child, you have been drinking mortal poison.'

Here Betty fainted at the awful sound,  
 And, swooning, sunk, exhausted on the ground.  
 She wakes to find the instrument of *Jukes*  
 (O! name sublime!  
 Ordained to chime  
 With what his pump suggests for rhyme)  
 Forced down her throat, while gently breathed rebukes  
 Fall from her mistress. Soon 'tis understood,  
 Even the pump can do, alas! no good.

A pious matron volunteered to stay  
 With Betty through the night, to sooth and pray.  
 'To scream, the sufferer now had no capacity,  
 Or, as Majendie has been heard to say,  
 Of the nailed dog's howl on the second day,  
 There was a shocking failure of 'vivacity.'

The sufferer thought no more to go down stairs,  
 And tried to listen to the matron's prayers.  
 Resolved terrestrial objects to despise,  
 To every solemn strain she sobbed 'amen;'  
 Owned she had sinned, and wrung her hands, and then  
 Turned up her eyes.

The hours of darkness fled and morn arrived,  
 When Betty's mistress, finding she survived,  
 Gave her this counsel, in reproachful tone,  
 Which less than aught she had lately known  
 Partook of the pathetic—  
 'Your life is safe—your torture o'er,  
 But act as you have done no more;  
 Knowing you tipped on a former day,  
 To physic you, last evening, in your way  
 I put—a strong emetic.'

## MISCELLANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

The scholars of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of New York, were lately examined in the Assembly-room at Albany. Among a number of questions put to them, was the following: "What is the business of the Lobby?" To which one of the smallest scholars replied, "To help the legislature to make banks."

*Steam engines.*—It is calculated that the steam engines now in England represent the power of 320,000 horses, equal to that of 1,920,000 men—which being in fact managed by 3,600 men only, adds actually to the power of the population 1,884,000 men.

*The Phrenological Society and the Turnip.*—Most readers have heard of the story in *Blackwood's Magazine* of a leading member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh having been hoaxed with a cast from a turnip: the story ran thus—"A certain ingenious person of this town (Edinburgh) lately met with a turnip of more than common foxiness in his field: he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody's face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological, with his compliments of a *fac simile* of the head of a celebrated Swede, by name Professor Tornhipson. They bit—a committee was appointed—a report was drawn up—and the whole character of the professor was soon made out as completely *secundem artem*, as Haggart's had been under the same happy auspices a little before.—In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr. Tornhipson had been distinguished for inhabitiveness, constructiveness, philoprogenitiveness, &c.—nay, even for "ideality," and "veneration." We always considered this story as a very harmless joke on the Phrenologicals, but they have taken it up seriously, and give the following *genuine* account, in their own journal.—In April, 1821,

a medical gentleman in Edinburgh, aided by a landscape painter, fashioned a turnip into the *nearest resemblance* to a human skull which their combined skill and ingenuity could produce. They had a cast made from it, and sent it to Mr. G. Combe, requesting his observations on the mental talents and dispositions it indicated, adding that it was the cast of the skull of a person of an uncommon character. Mr. C. instantly detected the trick, and returned the cast, with the following parody of *The Man of Thessaly* pasted on the coronal surface:—

There was a man in Edinburgh,  
And he was wond'rous wise;  
He went into a turnip field,  
And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,  
He saw the turnips fine;  
How many heads are there, says he,  
That likeness bear to mine?

So very like they are, indeed,  
No sage, I'm sure could know,  
This turnip-head that I have on  
From those that there do grow.

He pull'd a turnip from the ground;  
A cast from it was thrown:  
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,  
And pass'd it for his own.

And so, indeed, it truly was  
His own in every sense;  
For east and west alike were made  
All at his own expense.

"The medical gentleman called on Mr. Combe next day; and assured him that he meant no offence, and intended only a joke. Mr. C. replied, that he treated the matter entirely as such: and that if the author of it was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side." Now

really we do not know whether being hoaxed by a cast from a turnip for a human head be more silly than seriously undertaking to refute a joke which every body laughed at, but no one believed.

A young Cherokee, in an address delivered in Salem, not long since, with much feeling remarked—"The Indian blood is not yet all wasted away. Though many have already descended with their ancestors to the land of shadows, there is yet a remnant in existence. The great wampum of peace is seen at the West in its original purity, and the council fires still burn by the rivers of Mississippi. The sons of Tularia, and the daughters of Talentuski still drink the waters of Arkansas, and repose themselves beneath the silvan shades of Yazoo." The Cherokees should in an especial manner excite our regard and commiseration; they have sought to conciliate us by many sacrifices, they have adopted many of our arts and our laws, they have cultivated the earth and raised herds, and they have renounced the pleasures of the chase, and resigned their hunting grounds, to gratify the cupidity of those of our citizens who dwell on their borders; and they moreover have received encouragement, and cherish the hope, that by so doing they shall at no distant period be admitted to form a state in the Union. What shall save the nation from obloquy, and the punishment due to our manifold offences, if those who are blessed and gifted with talents and integrity, will not fearlessly expose the criminal deeds of their people, and plead the cause of the oppressed, unappalled by the frowns of the powerful, or the sneers of the cold hearted and selfish.

A gentleman in Bath, England, a most remarkably large, corpulent, and powerful man, wanting to get to London, tried for a place in the mail, a short time before it set off. Being told that it was full, he still determined to get admission, and opening the door, which no one near him

ventured to oppose, he got in. When the other passengers came, the ostler reported that there was a gentleman in the coach; he was requested to come out, but having drawn up the blind he remained quiet. Hearing, however, a consultation on the means of making him alight, and a proposal to "pull him out," he let down the blind, and laying his enormous hand on the door, he asked, "Who would dare to pull *him* out," drew up the blind again, and waiting some time fell asleep. About one o'clock in the morning he awoke; and going to call out to know whereabouts he was on his journey, he perceived what was the fact, that to end the altercation with him the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at the inn door in Bath, where he had taken possession of the carriage.

There were two very fat noblemen at the court of Louis XV.,—the duke de L——, and the duke de N——. They were both one day at the levee, when the king began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the king. "Pardon me, sire," said de L. "I walk twice a-day round my cousin de N."

The whole amount of specie imported into the United States during the year ending Sep. 30, 1824, was \$8,047,598. Exported in the same period, \$7,014,552. Leaving a balance in the country, of specie imported, of \$1,033,46.

Great preparations are making in Cincinnati, for general Lafayette. Major general Harrison is to address him: a splendid ball is preparing, and the ladies have formed a company to meet him on horseback; they have been out DRILLING several evenings!!!

Some weeks ago a black fellow from New York hit upon an excellent plan for filling his own pocket, at the same time relieving the anxiety of those coloured people in this city whose friends had emigrated to Hayti.

Having ascertained the names of those who had emigrated, and those of the friends they had left behind, he had a number of letters written, and duly signed, folded, sealed, and directed. The poor blacks seized on them with avidity, and cheerfully paid the sum of 37½ cents which was demanded for postage. It was a gainful trade, for four letters could be distributed a day, and these produced one dollar and fifty cents, or fifty cents more than the fellow could have earned by carrying the hod, or by working on the wharves. He carried on the business for some time, till finally it came to the knowledge of a negro who had been in Hayti, and who knowing that no such charge as 37½ cents for postage could justly be made, got hold of the letter-merchant and made him surrender his whole stock in trade, when the trick was discovered.

**COURT OF CHANCERY.***Publication of love letters,*

Bothfield and others v. Child.

The plaintiffs are executors of the late Mr. Child, and the defendant was the wife of the deceased.—An *ex parte* injunction had been obtained to restrain the defendant from publishing a number of love letters, written to her by her husband, both before and after marriage.

The solicitor general showed cause against the injunction. He contended, that the lady having received the letters as free-will offerings of her husband's love and affection, had a perfect right to publish the correspondence; and which she was the more anxious to make public, as various assertions had been thrown out against her character and reputation, which these letters would tend to remove. Her husband had not allowed her a sufficient maintenance to support her with comfort, and to obtain an addition to her income was another reason for putting them forth to the world. It would be found upon examination, that the epistles contained matter of a very interesting descrip-

tion, and well worthy of public attention.

The Lord Chancellor thought the lady had no right to publish the letters unless circumstances could be proved to show the consent of the husband that they should be published.—As the matter now stood, no proof had been given of any such consent. It might be very true that the letters were given as free-will offerings of love and affection, but these words did not imply a consent to send them forth to the world to satisfy public curiosity. Upon the whole, he thought the injunction ought to be continued.—The motion for the dissolution of the injunction was refused, with costs.—*London paper.*

[The females in our country at the present day seldom have an opportunity to display so much cool intrepidity and strength of nerve as were evinced by the heroine of the following letter, written about forty years ago, by Col. James Perry to Rev. Jordan Dodge, and dated from Nelson Co. Kentucky.]

"On the first of April inst. a number of Indians surrounded the house of one John Merrill, which was discovered by the dog. Merrill thereupon stepped to the door to see whether he could discover any thing, and received three musket balls, which caused him to fall back into the house with a broken leg and arm. The Indians rushed on to the door, but it being instantly fastened by his wife, who, with a girl of about fifteen years of age, stood against it, the savages could not immediately enter. They broke one part of the door, and one of them crowded partly through. The heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children, and groaning husband, seized an axe, and gave the fatal blow to the savage, and he falling headlong into the house, the others supposed they had obtained their end, and rushed in after him, until four of them fell in like manner, before they discovered their mistake.

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The rest retreated, which gave opportunity to secure the door.

"The conquerors rejoiced in their victory, hoping that they had killed the whole company; but their expectations were soon dashed by finding the door again attacked, which the bold mother endeavoured again to secure with the assistance of the young woman; their fears now came upon them like a flood; and they soon heard a noise on the top of the house, and found the Indians were coming down the chimney; all hope of deliverance was now at an end; but the wounded man ordered his little child to tumble a couch that was filled with hair on the fire, which made such a smoke that two lusty Indians came tumbling down the chimney; the wounded man, exerting every faculty in this critical moment, seized a billet of wood, with which he conquered the smothered Indians; at the same instant the woman aimed a blow at the savage at the door, but not with the same effect as the rest, but which caused him to retreat. They then again secured the door as fast as possible; and rejoiced at their new deliverance, but not without fear of a third attack. They carefully watched with their new family until morning, and were not again disturbed.

"We learn by a prisoner that made escape from the Indians, that the wounded savage last mentioned was the only one that escaped at

this time. On his return he was asked, 'what news, brother?' 'plague had news,' replied the wounded Indian, 'for the squaws have taken the breech-clout and fight worse than the long knives.' This extraordinary affair happened at Newbernstown, about fifteen miles from Sandy Creek, and may be relied upon as a fact."

*Portable Pump.*—A fire extinguishing engine, or portable pump, has been invented at Liverpool, which can be worked either by hand, or by the wind, having a rotary motion. It is said to surpass in excellence all the ingenious inventions of the kind yet offered to the public. One of a moderate size will raise water out of a ship's hold twenty-nine feet deep, at the rate of two tons a minute, and has the advantage of answering the purposes of an air pump in hot climates. In long voyages it will preserve ships from rotting, keeping them sweet by means of ventilation; and the motion of the engine is so quick, that it has actually raised water without the lower boxes. These pumps are worked by tooth and pinion wheels, and have three separate actions; they may be worked a whole day by two boys, without great fatigue, on the slowest motion, and six or eight men can raise upwards of two tons of water each minute with the quick motion. The expense of keeping a pump in order is also said to be trifling.

#### *ERRATA in the account of Major Long's Improvement in Canals and Railways.*

- Page 266, line 3 from bottom, for "Lamb" read "Leach."  
 267, 7 from top, for "doubled" read "double."  
 from bottom, for "Gouthey" read "Gauthey."  
 270, 9 from top, for "working" read "warping."  
 271, 7 from bottom, after "main" insert "wheels."  
 277, 1 from top, for "D" read "and."  
 280, 20 from top, for "windlass-bucket" read "windlasses, buck  
     et."  
 357, 15 from top, after "reclined" insert "quiescently."

*In the Plates.*—Instead of "Part I." read "Plate I."

Instead of "Supplement" read "Plate II."

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